



THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Vol. XIV

JANUARY, 1927

No. 1

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Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office,
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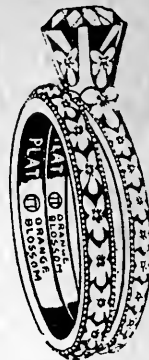
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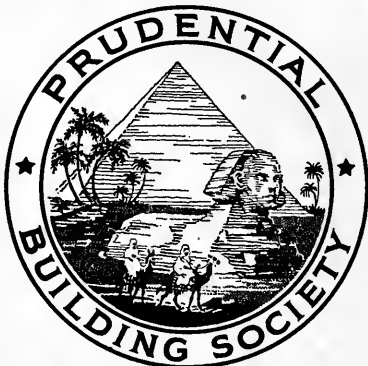


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My New Year

Alice Morrill

My New Year is not a fairy, nor a cherub, nor a little child,
She is a woman—grown up, mature, and capable. She is the
counterpart of myself.

She has come to be my companion.

The kind of companion she will be depends upon my attitude
towards her and the treatment I mete out to her.

From having had a close companionship with more than fifty
other New New-Years, some of which were babes with me, others
increasing in stature and strength as they came along in the order of
their line of march, year after year, I feel that I can be sure of
what I know of this one whose advent I am expecting.

I know that if I respect her, and take her at her true worth,
she will see worth in me.

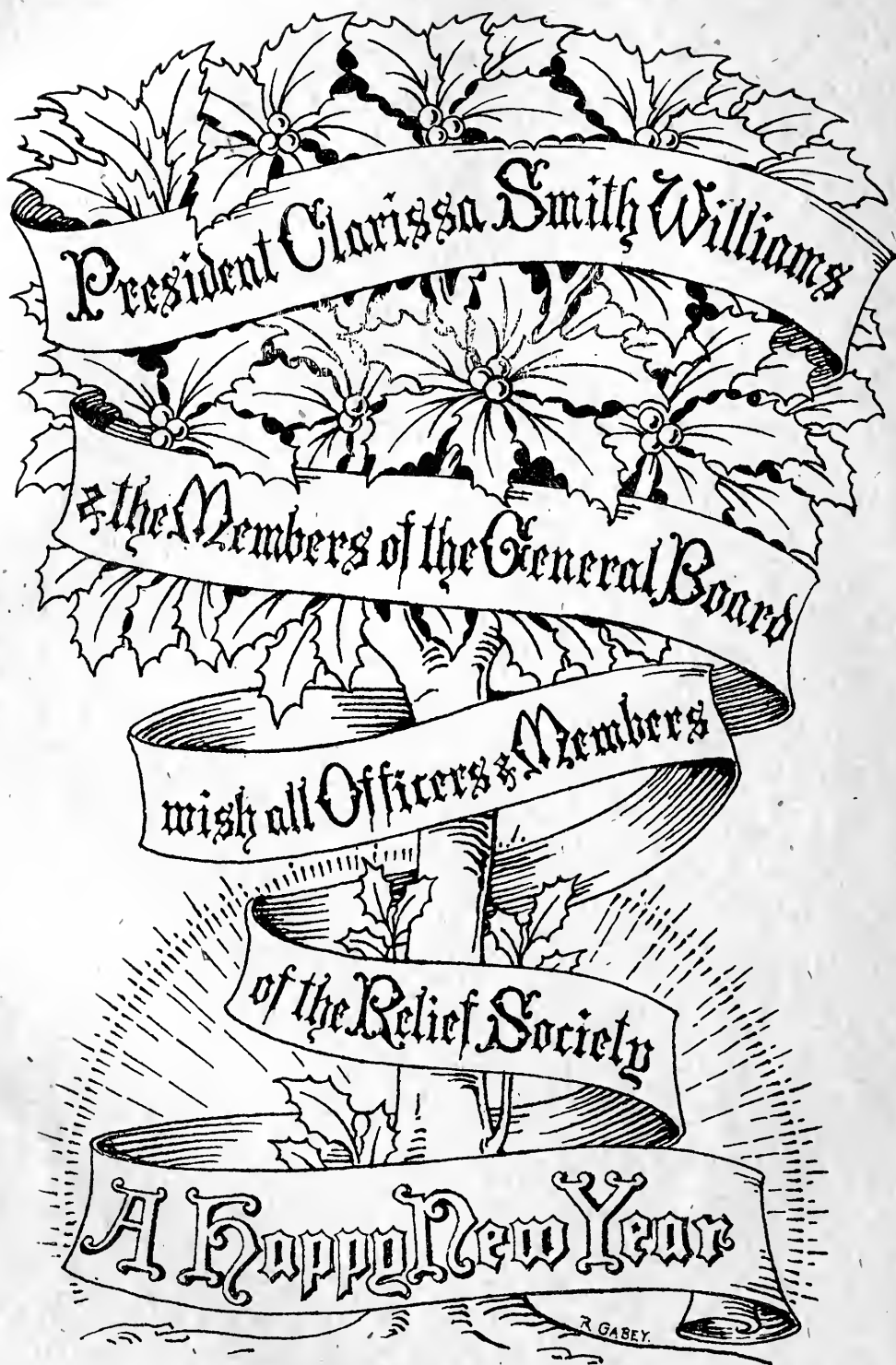
If I recognize her power, she will give me strength.

If I give to her the "best I have," she will give me love and
cheer.

In return for my faith in her, I shall receive that responding
urge which will make for my success.

I know that if I greet her with a smile she will smile back at
me.

I know that if I take hold of the handle of my burden of duty
and lift with a vim, she will grip firmly the other handle and take
half of my load.



THE
Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XIV

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To President Heber J. Grant on his Seventieth
Birthday, Monday, November 22, 1926

Lula Greene Richards

To the seventh of God's modern prophets and seers:
Saints and friends come to honor your seventy years.
Grandmothers in Israel, we come today,
Like small, trusting children, devotion to pay.
May you live in the flesh and his Prophet be known
When Jesus our Savior shall come to his own.
In your life may all promised blessings combine,
Of Doctrine and Covenants—part eighty-nine.
• And all who consider you seek so to live
As to gain all the blessings those promises give.
As thousands will greet you, each one should be brief;
So, hail and good day, our dear Leader and Chief.
Our love and our prayers for you daily extend,
God bless you forever, our brother and friend.

(Seventy-seven last April—seven years and seven months your
senior—a lot of sevens.)

The sentiments in the above poem are heartily and happily
endorsed by Zina Y. Card, Persis L. Y. Richards, Alma E. W. Felt,
Naomi Dowden, Ellis R. Shipp, Minerva R. Knowlton, Catherine
H. K. Hammer and thousands of other women in Israel.



MRS. MAUD CHEGWIDDEN

Riches

Maud Chegwidden

Poem awarded first prize in the Eliza Roxey Snow poetry contest

Gold and precious jewels
Are at my command ;
The wealth of the Indies,
Here in my hand ;
Gold that clings in rings and curls
And holds my heart therein,—
The gold of thy hair,
Sweet, sweet Lyn!

Gems from out the Orient,
Jewels of a queen,
Bought with blood and terror,
All these have I seen ;
But sapphire eyes and ruby lips,
Purest pearls within,
Are my living jewels,
Sweet, sweet Lyn!

There are mystic places,
Glamorous and far,
Bearing names to conjure with,—
Abukir, Abar,
Samarkand and Smyrna,—
But I have never yet
Seen a sight that thrilled me
As thou, Lynette!

Oh! the days are happy,
With babies round the knee ;
Joys too deep for utterance
Fill the heart of me.
I move among my treasures
With meditative air,
On my lips a song, and
In my heart a prayer!



MRS. LINDA S. FLETCHER

To the Segó-Lily

Linda S. Fletcher

Poem awarded second prize in the Eliza Roxey Snow poetry contest

Thou fragile flower of the wild—
The rocky upland's dainty child!
'Tis Spring's fair hands that open up
The creamy whiteness of thy cup.

In loveliness thou dost unfold,
Thou flower with a heart of gold!
Like gentle maid on loved lord's breast,
Thou on the mountain-side doth rest.

The Earth displays, in blooms like thee,
How beauteous her great soul must be,
And sends in springtime blossoms pure
To show that life doth still endure.

O flower of my native state!
In by-gone years thou didst await
The Father's bidding—of thy store
Gave, when his people hungered sore.

I would that thus, when need of me
God for his purposes shall see,
I may be ready, heart and hand,
To do whate'er he shall command.



MISS GRACE ABBOTT
Chief of Children's Bureau, U. S. Department
of Labor, Washington, D. C.

Grace Abbott

Grace Abbott, Chief of the Children's Bureau at Washington, D. C., is the successor of Miss Julia Lathrop. Miss Abbott came to the position well trained, for she is a graduate of Grand Island College, has done graduate work in the University of Nebraska and received her Master's Degree in Political Science from the University of Chicago, and has also studied at the University of Chicago Law School. For several years she taught in the high school of her home town, Grand Island, Nebraska, and later at the University of Chicago and Chicago School of Civics and Philanthropy. When she became director of the Immigrant's Protective League of Chicago, she went to live at Hull House, the settlement established by Miss Jane Addams. Here she came into close contact with the problems of the residents of the poorer districts of a great city.

While yet a student at the University of Chicago she became convinced that the immigrants coming into this country were being exploited. She discovered that during half a century they had been the victims of varied wrongs, sometimes of petty thieving and sometimes injustice of a graver character. Entering a strange country with a strange language and with strange customs, it

was natural that these people would at times become greatly confused and very much bewildered. Under these conditions it was an easy matter to make them the victims of wrong-doing. As these matters became known to Miss Abbott she waged what has been described as "a picturesque campaign to put a stop to the traditional exploitation of immigrants." An account at hand states: "It would be difficult to find a better piece of constructive work in Americanization of the finer sort than that accomplished by the Immigrants' Protective League of Chicago, under her leadership."

Miss Abbott's first national service for children was as director of the Child Labor Division of the U. S. Children's Bureau, to which post she was appointed in 1917. In this position, she was responsible for the administration of the first Federal child labor law, which forbade the inter-state transportation of the products of child labor. Her plan of work called for a genuine cooperation with state officials in the enforcement of the Act.

After the first Federal child labor law was declared unconstitutional, Miss Abbott held other public positions, including that of advisor on the War Labor Policies Board, secretary of the Child Welfare Conference with which the Children's Year campaign was concluded, and secretary of the Children's Commission of the First International Labor Conference.

It was natural and logical that Miss Lathrop should reach out for one as well trained as Miss Abbott to assist her in the bureau, and equally natural and logical that Miss Abbott should follow Miss Lathrop as chief.

Prior to this time, and since her appointment as head of the bureau, Miss Abbott has been the American representative at committees created by the League of Nations for the purpose of devising standards for the protection of women and children. She is also one of four women to hold the position of president of the National Conference of Social Work. These women are: Miss Jane Addams (1910), Mrs. John M. Glenn (1915), Miss Julia Lathrop (1919), Miss Grace Abbott (1924).

But what we place special value on at the present time is Miss Abbott's work in the Children's Bureau. Miss Lathrop, while in office, had reviewed the child labor legislation of various states, made a study of infant mortality, and of the lack of vital statistics in many states, and finally framed the maternity bill now before congress. Miss Abbott has carried on all this work, and is now administering the Child Welfare and Maternity bill.

Miss Abbott impresses one as being full of good will and of a desire to be helpful to the little ones whose friend she is, and to this good will she adds knowledge that enables her to be their friend in very deed. When in public addresses she makes reference to the children her face beams, giving evidence of an inner joy that is born of love for them. In these moments she un-

consciously rises to a beauty of expression characteristic of oratory of an impressive sort. A writer referring to Miss Abbott's work says: "In listing the work Miss Abbott has done and the recognition accorded her, the tendency is to omit mention of the modest personality, the ringing oratory, the gay wit, the enormous zest in life and the varied interests, which make up the charm of this energetic and clear-headed woman. And yet these are the things her friends know best and cherish most."



MISS EDITH ABBOTT

Dean of the Graduate School of Social
Service Administration, University of
Chicago

Edith Abbott

As I sit writing I have before me some official paper headed "The University of Chicago. The Graduate School of Social Service Administration. Office of the Dean," and a letter addressed to me beginning, "Dean Abbott has just returned to the University after an absence from the city." The heading of the paper and the sentence causes me to ponder on a period not far in the past when such a letter would have been impossible.

Miss Edith Abbott, occupying the position of Dean of the Graduate School of Social Service Administration of the University

of Chicago, is the sister of Miss Grace Abbott, who heads the Children's Bureau at Washington, D. C.

In Columbia University there are two Thorndykes—brothers—who stand out conspicuously, and three VanDörens—two brothers and a sister—who are eminent, but here we have two sisters, well trained, who are making efficient contributions to the social life of our country. It may be of interest to our readers to note, that Miss Abbott is the dean with whom Dr. Arthur L. Beeley is associated in his work on the faculty of the University of Chicago.

Who's Who in America informs us that Miss Edith Abbott was born in Grand Island, Nebraska, September 26, 1876. That she is the daughter of Othman A. and Elizabeth (Griffin) Abbott. Her A. B., was taken from the University of Nebraska in 1901; Litt.D., 1917; Ph.D., University of Chicago, 1905; LL.D., Beloit, Wisconsin College, 1924. She studied at the University of London, England, 1906-1907.

So much for her work as a student. Since that time she has served on the faculty of a number of institutions. She was instructor in Political Economy at Wellesley College, 1907-1908; Associate Director Chicago School of Civics and Philanthropy 1908-1920; a member of the faculty of the University of Chicago since 1913; Associate Professor Social Economy 1920-25; Professor Social Economy since 1925; Dean, Graduate School of Social Service Administration since 1924.

She is listed as the author of four books, *Women in Industry*, 1919; *Immigration—Select Documents and Case Records*, 1923; and in conjunction with Miss Breckinridge *The Delinquent Child and the Home*, 1912; *Truancy and Non-Attendance in Chicago*, 1917.

I had the pleasure of a luncheon, a drive to the University of Utah to see the dinosaurs, and a visit to the Utah Penitentiary in company with Miss Edith Abbott and Miss Breckinridge. On the route we chatted somewhat about the women's colleges of the East and about Western institutions. The fact that Miss Abbott has served on the faculty of institutions both east and west made her observations in relation to education east and west, exceedingly interesting.

Miss Abbott leaves one with a feeling that her ideas are clear-cut. Those who know her intimately admire her fine mentality and her ability to rise above the personal and get the large point of view, and while she is particularly interested in social work, because that is her chosen field, she is interested in education in general. She is one of a few women in America to hold a deanship in a university, and certainly is, in conjunction with her gifted sister, a woman of whom all American women may be justly proud.

Sophonisba P. Breckinridge

Miss Sophonisba Preston Breckinridge has had an extended experience in connection with Miss Marion Talbot as Dean of Women in the University of Chicago. Miss Breckinridge is of southern extraction, and has that cordial and sympathetic way so characteristic of the South.

She is a social worker and educator, born in Lexington, Kentucky. Her first degree was taken from Wellesley, in 1888. In 1901 she received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Chicago; J.D., in 1904; LL.D., Oberlin, 1919; University of Kentucky, 1925. She has been a member of the faculty of the University of Chicago since 1902; Professor of Social Economy since 1925.

Philanthropic work has always made large appeal to her. She was formerly Dean of the Chicago School of Civics and Philanthropy.

She is an author, and has a list of some seven books to her credit, they are: *Legal Tender, A Study in American Monetary History*, 1901; (with Edith Abbott) *The Delinquent Child and the Home*, 1912; (with Marion Talbot) *The Modern Household*, 1912; (with Edith Abbott) *Truancy*, 1917; *New Homes for Old*, 1921; *Madeline McDowell Breckinridge, a Leader in the New South*, 1921; *Family Welfare Work in a Metropolitan Community*, 1924.

Editorially we have spoken of the sympathetic way in which Miss Breckinridge referred to the socially delinquent in her address at the banquet at the Hotel Utah. Recognition of the fact that many who are out of confinement might properly be confined were their history fully known, and that many who are in places of detention are not worse than those who have their liberty, was hinted at in a humorous and delicate manner by Miss Breckinridge. While at the Utah Penitentiary it was evident that she was greatly interested in the welfare of the prisoners. We were permitted to see the women on our visit. While there Miss Breckinridge entered into a conversation with them that was kindly and cordial in the extreme; one that tended to put them at once at their ease. Miss Breckinridge's concern, at all times appeared to be the concern of one who would be constructively helpful.

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RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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Room 28, Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah

Magazine entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah

Vol. XIV

JANUARY, 1927

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EDITORIAL

Visits From Prominent Social Workers

We are giving space to brief sketches of three American social workers who have come in close contact with the Relief Society during the past year.

The first is Miss Grace Abbott, of the Children's Bureau, Washington D. C., the woman who succeeded Julia Lathrop. Those who heard Miss Abbott at the banquet at the Hotel Utah, will recall how racily she talked of the groups interested in obtaining appropriations from Congress. She pictured the agriculturist, moving toward the Capitol, with all of his improved machinery for planting and harvesting. Then came a line of fine automobiles. "In the midst of this impressive procession I go trundling a baby carriage," said Miss Abbott.

Accompanying Miss Grace Abbott were Miss Edith Abbott, Dean of the Graduate School of Social Service Administration, University of Chicago, and Miss S. P. Breckinridge, member of the faculty of the same school. At the banquet at the Hotel Utah, Miss Edith Abbott discussed a phase of social service, while Miss Breckinridge devoted her remarks to a most sympathetic discussion of prisons and prisoners. She had visited the Utah Pen-

itentiary during the day, consequently she had something to say of that institution.

We welcome to our state these good and capable women. Miss Abbott has worked intelligently and untiringly that infant mortality might be reduced in this nation, and success has crowned her efforts. It is often as important to save life as it is to give life. Miss Abbott and those who cooperate with her are working that mothers may not suffer in vain.

Health Statistics in Utah

"The 'Mormons' of Salt Lake City exhibit the highest American municipal health statistics." This sentence occurs in the editor's introduction to Senator Smoot's article appearing in the October issue of *The Forum*.

A good many factors have been at work to produce this result. Conspicuous among them has been the work for maternity and child welfare administered under the Sheppard-Towner bill. This work has been done intensively by the Relief Society. The General Secretary's report given under conference notes in the December issue of the *Magazine*, gives information relating to the amount of work done. The gratifying thing about it all is that Utah has the lowest death rate resulting from maternity in the United States, also she has greatly reduced infant mortality that only a few years ago stood at 10%.

We are most happy to be able to face the new year with such a report. It marks progress in a most important field. It is just such work that will assist in bringing to us the new heaven and the new earth which we all seek.

Eliza Roxey Snow Poem Contest

In this issue of the *Magazine* will be found the two poems winning first and second prize in the Eliza Roxey Snow contest. There were fifty-four entries. Of that number two receive cash prizes and three honorable mention.

Mrs. Maud Chegwiddden, of Murray, Utah, who was awarded second prize a year ago, is given the first prize this time for her poem entitled "Riches;" Mrs. Linda S. Fletcher, of Longview, Washington, has been awarded second prize for her poem "To the Sego-Lily." Mrs. Hazel T. Latimer, of Springville, Utah, receives honorable mention for a poem entitled, "Interpreted;" Mrs. Maggie I. Bentley, of Colonia Juarez, Mexico, receives honorable mention for a poem entitled, "An Ode to Eliza Roxey Snow;" and

Mrs. Blanche Kendall McKey, of Rexburg, Idaho, receives honorable mention for a poem entitled, "Mother."

Two of the five persons mentioned are known writers at the present time.

The committee having charge of the 1926 contest consisted of Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon, Mrs. Lalene H. Hart and Mrs. Barbara H. Richards. The judges of the contest were Professor Herman Wells, of the L. D. S. U.; Mrs. Johanna Sprague, of the Salt Lake Free Public Library Board, and Mrs. Rosannah C. Irvine of the Relief Society General Board.

The General Board congratulates the winners.

Editorial Notes

Our editorial states that we would include a brief sketch of Dr. Valeria H. Parker, President of the National Council of Women of the United States, in the current issue, but the space is not sufficient, and consequently we shall have to carry it over to the March issue.

Mrs. May Booth Talmage's travel article on Holland and Denmark will be followed by one on Norway and Sweden. We regret not being able to publish the Norway and Sweden article earlier, but we have had to give the conference news right of way in December and January.

Correction of Literature Lesson for February: We regret that Edna St. Vincent Millay's name got into print spelled incorrectly.

My Husband

Mary C. Martineau

His love is like a great warm coat,
That keeps out the wintry weather;
It folds me round with it's comfort dear,
Though the storms of life may gather.
Though my heart may weep, it still is warm
And trustingly plans the morrow,
For the great coat of his love protects,
And heals my every sorrow.

His love is like the sunshine warm
And the best of my nature keeps blooming,
For it's easy to smile and be sweet and true
When the sun of your life keeps wooing.
His smile brings back a smile in return,
His praise crushes dead all repining
And my soul climbs up to new heights every day
To keep my sun ever shining.

Conventions and Conferences

General Board members visited Relief Society stake conventions and conferences, which were held in the stakes during 1926, as follows:

- Alberta—Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund.
Alpine—Mrs. Elise B. Alder, Mrs. Amy W. Evans.
Bannock—Mrs. Ethel R. Smith.
Bear Lake—Mrs. Ethel R. Smith.
Bear River—Miss Alice L. Reynolds.
Beaver—Mrs. Elise B. Alder.
Benson—Mrs. Cora L. Bennion.
Big Horn—Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund.
Blackfoot—Mrs. Lalene H. Hart.
Blaine—Mrs. Ethel R. Smith.
Boise—Mrs. Ethel R. Smith.
Box Elder—Miss Alice L. Reynolds, Mrs. Amy W. Evans.
Burley—Mrs. Nettie D. Bradford.
Cache—Mrs. Louise Y. Robison, Mrs. Lalene H. Hart.
Carbon—Mrs. Jennie B. Knight.
Cassia—Mrs. Jennie B. Knight.
Cottonwood—Mrs. Barbara H. Richards, Mrs. Nettie D. Bradford.
Curlwey—Mrs. Ethel R. Smith.
Deseret—Mrs. Lalene H. Hart.
Duchesne—Mrs. Julia A. Child.
Emery—Mrs. Louise Y. Robison.
Ensign—Mrs. Ethel R. Smith, Mrs. Rosannah C. Irvine.
Franklin—Mrs. Julia A. Child.
Fremont—Mrs. Cora L. Bennion.
Garfield—Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon.
Gunnison—Mrs. Elise B. Alder.
Granite—Mrs. Emma A. Empey, Mrs. Jeannette A. Hyde.
Grant—Mrs. Ethel R. Smith, Mrs. Emma A. Empey.
Hyrum—Mrs. Elise B. Alder.
Idaho—Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman.
Idaho Falls—Miss Alice L. Reynolds.
Jordan—Mrs. Louise Y. Robison, Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon.
Juab—Miss Sarah M. McLelland.
Juarez—Mrs. Jennie B. Knight.
Kanab—Mrs. Lalene H. Hart.
Kolob—Mrs. Julia A. Child, Miss Sarah M. McLelland.
Lethbridge—Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund.
Liberty—Mrs. Elise B. Alder, Mrs. Barbara H. Richards.
Logan—Mrs. Nettie D. Bradford, Mrs. Cora L. Bennion.
Lost River—Mrs. Nettie D. Bradford.
Los Angeles—Mrs. Louise Y. Robison.
Lyman—Mrs. Louise Y. Robison.
Malad—Mrs. Julia A. Child.
Maricopa—Mrs. Jennie B. Knight.
Millard—Mrs. Julia A. Child.
Minidoka—Mrs. Cora L. Bennion.
Montpelier—Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman.
Moapa—Mrs. Louise Y. Robison.
Morgan—Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon.
Mt. Ogden—Miss Sarah M. McLelland, Mrs. Julia A. Child.
Nebo—Mrs. Jennie B. Knight, Miss Alice L. Reynolds.
Nevada—Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman.
No. Davis—Mrs. Elise B. Alder.
No. Sanpete—Miss Alice L. Reynolds.
No. Sevier—Miss Sarah M. McLelland.
No. Weber—Mrs. Louise Y. Robison, Mrs. Emma A. Empey.
Ogden—Mrs. Amy W. Evans, Mrs. Emma A. Empey.
Oneida—Mrs. Cora L. Bennion.
Oquirrh—Mrs. Julia A. Child, Mrs. Emma A. Empey.
Palmyra—Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon, Mrs. Lalene H. Hart.
Panguitch—Mrs. Lalene H. Hart.
Parowan—Mrs. Louise Y. Robison.
Pioneer—Mrs. Barbara H. Richards, Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon.
Pocatello—Mrs. Elise B. Alder.
Portneuf—Mrs. Cora L. Bennion.
Raft River—Mrs. Elise B. Alder.
Rigby—Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon.
Roosevelt—Mrs. Amy W. Evans.
St. George—Mrs. Elise B. Alder.
St. Johns—Mrs. Elise B. Alder.

St. Joseph—Mrs. Jennie B. Knight.
 Salt Lake—Mrs. Nettie D. Bradford, Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund.
 San Juan—Mrs. Nettie D. Bradford.
 San Luis—Mrs. Nettie D. Bradford.
 Sevier—Mrs. Louise Y. Robison.
 Shelley—Mrs. Amy W. Evans.
 Snowflake—Mrs. Elise B. Alder.
 So. Davis—Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman, Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon.
 So. Sanpete—Mrs. Amy W. Evans.
 So. Sevier—Miss Sarah M. McLelland.
 Star Valley—Mrs. Louise Y. Robison.
 Summit—Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon.

Taylor—Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund.
 Teton—Miss Alice Louise Reynolds.
 Tintic—Miss Alice L. Reynolds.
 Tooele—Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon, Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund.
 Twin Falls—Mrs. Lalene H. Hart.
 Uintah—Mrs. Nettie D. Bradford.
 Union—Mrs. Jennie B. Knight.
 Utah—Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund, Miss Sarah M. McLelland.
 Wasatch—Miss Alice L. Reynolds.
 Wayne—Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman.
 Weber—Mrs. Louise Y. Robison, Mrs. Nettie D. Bradford.
 Woodruff—Mrs. Nettie D. Bradford.
 Yellowstone—Mrs. Elise B. Alder.
 Young—Mrs. Nettie D. Bradford.

Response

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS
 Heber J. Grant, President,

Salt Lake City, Utah.
 December 1st, 1926.

Mrs. Lula Greene Richards,
 155 No. 33 Main Street,
 City.

Dear Sister Richards:—

Thanks for the call which you and other sisters made on me at the Church office on my birthday, and also for the poem written on my seventieth birthday by your good self. I can assure you, dear Sister Richards, that I appreciate beyond expression the love and good will of my many friends. It is natural, I believe, for everybody to "love to be loved," and I feel that the Saints have extended to me their love and confidence so completely and so fully that I have not the language with which to express my gratitude.

I earnestly pray the Lord to bless you and all of the good sister who endorsed your poem, as well as all who would have been glad to endorse it had the opportunity have reached them—with peace, prosperity and happiness during the remainder of life, and above all I hope and pray most earnestly that there may be an eternity of joy for each and all of you in the life to come with your loved ones who have gone before.

Sincerely your friend and brother,
 (Signed) HEBER J. GRANT.

Relief Society Conference

COUNSELOR JENNIE B. KNIGHT

Thus far we have been spiritually fed in our conference. President Williams sends her love and her greetings and of course her regrets that she is unable to be with you upon this occasion, on account of the serious illness of her mother, and I know she is grateful for your love and your prayers.

Spring blossomed into Summer and Summer has gone since we last met, and in the meantime we have been carrying on the work that has been expected of us as Relief Society women. I once heard Sister Robison give the following quotations: "The spirit of any event must be kept by the adherents of that event in order that it may not die." And so we meet from time to time, that the spirit of the Relief Society shall not die. We listened this morning, in our officers' meeting, to a very splendid program, and I wish it had been possible that every member of the Relief Society could have heard the addresses that were made; but inasmuch as it was an officers' meeting, and the minds of our officers are very fertile, I am sure the messages given will be carried to you. The reports given of the work that has been accomplished is evidence in and of itself of the very choice class of able women we have in the stakes and wards who carry on the work.

It has been our privilege to visit some of you during the past few weeks in your conventions, and we hope to continue our program until all the stakes have been visited.

It seems to me, the older I grow, the more I am impressed with the wonderful work of the Relief Society, and with the wonderful work of the Latter-day Saints. It grows upon me, and I am thankful to my heavenly Father for it. The other day I had the privilege of driving from Provo to Salt Lake City in company with my husband and some visitors from Los Angeles. As we drove along we tried to describe the beauties of our country, the mountain tops, the lakes and the streams. One of the men, a very busy business man from Los Angeles, said, "I am interested in all that, but I am more interested in something else. Can you tell me what it is that would induce your people to sacrifice two years of their time to go into the mission field to preach what you call the gospel, and pay their own expenses?" Of course, we tried to explain to him why it is that we feel it our duty and our privilege and our obligation to carry the message of the gospel into the world. We told him that if we did not know that Joseph Smith is a prophet of God, and that the plan of life and salvation had not been revealed anew to the people known as the Latterday Saints, there would be nothing that

could induce us to go, but that we feel that we have been warned and that it is our duty and our privilege to go and warn our neighbors. The man said this partly explained it, and yet he could not understand it—it seemed too great a sacrifice, it took so much money, and still he and his wife thought it was marvelous. He said another thing: “I have come to know your people by this reputation—that they are a people of integrity, that their word can be depended upon and no matter where I go I find that reputation among the ‘Mormon’ people.”

If this reputation is to continue, and I am sure it will, we have great obligations as mothers in the home. We need to teach our children honesty. During our conventions we have been talking on the Ten Commandments, and when I was going out into the Carbon district not long ago, one of our leading brethren said in a conversation to me, “I am surprised to know how few of our children really know and understand the Ten Commandments.” Surely President Williams was inspired when she suggested that we take for this year’s topic in our convention work, “The Application of the Ten Commandments to our Daily Life.” Surely we should teach our children not merely to say the Ten Commandments by rote, but we should teach them in their deepest meaning. The first part refers to respect and duty to our heavenly Father. The next part refers to our duty to our fellow-men, and we understand it in a way the same as the commandment that Jesus gave to the people when he was on the earth, when he said, “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.” (Matthew 22 :37-39.) Let us take our children and grand children and teach them the Ten Commandments. If everyone in the world lived according to the Ten Commandments, our prisons would not be filled as they are and the almshouses would not be needed, and there would be much more joy and happiness in life; and until we find a nation willing to obey the Ten Commandments and the commandments Jesus gave, we cannot hope to have the satisfaction and happiness that is intended for us. The Prophet Joseph Smith said, “Man is that he might have joy.” And it is in these gatherings that we are studying how best we can obtain joy, and it is only through living the gospel, as it was restored through our Prophet Joseph Smith, that we can obtain that joy.

COUNSELOR LOUISE Y. ROBISON

We have had for many years lessons and talks on personal hygiene and hygiene in the home, but we have not had any community hygiene, so next year we hope to have this subject under the topic of “Civic Pride” given as our Relief Society visiting teachers’ topics. I think that in our traveling through the wards

and in our own homes, all of us will be able to see how much more lovely our communities could be if we gave just a little more care to the yards and streets and public grounds. I believe all of us have been shocked to see how our parks have sometimes looked after a celebration, with papers and boxes and litter all over; and our school grounds are frequently not as beautiful as they might be. We all know that in the homes, it is the mother who organizes the work and who sets the work in motion, so we call now for our Relief Society mothers to organize this community work. It is not that you shall do the work yourselves, for we have growing up in our midst children who could be taught to do it, and who will be our citizens in a few years, and the training that we give them in citizenship will very materially affect them in later life.

A few years ago the citizens of New York City set about to clean up their city. They found the children were not interested, so, in some localities they organized them for the work, and this is the idea we would like to give to you. The children were brought together for organization; they elected their own officers and made their own reports. These clubs grew so popular in the districts where they were used that other schools and other children asked to have clubs organized and Colonel Waring, who had charge of the work, said, "Why do you want a club?" The children said, "There are boys in our district who throw banana and orange peelings on the street, and we want to reform them." He said, "Maybe they do not want to be reformed." The boys said, "Yes, they do, we have asked them, and they say they want to do right." Boys are not wicked, but they are so full of energy and if there isn't opportunity for them to work their energy off in good work, they usually do it in mischief.

So we ask that the Relief Society take the place in the community that the mother takes in the home, and that you appeal to the Primary, the Boy Scouts and other agencies, that you may put this work over in a real campaign. A survey in delinquency was made in one of the large cities recently, and the captains of the police reported that they found the most trouble with restless boys, who lived in districts where there were no trees or parks, and where the streets were not kept up. I believe if we could get proper civic ideals before the boys and girls in an attractive way, that they would respond. In some places where these campaigns have been put on, they have had real parades. The boys would march and carry banners about loyalty to the city, and the girls would ride in trucks and sing street-cleaning songs. In our state in some localities we have difficulty with flies and mosquitoes, and there is nothing that would be so helpful as to organize the boys and girls to get rid of the breeding places of flies and mosquitoes. We have reports from different states stating that the children—the boys and girls—have almost entirely stamped out the mosquito nuisance through their activities. Children might be given prizes and badges

for such work. Children should not, however, be left to work alone. The cooperation of everybody should be secured in civic work. I remember one town which was known as a tin can city because there were so many tin cans around the streets and yards.

One of our stake presidents has been carrying on clean-up campaigns. She arranged for the purchase of a beautiful silver loving cup to be awarded to the person having the finest looking yard—the cup to be held for one year. She brought in people from outside the districts to act as judges. There has been great improvement in this locality as a result of this effort. We recommend that you make the most of the teachers' topics this year, that you put forth earnest effort during the year to improve the appearance of the communities in which you live, and in doing so that you enlist the support of all the agencies in your localities, including those for children.

SOUTH AFRICAN MISSION

Report by Mrs. Magdalene Sessions, former president of Relief Societies of South African Mission

It is a wonderful thing to come back home again. It is a great satisfaction to come back and find the strength and hope that we expected to find, and to find the ideals of the gospel upheld, to find people working as hard as they can to keep the laws and commandments, and to help to roll on the work of the Lord.

It is nearly six years since we went to South Africa. It was a land of mystery to me until I got there. There were no elders when we arrived, as they had been called home during the war and had not been replaced. In fact, elders were supposed to be excluded from Africa, as they did not have legal admission. The first thing necessary was to make arrangements whereby the elders could enter Africa. Through the faith and prayers of the Saints, and through the help of Senator Smoot and Secretary Charles Evans Hughes, and through the work of the officials of the South African government, and the efforts that President Sessions made for this great blessing, we have now legal permission for our elders to enter Africa. More than that, we are given every consideration and privilege accorded to any other religious organization in Africa. These blessings have come as a miracle. It is a miracle to see those men who were very bitter and prejudiced, receive our missionaries and help to extend our missionary work. We now count them as our very good friends. When we left South Africa many of those who were very prejudiced at first, came and said that whenever they could do anything for our missionary work in Africa it would be their pleasure.

Africa is not America. There is as much difference as one can expect. We did not labor among the colored people, but

among the European people. There are about one and one half million European people in Africa, and many times that number of colored people. We do not deal with the colored people at all. In fact, such things as jungles and savages we do not meet in our missionary work. We have to go a long way out of the natural paths to meet up with these things in Africa. The social and economic conditions are not the same as they are here. There is a high standard of education. The schools are very good, singing, dancing, elocution and the arts being developed to a very high degree, but we find a great lack of the high ideals in the home life, which we are taught in the Church.

One of the things that we encounter is class distinction. There are three classes of European people there—the working class, the professional class, and the wealthy or retired class. And these different classes do not mix any more than they have to. It is a great condescension for those of the so-called upper classes to associate in a social way with those of the lower classes, and it is rarely done. We find this a great difficulty in our work, because we did not belong to any of these classes. They all received us very nicely, however, and we found people who were well educated and who claimed to belong to the superior class, who would listen very sympathetically to us, and admire our work, and support us openly among their friends. Some of them have been interested enough in it to say, "We are going to come and help you," but when the time came for them to come out, and they realized there was brotherhood and sisterhood in the Church, and that in our opinion one is not better than another in the eyes of our heavenly Father, it was a different thing. Very few could overcome that idea of superiority.

The women in Africa do not have the same status that they have in America. There is not the liberty and life that there is here. It took me a long time to realize the advantages we have. I once took a railroad journey with the president of the women's work there. She had been to America to attend conventions held here. She was telling me of her experiences in trying to enlist the help of Parliament in favor of woman suffrage. They said, "Miss Solomon, if we do decide to help you, it will be with this one condition, that the age limit for women must be five or ten years greater than that for men, to enable them to vote intelligently." This, notwithstanding the fact that the colored native men have the vote, although most of them can neither read nor write, and look upon election day as a day to drink and get a free motor ride to the polls, and perhaps a shilling or two for their votes.

There is no civic work to speak of, and the people need it sorely, especially the working class. They do things ignorantly. The death rate is exceptionally high. There is a great amount of disease which could be counteracted if people only knew more. There are charitable institutions, homes for old people, home for

incurables, homes for boys, homes for girls, numbers of them in a city about the size of Salt Lake. This condition we must attribute to improper family life and ignorance in knowing how to make a living and care for children.

As soon as a family there arises to any affluence at all, the first thing they do is to hire a 'servant, which can be procured at from \$5 to \$15 a month, the price varying according to the capabilities of the servant. People whom we would think had no business hiring a servant, were doing so. There is no domesticity among the people. They would much rather say that they hire two or more servants than to say that they do all their own work. If they do all their own work, they say it on the side.

It seems good to come back home and find people proud of the work they can do. There is another draw-back there in family life. Much of the food that is brought into the home (especially among the poor people whom the missionaries meet most) is ready prepared. There are several reasons for this. One is that cooking is supposed to be done by hired help or colored help, and if one cannot afford a cook who can make cake or bread, these articles must be bought. Many of the homes are not provided with proper cooking facilities. If there were some help such as we have in abundance in this country, these things would be counter-acted, and they will be in time. In the Relief Society work we have to hunt out the problems that need solving and try our best to solve them.

There is a great deal of work, as you can see, to be done by our organization. We explained the work as best we could to the members of our Church, and we received united support. The sisters seemed to welcome the opportunity to become members of this organization. We had to decide what kind of work would be best to take up. We could not, at first, follow specifically the lessons outlined in the *Relief Society Magazine*, but we did try to live by the spirit of Relief Society work. We selected, as lessons for the organizations, different topics because we seemed to have a different class of people in each branch. We organized a branch of the Relief Society in every branch of the mission. For instance, one group of newly baptized members of the Church decided as their series of lessons they would study the history of the Church, and they completed it in a fine way. Another little group composed of older members of the Church, did some fine research work in genealogy; and so our work was chosen according to the group of people with whom we had to deal. Then we found that the most important meeting ground of all was the sewing work, and in order that that would not be just miscellaneous we tried to supply each organization with a competent instructor so that our sewing would be systematic. We were successful in this, and when we had sales or bazaars, our articles were sold faster than we could supply them, and we could hardly hold subsequent sales, as people would call at

the homes of the members for the articles as soon as they were made.

We needed some money in our organization but did not feel that we could ask for donations just at first, and so we planned monthly food sales, and once a month, after Bible class, every member would bring the thing she knew how to cook best, and along with this she would bring the actual cost of the article which she had made, and which cost was refunded to her. It would then be sold at a slight profit—but at a smaller price than it could be bought from the shop. This profit went into the treasury, and furnished us with money, and with something more—an interchange of ideas and recipes for cooking. The women soon found that homemade food articles could be done at home better and cheaper than by buying from the shop. These food sales have gone on for five years and we never had anything left over. Underlying this practical work we have had another lesson—we have learned the value of sisterhood. That is the biggest thing we had to strive for in Africa.

Women generally never meet together like this meeting today. There is never an occasion for women to meet together unless at some social function. Getting them together and learning to appreciate the things their neighbors know, and learning to love each other, is the greatest accomplishment we have had there among Relief Society women. When I left, practically all of the branches were running smoothly. Our sisters there love the Relief Society work, and I love it too, and I hope and pray that it may succeed as those who have charge would have it. I cannot tell you how much I appreciate the inspiration I have received from the *Relief Society Magazine*, and from the letters I have received from those who have charge of the work. I have come back with this testimony, that those who preside are called of God and they are inspired, and there is nothing that they ask us to do that we can afford to lose sight of. I have learned to love and appreciate the gospel and all that it involves.

EASTERN STATES MISSION

Miss Elizabeth Skolfield, former president of Relief Societies of Eastern States Mission

I am very grateful for the privilege of engaging in Relief Society work, and for what it has meant to me in my mission. It is quite a difficult problem in the Eastern States where there are thirty-three millions of people, and our members, at the most, number three hundred women. However, these women who belong to the Church of Jesus Christ are holding high the torch and the light of the truth of the gospel.

We have been carrying on an intense program since the first

of January, trying to put into effect the original purposes of the organization of the Relief Society, namely to care for those in need, to foster a love for religion, education, culture and refinement, and to assist in strengthening the morals and virtues of the people. This morning my heart was made glad as I listened to the splendid reports that were made of the clinical work that you are able to do here in Zion. In the Eastern States the members are in some instances in such humble circumstances that their charity offering at each weekly meeting is only two or three pennies each, and oftentimes these two or three pennies are what they must save from the household expenses. Because of this condition there is not much charitable work done. Therefore, it gives us joy when we have reports come in, as we have just had, telling of so many clothes purchased for children who have no parents or whose mothers work, and of so many bowls of soup given out, etc., etc. Every month, every Society in the Eastern States has before them the object of doing some charity. In some Societies \$2.50 a month is considered a great sum to devote to this cause. This may seem a small amount to us, who are so richly blessed that we cannot half appreciate the means that we have for doing good. This charity is also expressed in kind words and freedom of opinion, and in striving to crowd out all petty annoyance and jealousy. The sisters have shown a beautiful spirit, and I wish to commend them for overcoming the small things that come in the way to mar the beauty of the work.

The second admonition of the Prophet to foster a love for religion, education, culture and refinement, has been followed in our mission, and has brought about excellent results. I have in mind a conference where some of the members have never had the privilege of going to school, and the *Relief Society Magazine* has been a God-send to them that I have not the words to describe. They have learned to do much of their reading from it. If women are the home builders, they surely should do as the Prophet Joseph Smith has said, "Seek ye diligently and teach one another words of wisdom; yea, seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom: seek learning, even by study and also by faith." (Doctrine and Covenants 88:118.) Many of our Societies do not have instructors to teach their classes, and the missionary girls and the elders are doing a great service by acting as teachers. They are also training the people to teach themselves. Sometimes our members have to go as far as twenty-five miles to attend a branch meeting, but they feel it is well worth the effort. One president goes thirty-five miles, but she is always there, and hence receives the blessing of the Lord.

Relief Society women in the Eastern States are doing all they can in their branches to hold up and to maintain the highest social standards. They seek constantly to strengthen those influences which tend to foster ideal family and community life. In one small community in West Pennsylvania, there are ten large families which form two branches of about fifty members each. Because of the fine lives they are living they are a notable strength to their community. They are letting their lights so shine that they are glorifying their Father in heaven. Membership in the Relief Society in the Eastern States mission means—a chance to develop, a chance to work, and a chance to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ. The mark of a true Latter-day Saint has been defined by one of our great leaders as the desire he or she has to share the gospel. One of the ways we have had of doing this is by giving once a month a non-members meeting, with a well planned program. These meetings have been particularly successful in Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston. I must not forget to report that one of the things that has inspired us most is the "Notes from the Field" department in the *Magazine*. We have looked eagerly each month for these reports, and have profited by the experiences of other societies whose works are recorded here.

The Relief Society work in the Eastern States stands as one of the most powerful units of missionary work. Relief Society work has strengthened my testimony. It has shown me the greatest means by which women may develop themselves, and stay within their sphere. My prayer is that each of us here will be filled with the desire that our sisters in the East have, that they might further the spirit of the gospel which means so much to them.

HAWAIIAN MISSION

Mrs. Annie Lau, President Hama Kua Conference Relief Societies of Hawaiian Mission

During our last April conference Mrs. William Waddoups was made president of the Hawaiian Relief Societies, and she suggested to Elder Eugene Neff, president of the mission at that time, that I be sent as an official delegate to join you here in your conference. I am thankful to my heavenly Father for being with you as a Relief Society officer. As I stand here and occupy a few minutes of your time, I desire to ask your faith and prayers that I may be able to report the work in Hawaii successfully. There are thirty-five Relief Societies organized, the Honolulu branch alone consisting of four hundred members, it being the largest. We are taking up the mission of Christ and the people enjoy it immensely, but next year we will take the *Relief Society Magazine* lessons. President Waddoups will translate them and send them to every branch. We meet once a week. We draw from the treasury every week to

support the poor. We take good care of the sick, the widow and the fatherless, and prepare the dead for burial. We are not only taking care of the people in our Church, but we take care of those outside also. When Sister Lyman visited Hawaii some time ago she drew attention to general health conditions in the Islands, and to the high infant death rate among our people. She told of the baby clinics and health centers here, and recommended that we take up such work in Hawaii. We began this work in earnest, and have had much assistance and help from the Board of Health. The public health doctors and nurses have given freely of their time and effort for our baby clinics, and we are getting excellent results. We have among the missionaries a trained nurse who is devoting herself almost exclusively to the health of our people.

We are busy from Monday to Sunday in our Societies, especially the officers, and I want to bear you my testimony this is the true work of God that has been restored to earth for the salvation of man. I pray the Lord to bless us all.

MISS DOROTHY LEDYARD

*Director, Nursing Service, Pacific Division, American Red Cross,
San Francisco*

I feel it is a great privilege for me to have the opportunity of addressing you on a subject very dear to my heart, and I am told it is one in which you are all interested. I am talking on the question of public health. I am a public health nurse myself, and I have done that work largely in rural communities. At present my position is in directing this work in communities in the western area under the Red Cross. Our organization extends through seven of the western states and the Territory of Alaska.

You will probably be interested in the work of the public health nurse in rural communities. I presume that most of you have come not from large cities but from towns in the outlying districts. I will tell you a little story of the test they used to give away back in the Middle Ages when they questioned a man's sanity. If a person developed certain symptoms which led people to believe he was not normal, they had a certain test to determine whether he was insane or not. They would place some sort of receptacle under a running stream of water and give him a small utensil and tell him to empty the bucket, and if he would proceed to empty the bucket without removing the bucket from the stream of running water, they said he was insane—any sane person would remove the bucket from under the stream. In some of our public health methods, and in some of our methods of treating disease, we might apply similar tests to some advantage. If it never occurs to us to find out why we are ill, why we have epidemics, why we continue to have various troubles with our children in connection with their health and well-

being, I think we might be adjudged almost insane. If we keep putting a salve on a skin disease without finding out what causes the disease, we are wasting a great deal of energy. We are getting down to fundamentals when we find out the cause of things and get at the root of them. That is the reason why public health nurses are working, and why there are so many organizations interested in public health. We are trying to get down to childhood to see what we can do to prevent people from going through life with physical defects and physical difficulties.

At the time of the draft during the World War, there were hundreds and thousands of our young men who were not permitted to serve in the army at the time when the country needed them, because they were suffering from physical defects which could have been corrected in early childhood, and which would have enabled them to carry their share of the burden. There were thousands of these young men who, to all appearances, did not seem to have any defects. If they were seen walking down the street, it could not be told that they had serious heart defects, or broken arches, but when such young men came up for a physical examination, it was found that an appalling number of them were not able to stand up under the strenuous life which they would have to live in a military camp. The doctors were so strongly impressed by what this meant to the country, that statistics were gathered and it was found that a great number of these men certainly would have been in perfect physical condition had they had some minor defects corrected early enough. It was that which led the Red Cross and other agencies to start this public health nursing work among school children to detect defects early enough to enable the child to go through life in good physical condition. We ought to be able to promise our children an opportunity for good healthy physical development. The more opportunity I have had of studying public health work (and I have been privileged to study it here and in countries abroad) the more and more I am impressed with the fact that the children of today have opportunities which many of us would have been grateful to have had. Some of us have to go through life with all sorts of chronic trouble which we might have escaped had our parents understood certain fundamental principles of health.

With all that science is contributing to this field, we certainly ought to be able to do a great deal of good. It isn't that we expect the nurse to go into the school house and follow up her visit in the home in an interfering sort of way, but we do feel that because of her training and experience and the specialized knowledge which is hers, she is able to detect certain defects which the parents, with all the love and affection they bear their children, sometimes are not able to notice, and she is therefore invaluable in the community. On one occasion I was addressing a small group of people on the subject of introducing into their community a public health nurse.

The group was made up of the prominent people in the community, and I was giving them some idea of what the nurse would be expected to do for them. I asked them what they thought about this work, and what they thought the nurse might be able to contribute to this community. The banker of the town got up and said he would like to tell a little story which concerned a personal incident in his own life. He said, "I had a little son going to a public school, when we were living in an eastern city. One day the boy came home with a little notice from the school nurse which called our attention to the fact that there seemed to be some defect in the child's throat and suggested that we take our child to the family physician. My wife and I are both college graduates and we resented the fact that this school nurse would presume to suggest to us that we were not taking proper care of our child, and so we ignored it. About a year later a diphtheria epidemic came into the town, and our boy contracted diphtheria and died. When the surgeon came in he told us that the child had very badly infected tonsils, and that had they been removed a year or so ago, the child might have had a chance of recovering." He told that story with tears in his eyes. This man was willing to confess that it was through his own ignorance of what the nurse was attempting to do that he actually had lost the life of his child. It is that sort of thing that the nurse is expected to do. She does not give medical attention. She can in no way diagnose or treat disease, but she can, because of the experience and training which she has had, notice certain physical defects, because it is her business to notice them, and call the attention of the parents to these defects. The child then may have at least an opportunity of getting its case corrected early enough so that he doesn't have to go through life handicapped. I do not feel that emphasis should be placed on physical defects constantly. It is far more important for the nurse to bring to the children a knowledge of right health habits. I am sure many of the members of this congregation would be able to bear me out when I say that parents may suggest things to their children over and over again without making much impression, while the teacher or nurse may make a suggestion in the school room which they would readily follow. The outsider can stimulate the interest, because suggestions may be made in a different way than they are at home every day, and children are inclined to follow them more readily.

I was addressing another group of people who were considering the introduction of a nurse in the town. A nurse had been there paid by the local chapter of the Red Cross, but the funds were low and they felt that they could not afford to hire her for another year, and so the people were asking the county to help support this service. In this meeting, the idea was to find out from the citizens of that community if the nursing service had been beneficial. One gentleman got up in the back and said he had a little story to tell

which would give his idea of what the nurse is able to do. He said, "I have a boy about thirteen and his mother and I have read in newspapers and magazines that milk is a good food for children, and so we tried for months to get that boy to drink milk. But he had the idea that only babies drink milk, and he said he didn't like milk, that it made him sick, and he had all sorts of excuses. One night at the table he came in and said, 'I wish you would give me a pint of milk tomorrow for lunch.' We were both surprised and stared at each other with our mouths open. We said, 'We thought you didn't like milk.' But the boy answered, 'Oh, all the fellows are drinking milk now.'" This illustrates what this outside influence can sometimes do when father and mother may have failed to get such a thing done.

And now a word about the proper and nutritious foods for growing children. In many rural communities children walk long distances to school and bring a lunch in a little bucket and sometimes that lunch is not very well prepared and does not contain the nutrients, properly balanced, that that child needs. We all realize what scientific farming means to us—a man who has a scientific knowledge of what certain soils need to produce certain types of crops, comes to help the farmers who have not had an opportunity of acquiring this specialized knowledge. We realize that science is advancing so fast that we, as lay people, in our own homes cannot hope to keep up with it, but there is no reason in the world why we should not benefit from it. We have learned that just as certain constituents are necessary to get the best possible results from poultry growing, or agricultural pursuits, so certain foods are necessary to get the best sort of development in a human individual. That is why we need to know what children are eating to develop brains and muscles and to develop normally. A nurse working in a county said she had been urging the children to drink milk. She told them the next time she came she would ask how many had begun to drink milk every day. A few months later when she returned to this school, she asked the question. After the children had held up their hands, and put them down again, one little boy kept his hand up. When the nurse asked him what he wished to say, he said, "I just wanted to tell you that the calf died and so I am drinking milk now, too." Often, you see, it is not so much a question of the fact that we do not have every desire to do these things for our children, but it is often that we have not the specific knowledge which can help to bring them to this wonderful state which we are working toward. I have had the opportunity of working in some of the slum districts of some of the biggest cities in this country and abroad, and when I would see that ignorance, that lack of actual necessities of life, it seemed to me that it was of no use to keep on working when such centers exist where people have not an opportunity to live like human beings. Then I have come away and had the privilege of speaking to groups of people

such as you, whose interest inspires me and makes me feel that in this great human family we have a leaven at work and that we need not be discouraged. It seems that this leaven is provided for in the scheme of things and gives us courage.

Another nurse that I might tell you about worked in a county where there was only one doctor to be called on in the entire county, and he was a man of advanced age and it was very difficult for him to go to various places, so the nurse there meant a great deal to those people, as you can imagine. She was one day giving physical inspection in a small rural school of not more than a dozen children. One child apparently was blind—she could hardly see and would hold a book so close that the condition of the eyes was very noticeable. The nurse spoke to the teacher and asked her if she had noticed it. The teacher had, but she was young and inexperienced, having received her training and examination in the county, and did not know what she could do about it, although she realized that something ought to be done. This teacher lived several miles from the school house, and the child several miles in the opposite direction, so she had never visited the parents and talked with them concerning the condition of the child's eyes. But this nurse had her Ford, as all nurses in rural communities have, and so she said she would go home with the little girl. She did so, and met the father and mother. They were living on a little farm. They were American people of good old stock. The father said when attention was called to the condition of the child's eyesight, that they had been much concerned about the condition of the girl's eyes, but that they did not know exactly what to do and thought that perhaps she might outgrow it. (You know there is a superstition that if you let a thing alone, it might vanish instead of getting much worse and getting to the place where nothing can be done.) The nurse found out by a cursory examination that these people were just barely making both ends meet on this farm, and it was not because they were not working diligently either. It would take a day to go to the county seat where there was a doctor, and they had kept putting it off. The nurse explained to the father that she had for her use a revolving sum of money that had been given to her by some club with the idea that she might use it in instances where it was difficult for the parents to pay for physical examination or correction, or where children needed eyeglasses, or other medical or surgical treatment which they could not supply. It was decided that she would take the girl to be examined. She had to go away up into Oregon from Northern California to find a specialist. The doctor was very much interested in the case of the little girl, and another man was called in for consultation. The two of them examined the girl's eyes and then took the nurse aside and said that it was a very pitiful case, that the child was suffering from a basic eye disease which could not be helped. They said that had she had treatment

five years earlier undoubtedly they could have saved her eyesight, but under the circumstances, nothing could be done for her.

I have told that story to county commissioners who were very unwilling to appropriate the \$1,800 for the nurse's salary. If we are not moved from an economic standpoint, we surely are moved from a humanitarian standpoint. I was so impressed by this incident that I rang up our state school for the blind in Berkeley (and it happened that our governor had just cut the appropriations of our institution) and asked how much it costs to maintain one child one year in the institution. His answer was \$782.50 a year. We must remember, if that seems rather high, that a blind child has to have special attention, specialized instruction, special equipment, etc., and so I say to the county commissioners, "Which is cheaper, to maintain a public health nurse who can detect defects early enough to have them corrected during childhood, or to maintain state institutions and take care of blind children?"

Public health work is preventive health work. If your communities are not doing something along this line, give them the message of preventive health work. It is not all looking to the correction of physical defects, but it is bringing information to the children of right health habits which the nurse can do. A nurse who doesn't teach as she goes does not fulfil her duty. She has had the opportunity for study, for the right instruction of the youth in healthful habits, and it is her obligation to impart that knowledge as she goes.

The Strength and Might of You

Bertha A. Kleinman

Perhaps you have not done your best,
Your utmost or your all—
Perhaps life has denied the test
By which you stand or fall;

Perhaps the fortitude you lack,
The impetus you rue,
Needs but the spur of handicap
To put you "smiling through."

Perhaps convention plies its toll
And customs rule between,
Till all the beauty of your soul
Has never yet been seen.

It may be you depreciate
The daily tasks you do—
The little duties that create
The strength and might of you.

Notes from the Field

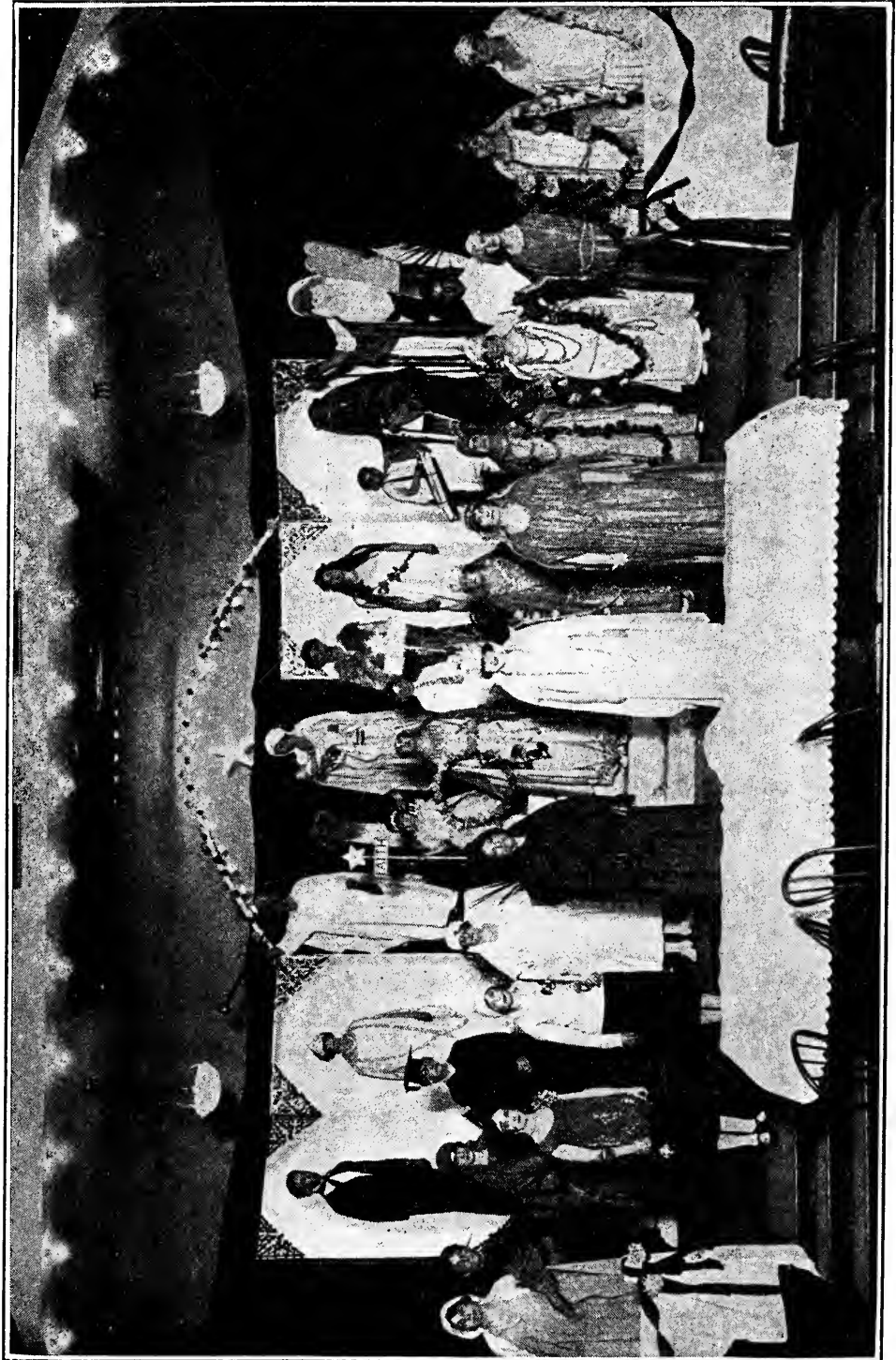
By Amy Brown Lyman.

Cache and Logan Stakes.

Social Service Institute: During the week beginning August 30, the Relief Societies of Cache and Logan stakes jointly held an interesting institute of social work. The attendance was limited to presiding officers and social service aids of Relief Society stake and ward organizations, stake presidency, high councilmen and members of bishoprics. The course comprised lectures, required readings and discussions of modern methods of family welfare work, and how these methods are being applied in Relief Society activities. On the opening day of the institute the workers were most eager to talk about particular problems that confronted them in their own localities. Toward the close, when general plans and ideals had been considered, many of their questions had been answered, and visions of better health programs, budgets, adequate material relief, and final independence for needy families were filling their minds. Among the brethren visiting the sessions were: Joseph E. Cardon, president of Cache stake; and a number of high councilmen and members of bishoprics. Class work was conducted by Annie D. Palmer and Anna Laura Stohl of the Family Welfare department, General Board, Salt Lake City. The workers of both stakes were enthusiastic and keen in interest through the entire course. A beautifully arranged dinner and social at the Girl's Canyon Home was one of the pleasing features near the close of the profitable week.

Liberty Stake.

This picture presents the stage setting and characters in a pageant entitled, "The Dispensations of the Gospel," which was presented by the Thirty-first ward Relief Society of Liberty stake in their ward chapel. The pageant portrayed beautifully the truths of the Father's plan for the redemption of his children, as set forth in the theological lesson. It was presented by members of the Society, or their families, and was under the direction of Mrs. Verna W. Goddard.



LIBERTY STAKE PAGEANT

Franklin Stake.

On September 4th the Franklin stake Relief Society held a very pleasant and profitable teachers' convention. The attendance was very satisfactory, there being 185 officers and teachers present. President Veroka G. Nash gave a splendid talk on "The Value of the Visiting Teacher to the Relief Society," and Feneretta Mecham very ably gave "The Value of the Relief Society to the Visiting Teacher."

Demonstrations were given by members of the visiting teachers of the wards, to show the spirit with which visits should be made to the homes. These demonstrations were as follows: A regular visit of the Relief Society teachers calling upon a member of the Society; visiting teachers calling upon a stranger moving into the ward; visiting teachers calling upon non-members of our Church; visiting teachers calling upon a mother who is not particularly interested in Relief Society work. Musical numbers were also furnished by members of the ward Relief Societies. Experiences of a Relief Society visiting teacher—the old and new methods—were entertainingly told by Sarah J. Alder. After the close of this meeting the members of the Franklin stake Relief Society Board entertained those present with games, readings, music and luncheon. A tribute to Relief Society workers was paid by Louise M. Cole, and Lillie Farnes of Whitney reciprocated with a tribute to the stake board. Honorable mention was made of many of those present who had served in Relief Society work for many years, and among those was Mrs. Margaret Hall of Fairview, who had served forty-nine years. Recently the State Health Department held two clinics in this stake. Dr. Fouch, assisted by Dr. Rich, Miss Ewen and the local Relief Society, conducted the work. The outlying wards of Franklin and Weston were given the preference, since all wards could not be visited this time. In Franklin there were 46 and in Weston 39 children under school age who were among those examined.

Bear Lake Stake.

Bear Lake stake has been working out a schedule for health work. A nurse from the Idaho State Health Association, working in the county, gave a series of lectures on home nursing, under the supervision of the stake Relief Society board. A clinic for mothers and for children of pre-school age was also held.

Tintic Stake.

The Tintic stake teachers' convention was held September 12, 1926, at Eureka L. D. S. recreation hall, with President Elizabeth

Boswell presiding and conducting. More than one hundred were in attendance. After the address of welcome by the president, the following program was given: a one act play, "Out of Work," was presented by Eureka ward; duet and chorus, "Gentle Words," Mammoth ward members; demonstration, "How to Introduce the Teachers' Topic in the Home," Verda ward; duet, "Come Saints and Sing a Joyful Song," Eureka ward; closing remarks by Counselor Louie Lee. The annual temple excursion of the Tintic stake was held September 6-7, 1926, at the Manti temple. Tintic stake Relief workers contributed \$54.00, in addition to 176 days. A stake outing was held August 17, at which all organizations combined in carrying out the program, which included swimming at the Arrowhead Pool, luncheon and games at Payson Park. Over four hundred attended the gathering. The stake Relief Society officers had charge of the luncheon. The Tintic stake are continuing their health conferences, which have been very successful.

Bear River Stake.

During the conference convention of the Bear River stake, August 21 and 22, 1926, an exhibit was held, under the direction of the Relief Society stake board, of articles made during the summer months by the Relief Societies of the stake, in accordance with instructions from the General Board at the April Conference. Hundreds of beautiful and useful articles were on display, showing what can be done by the cooperation and efforts of the sisters. Following this exhibit bazaars were held in the different wards, and the articles disposed of. The stake board was very proud of the splendid exhibit, and grateful to all the members for the beautiful work they did in connection with it.

Sunday evening, September 12, 1926, the members of the stake Relief Society Board, together with their husbands, met at the home of their esteemed president, Mrs. Margaret W. Manning, and presented her with a beautiful "Friendship Quilt" in honor of her birthday. The quilt top consists of sixty-two embroidered blocks, and was made by members of the board and other friends. A pleasant evening was spent, and a program of music and readings enjoyed by all present.

Montpelier Stake.

Montpelier stake has had a very successful year. During February and March four district teachers' conventions were held, with an attendance of 337 members, 6 high council members, and 3 bishops. The outline prepared by the General Board, with several musical numbers, was carried out, after which a get-acquainted social and refreshments were enjoyed. During July

and August ward Relief Society conferences were held in all the wards, in connection with the Sunday afternoon sacrament meeting. One ward of the stake has accomplished much good in caring for a motherless family, by doing washing, sewing, mending, and by teaching the children to perform the work and care for the home.

Through the efforts of the stake Relief Society president the stake was successful in obtaining a state doctor and nurse, who conducted three health clinics in the stake for children of pre-school age. The Relief Society also joined with the other women of the Bear Lake stake in circulating a petition in the county for a school nurse. The result of this was that a nurse was obtained to work in the county for a part of the school year.

ORGANIZATIONS AND RE-ORGANIZATIONS

Morgan Stake Re-organized.

The Morgan stake was re-organized on August 22, 1926. Mrs. Mary Chadwick resigned as president, and her resignation was accepted with deep appreciation for the excellent service she has rendered. The following officers were appointed: President, Mrs. Sophia Anderson; counselors, Mrs. Annie Heiner and Mrs. Selma Francis; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Lucy Turner; aids, Mrs. May D. Rich, Mrs. Annie S. Dixon, Mrs. Laura Little, Mrs. Bertha Porter, Mrs. Winnie Robison and Mrs. Florence Visick.

On Thursday, September 2, a social was given in honor of the retiring president, Mrs. Mary Chadwick, at the home of Counselor Maggie Francis. A very pleasant afternoon was spent, after which a most delicious luncheon was served. Sister Chadwick was presented with three volumes of Edgar A. Guest's poems.

Lyman Stake Organized.

On July 18, 1926, the Lyman stake Relief Society was organized in connection with the organization of the new Lyman stake. The wards composing this stake were taken from the Woodrull stake. Mrs. Retta Blackner was appointed president, with the following assistants: counselors, Mrs. Rebecca Bradshaw and Mrs. Mary Hamblin; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Frances Carter.

Nevada Stake Organized.

The Nevada stake Relief Society was organized September 18, 1926, when the Nevada stake was organized with wards and branches from the North Weber stake and the California mission. The following Relief Society officers were appointed: president,

Mrs. Mary Horlicker; counselors, Mrs. Hortense Nelson and Mrs. Louisa Johnson; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Edna W. Muir.

Eastern States Mission.

Burlington, Vermont. The Relief Society of Burlington, Vermont, writes the general office as follows: "For the first time in the history of the Eastern States mission, we have been



BURLINGTON, VERMONT, RELIEF SOCIETY

successful in organizing a Relief Society in the state of Vermont. It was organized June 30, 1926, with 18 present, 13 of whom became members. Especially were we happy to organize a Relief Society in Vermont, as this state is the birthplace of our beloved Prophet, who organized the Relief Society. A beautiful spirit was manifested among those present, and we feel that through the help of the Lord we will accomplish great things in the Vermont Relief Society. Already we have members who do not belong to our faith but are earnest workers in our Society. The Relief Society is one method we sisters have of spreading the gospel of Jesus Christ, and it is the desire of this Relief Society to do its bit in furthering the work of the gospel and teaching the plan of salvation to our friends." The officers of this organization are: president, Mrs. Claudia Willett; counselors, Mrs. Lillian La Grange and Mrs. Mary Brown; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Mary Gowett.

Guide Lessons for March

LESSON I

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in March)

WOMEN OF THE DISPENSATION OF THE MERIDIAN OF TIMES

In an article entitled "The Bible's Greatest Women," by Bruce Barton, appearing in *Collier's, The National Weekly*, for March 27, 1926, we have the results of a vote cast by 10,000 preachers. They are:

1. Eve.
2. Ruth (who had the highest vote next to Mary, the mother of Jesus.)
3. Hannah, the devoted mother.
4. The one woman whom the Bible calls great.
5. Esther.

The remaining five are as follows:

6. Mary, the mother of Jesus, (for whom practically every vote was cast).
7. Mary of Magdala.
8. The Sisters of Bethany.
9. The Woman of Samaria.
10. The widow who gave the mites.

Taking the judgment of the preachers for what it is worth, and thanking Bruce Barton for his contributions, which may be read with profit, we shall attempt to form an acquaintance with the women of the Dispensation of the Meridian of Times.

We are at once in harmony with the modern divines in naming *Mary the Mother of Jesus* as the greatest woman. Here was a mission of higher privilege, if not of greater responsibility, than that of any other woman. She was to bear, care for, teach, and train the Son of God, the "beloved" Son of God, the "Only Begotten" of the Father.

The Virgin

Her childhood life is shrouded in obscurity. That she grew up in Nazareth seems certain, but as a virgin she was one of the promises of the ages. She was proclaimed in prophecy. (See Isaiah 7:14.) She was seen by the gift seership. (See I Nephi 11:15-20.) She is an ideal for the best of art. She is the subject of enduring literature. The following from the pen of Lew Wallace, in *Ben Hur*, and copied by Professor Willard Done in *Women of the Bible* is illustrative of the tribute paid to her by writers:

"She was not more than fifteen. Her form, voice, and manner belonged to the period of transition from girlhood. Her face was perfectly oval, her complexion more pale than fair. The nose was faultless; the lips, slightly parted, were full and ripe, giving to the lines of the mouth warmth, tenderness, and trust; the eyes were blue and large, and shaded by drooping lids and long lashes; and, in harmony with all, a flood of golden hair, in the style permitted to Jewish brides, fell unconfined down her back to the pillion on which she sat. The throat and neck had the downy softness sometimes seen, which leaves the artist in doubt whether it is an effect of contour or color. To these charms of feature and person were added others, an indefinable air of purity which only the soul can impart, and of abstraction natural to such as think much of things impalpable. Often, with trembling lips, she raised her eyes to heaven, itself not more deeply blue; often she crossed her hands upon her breast, as in adoration and prayer; often she raised her head like one listening eagerly for a calling voice. Now and then, midst his slow utterance, Joseph turned to look at her, and, catching the expression kindling her face as with light, forgot his theme, and with bowed head, wondering, plodded on." (pp. 157-8.)

From Carpenter's *World Travels* we include a description of Nazareth that will give some idea of its natural beauty, which is similar in all important details to what it was in the time of Christ:

"Nazareth by moonlight is wonderfully peaceful. At sunset all business stops, and within an hour or so afterward everyone is in bed. There are few places that seem so far from the strife of the world. Business is swallowed up in the beauties of nature. * * * The sunsets are surpassingly beautiful. The other night the golden beams of the sinking sun seemed to form a halo over this the home of our Savior. There were many white clouds in the sky, which changed first to rose and then to gold, the color growing stronger and stronger, until the whole west was one blaze of fire and molten copper."

It is certain that the well, or spring, in the center of the town is the one from which Mary drew water with the other women of Nazareth. We include Mr. Carpenter's description of this spring:

"In the center of the town is Mary's Well, or, as it is sometimes called, Jesus' Spring, or Gabriel's Spring. This is undoubtedly authentic, for it is the only spring or watering place Nazareth now possesses or ever has possessed. It is therefore certain that the child Jesus and the Virgin frequented it, and that Mary came here daily for water. This is a fountain rather than a well. The water gushes forth in two streams into a stone basin, whence it flows into a stone-inclosed pool. There are always women with water jars about it, and the scenes of today are probably very much like those of Christ's time."

As a betrothed maiden, Mary the mother of Jesus knew what it was to have the implicit confidence of a just man. She had the

experience of being at once innocent in the eyes of the God she worshipped, and guilty in the eyes of the man she loved. She was the recipient of high-minded mercy from a righteous man, and the miraculous vindication of a just God.

The circumstances of her being taken by Joseph as his wife must have placed him in her mind as a divinely appointed guardian and leader and companion.

The Mother

The Babe of Bethlehem, the "Only Begotten" of God, was but one of several children born and mothered by Mary, the mother of Jesus. From the reading of Mark 6:3 we are led to think of her as the maternal head of a family, several sons and daughters.

To some minds, the thought that Mary could be the mother of the direct Son of God, the "Only Begotten," and still remain a woman seems almost sacrilege, but such was the case.

She had the joys and sorrows of a mortal mother. Her first born was not all divine; to think of him as such is to disregard the mother in his make-up; to hold that he was perfect would be to declare the perfection of both of his parents. When a boy he chose to absent himself from his parents in a way that caused them grief, three days of torturous anxiety and when his mother brought before him the parental side of the picture, he left off his discussion with the Jewish divines and went home with his parents. Whether the thought or emotion provoked his action, it seems evident that Mary asserted the rights of a mother to put the mother's side of a problem up to a boy and that most ideal of all boys responded in ideal conduct.

Her motherhood was of a type that could not eliminate anxiety, even though the boy could not appreciate that anxiety. She recognized the rearing of Jesus as a sacred trust and did not feel justified in leaving his care to his father alone, even though she knew him to be the great protector and director of all, her solicitude never deserted her offspring.

She even showed anxiety at entertainments. She followed him on his missionary tours. She stood at the cross and heard him say, "It is finished."

As a mother, Mary was no less ideal than as a virgin; she was incomparable.

The Woman

The most elect of women. Among the intelligences, if not to be chosen as a ruler, she was chosen to be the mother, the teacher, and the trainer of the supreme leader of men.

While motherhood was the culmination of her greatness, behind that motherhood was a great individual, a personality of greatness, and added to that great spiritual personality was the heritage of a noble ancestry. The Biblical genealogies of Jesus, recorded in Matthew I and Luke 3, fail to show her royal descent but that

descent was proclaimed in the salutation of the angel Gabriel when he declared that her Son should inherit the throne of his father David. (See Luke 1:32.) Jesus could not be the son of David on his father's side, the declaration was a divine recognition of Mary's descent from David. When appealed to as the son of David for help, Jesus recognized his high grade eugenic inheritance. (See Matthew 9:27-30, also *Jesus the Christ*, p. 86.)

The fact that Jesus addressed his mother as woman, has been a subject of some discussion. One thing is certain in this matter: the Christ who loved his father better than he loved his own life could but use the titles of greatest respect when addressing the woman of his father's choice. (John 2:4; John 19:26.)

Many times Jesus refers to himself as the Son of Man. (See *Cruden's Concordance* "Son of Man.") Looked at from a human point of view and believing that he had not a human father, one is forced to the conclusion that Son of Man meant Son of the men who were the ancestors of his mother. God was his father but Adam and Noah and Abraham were his grandfathers through his mother.

There is, however, another view as to his use of the title Son of Man. It is the view that recognizes God the Father of Jesus as a perfected Man, and that its use by Jesus was in line with his life of humility among men and high esteem before God. One can scarcely think of a higher appreciation of a father by a son than the recognition of and admiration for the progress made by the former.

Without making a decision as to the objective of the use of the term the "Son of Man," we may not be able to decide, but we may safely decide that the Christ revered his mother and worshipped his Father. The greatness of the One is incomprehensible, and the greatness of the other is beyond comparison. The one progressed with a perfect manhood to becoming God, and the other miraculously became the mother of the Son of God and remained a woman still, the greatest of all women.

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

1. Are we estranged or drawn nearer to Jesus by studying him as human, in part?
2. What did a betrothal mean to Mary and Joseph?
3. Explain the expression "put her away privily." Matt. 1:19. (See *Jesus the Christ*, pp. 83-84.)
4. What is the evidence that Mary the mother of Jesus bore and reared children other than the Son of God?
5. In the light of Luke 1:32, was God, the Father, eugenically careful in selecting the mother for his "Only Begotten?"
6. Name five of the greatest events in the life of Mary the mother of Jesus.
7. From what point of view was the domestic task of Mary different from, and greater than, that of any other mother?

LESSON II

WORK-AND BUSINESS

(Second Week in March)

TEACHERS' TOPIC FOR MARCH

Civic Pride

Elimination of the Fly. (Cooperate with the children in this work.)

- I. Destroy breeding places for flies.
 - (a) Remove manure piles.
 - (b) Clean up corrals and barns.
 - (c) Renovate privy vaults.
- II. Kill the first flies that appear in late Winter and early Spring. One fly killed in February is equal to the killing of many billions of flies in August or September. Prevention in this work, especially, is much better and more economical than cure.
- III. According to the following table printed in *The Utah Farmer* a few years ago, eight generations of flies are possible in one season, and the progeny of a single female fly, who begins laying eggs early in the Spring, may reach into billions by Fall:

1st Generation, one female may lay.....	30 eggs
2nd Generation	1,500 eggs
3rd Generation	75,000 eggs
4th Generation	4,500,000 eggs
5th Generation	270,000,000 eggs
6th Generation	16,200,000,000 eggs
7th Generation	972,200,000,000 eggs
8th Generation	988,474,576,530 eggs

- IV. Disease germs are carried by flies—e.g., the germs of typhoid fever, cholera, dysentery, tuberculosis, etc. Food upon which flies walk may be infected, and should not be eaten. A fly may be walking about in a manure pile or privy vault one minute, and the next minute be found walking over a dish of food.
- V. Slogan—"Swat the Fly."

LESSON III

Literature

(Third Week in March)

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

Edwin Arlington Robinson might almost be called a "poet's poet," as it is safe to say that he is a very general favorite among poets. In the University of Paris we heard a lecturer refer to him as the first among modern American poets. To call a man a "poet's poet" is in no way an intimation that he will appeal to the masses; more often it is a suggestion that he carries with him a finesse of thought and style that is beyond the average person. However, we feel that there are enough poems of Mr. Robinson's that are fairly simple to answer our purpose in this lesson.

Edwin Arlington Robinson came very nearly being a Christmas baby. He was just three days old on that eventful 25th of December, 1869, that marks the period of his birth. He was born in the village of Head Tide, Maine. When a mere child his family moved to a town no great distance from his birthplace, called Gardiner.

He entered Harvard College in 1891. By 1893 he had published a volume of verse. His first representative work was published under the caption of *The Children of the Night*, which appeared in 1897. Then came a struggle to make a living in the City of New York. Five years passed before the publication of *Captain Craig*, which appeared in 1902.

His condensed method of expression, as shown in *Captain Craig* drew attention to the fact that America had produced a poet out of the ordinary. President Roosevelt, no doubt having in mind the fact that other American men of letters had been helped in their financial struggles through federal positions, offered him a place in the New York Custom House. Robinson entered the Custom House in 1905, remaining there until 1910. The year he left marks the publication of another volume of poetry known as *The Town Down the River*.

Yet the book above all others which was to establish his reputation as one to be regarded as foremost among American poets of today, is *The Man Against the Sky*, published in 1916. This volume was followed by *The Three Taverns*, in 1920.

In all that Robinson has done he has challenged attention, because he is not inclined to merely accept things; he has the type of mind that "probes," turns things over, analyses, examines from many sides. This type of mind is one that is greatly admired in the twentieth century, so that some of Robinson's fame is undoubtedly due to a quality of mind which pleases the "intellectuals" of the day.

From *The Man Against the Sky*, published by The Macmillan

Company, we include the poem entitled "The Gift of God," which is a very truthful revelation of the attitude of an adoring and proud mother, one who sees much more in her own son than is apparent to others:

THE GIFT OF GOD

Blessed with a joy that only she
Of all alive shall ever know,
She wears a proud humility
For what it was that willed it so,—
That her degree should be so great
Among the favored of the Lord
That she may scarcely bear the weight
Of her bewildering reward.

As one apart, immune, alone,
Or featured for the shining ones,
And like to none that she has known
Of other women's other sons,—
The firm fruition of her need,
He shines anointed; and he blurs
Her vision, till it seems indeed
A sacrilege to call him hers.

She fears a little for so much
Of what is best, and hardly dares
To think of him as one to touch
With aches, indignities, and cares;
She sees him rather at the goal,
Still shining; and her dream foretells
The proper shining of a soul
Where nothing ordinary dwells.

Perchance a canvass of the town
Would find him far from flags and shouts,
And leave him only the renown
Of many smiles and many doubts;
Perchance the crude and common tongue
Would havoc strangely with his worth;
But she, with innocence unwrung,
Would read his name around the earth.

And others, knowing how this youth
Would shine, if love could make him great,
When caught and tortured for the truth
Would only writhe and hesitate;
While she, arranging for his days
What centuries could not fulfil,
Transmutes him with her faith and praise,
And has him shining where she will.

She crowns him with her gratefulness,
 And says again that life is good;
 And should the gift of God be less
 In him than in her motherhood,
 His fame, though vague, will not be small,
 As upward through her dream he fares,
 Half clouded with a crimson fall
 Of roses thrown on marble stairs.

"The Master," one of the poems taken from *The Town Down the River*, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, is another portrait of the immortal Lincoln. It is presumably written by one of his contemporaries shortly after the Civil War:

THE MASTER

A flying word from here and there
 Had sown the name at which we sneered,
 But soon the name was everywhere,
 To be reviled and then revered:
 A presence to be loved and feared,
 We cannot hide it, or deny
 That we, the gentlemen who jeered,
 May be forgotten by and by.

He came when days were perilous
 And hearts of men were sore beguiled;
 And having made his note of us,
 He pondered and was reconciled.
 Was ever master yet so mild
 As he, and so untamable?
 We doubted, even when he smiled,
 Not knowing what he knew so well.

He knew that undeceiving fate
 Would shame us whom he served unsought;
 He knew that he must wince and wait—
 The jest of those for whom he fought;
 He knew devoutly what he thought
 Of us and of our ridicule;
 He knew that we must all be taught
 Like little children in a school.

We gave a glamour to the task
 That he encountered and saw through,
 But little of us did he ask,
 And little did we ever do.
 And what appears if we review
 The season when we railed and chaffed?
 It is the face of one who knew
 That we were learning while we laughed.

The face that in our vision feels
 Again the venom that we flung,
 Transfigured to the world reveals
 The vigilance to which we clung.
 Shrewd, hallowed, harassed, and among
 The mysteries that are untold,
 The face we see was never young,
 Nor could it ever have been old.

For he, to whom we had applied
 Our shopman's test of age and worth,
 Was elemental when he died,
 As he was ancient at his birth:
 The saddest among kings of earth,
 Bowed with a galling crown, this man
 Met rancor with a cryptic mirth,
 Laconic—and Olympian.

The love, the grandeur, and the fame
 Are bounded by the world alone;
 The calm, the smouldering, and the flame
 Of awful patience were his own:
 With him they are forever flown
 Past all our fond self-shadowings,
 Wherewith we cumber the Unknown
 As with inept Icarian wings.

For we were not as other men:
 'Twas ours to soar and his to see.
 But we are coming down again,
 And we shall come down pleasantly;
 Nor shall we longer disagree
 On what it is to be sublime,
 But flourish in our perigee
 And have one Titan at a time.

In the poem entitled "An Old Story" taken from *The Children of the Night*, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, we have condensed, in poetic form, the oft-told tale of one who resents the help and associations of a valuable friend, oblivious of his great worth, until after death:

AN OLD STORY

Strange that I did not know him then,
 That friend of mine!
 I did not even show him then
 One friendly sign;

But cursed him for the ways he had
 To make me see
 My envy of the praise he had
 For praising me.

I would have rid the earth of him
 Once, in my pride! * * *
 I never knew the worth of him
 Until he died.

Edwin Arlington Robinson is distinguished among poets for his ability to draw portraits. No discussion of the poet would be complete that did not recognize the master's hand in this respect. His portraits are not of the ordinary sort, but are what are designated as "psychological portraits." He has given to us a whole gallery of paintings that use words rather than canvas and pigment.

As an illustration of his portrait-painting we cite "Miniver Cheevy" taken from *The Town Down the River*, published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Miniver Cheevy was one of those dreamers who dreamed of the past and wished he were of it, and made a failure of the present that offers, in many ways, blessings that the past did not contain:

MINIVER CHEEVY

Miniver Cheevy, child of scorn,
 Grew lean while he assailed the seasons;
 He wept that he was ever born,
 And he had reasons.

Miniver loved the days of old
 When swords were bright and steeds were prancing;
 The vision of a warrior bold
 Would set him dancing.

Miniver sighed for what was not,
 And dreamed, and rested from his labors;
 He dreamed of Thebes and Camelot,
 And Priam's neighbors.

Miniver mourned the ripe renown
 That made so many a name so fragrant;
 He mourned Romance, now on the town,
 And Art, a vagrant.

Miniver loved the Medici,
 Albeit he had never seen one;
 He would have sinned incessantly
 Could he have been one.

Miniver cursed the commonplace
 And eyed a khaki suit with loathing;
 He missed the mediaeval grace
 Of iron clothing.

Miniver scorned the gold he sought,
 But sore annoyed was he without it;
 Miniver thought, and thought, and thought,
 And thought about it.

Miniver Cheevy, born too late,
 Scratched his head and kept on thinking;
 Miniver coughed, and called it fate,
 And kept on drinking.

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

1. Give illustrations of how the name of Lincoln has been "reviled and revered."
2. What thought has the author in mind when he writes the lines "That we, the gentlemen who jeered, may be forgotten by and by."
3. Sum up the pictures of the past presented in "Miniver Cheevy."
4. Give some information about "Thebes and Camelot, and Priam's neighbors."
5. What does the author mean when he says "He missed the mediaeval grace of iron clothing."
6. Do you think there is any irony in the poem "The Gift of God?"
7. Is there anywhere an intimation that this adored son might fall short of real greatness were he put to the test?

LESSON IV

Social Service

(Fourth Week in March)

EMOTIONAL PROBLEMS—PHILIP AND CLARENCE

The emotional life of early childhood is an important field of thought and research among the students of mental hygiene. The emotional experiences of infancy and childhood control, to a great extent, the attitudes and behavior of adult life. Childhood fears, doubts, anxieties, angers and despairs, not only upset the child during the period of the emotion, but are often the beginnings of unwholesome emotional attitudes or patterns.

Much has been written and said regarding the relative importance of heredity and environment in the development of the individual. It is not the purpose of this discussion to revive the question, but merely to point out that much conduct attributed to heredity is really traceable to the early emotional environment of the child.

That children are born with certain physical and mental equip-

ment is generally accepted. That the degree of health and mentality are important factors in determining successful social adjustment is also recognized; but the possession or lack of health and mentality offer no full explanation for the conduct of individuals. Persons of normal physical and mental development present a variety of pictures. In the same family there may be business failures and successes; there may be sad, melancholy characters, and happy, cheerful one; there may be quarrelsome, selfish, disagreeable persons, and generous, good-natured ones.

The explanation of these various types of behavior and attitudes is found largely in the emotional life of the individual. It is true there are certain inherent trends that may be considered inherited patterns of conduct. Pugnacity, or curiosity, or fear may be one of the dominant instincts of an individual, and, as such, may be considered one of the predispositions of conduct. But these trends, even if assumed to be of inherited origin, are not fixed and unchangeable. They may be developed, inhibited or modified by the controlling factors in the environment. The conversion of such instinctive, hereditary trends to wholesome modes of habitual response should be the aim of child training in the home, and the main objective of education.

Psychiatrists state that it is not difficult to show that an individual's behavior toward his fellow beings depends mostly on his early relations towards his parents. If a child is given too much attention and affection, he develops too great a dependence on his parents and may never learn to compete successfully with his playmates in school and in the adult world of affairs. He develops an exaggerated opinion of his importance, and never gains the power to gain independence from the parental ties. This is especially a danger in a home where there is an only child, and the parents lavish their attention and love on the one boy or girl. The picture of such a coddled child is a familiar one, and his inability to break away from the "mother's apron strings" expresses his weakness and futility.

The child who is criticized and corrected constantly also develops unwholesome emotional patterns. His constant sense of failure, and his repeated humiliations soon make of him a bundle of fears and repressions. Not wishing to expose himself to further humiliations, he unconsciously refrains from new trials and new experiences. The quiet, timid person, who is regarded as a little stupid by his family and schoolmates, may be a bright, normal person, afraid to express himself because of painful childhood experiences.

An unhappy home also leaves its mark on the developing child. Scenes between parents, undue anger, and general domestic infelicity cause the child to experience anger, fear, hatred, etc. He, unconsciously takes sides in a family quarrel and develops an unwholesome antagonism toward one parent, which will express itself toward that parent and the sex represented all through life.

Emotional experiences, which are as much a part of the child's environment as the physical environment, are extremely important in modifying his instinctive trends and in molding wholesome patterns of conduct. Experiences which give a child an exaggerated sense of his importance, such as pampering during illness, or too much attention by solicitous parents, give him wrong attitudes to face the world. Experiences which humiliate him, which give him a feeling of inferiority tend to frustrate normal expression and development. Experiences of sorrow and unhappiness may color a child's life with somber colors or may develop an unwholesome attitude toward persons or institutions that represent, to him, the causes of the unhappiness.

The boy Philip is an example of the harm over-solicitous parents can do. He was a six-year-old boy, well physically and normal intellectually, but he was the victim of severe headaches that would attack him at any time. A history of the family attitude toward him when he had his first headache attack reveals the cause of their recurrence. He had observed the attention that was bestowed upon his mother when she had an attack of headache. The suggestibility of childhood made it only natural that he should be similarly ill, and when he was rewarded with the satisfaction of like attentions and concern, the pleasant experience became a frequent one.

Philip did not lie consciously about his headaches. It is the unconscious that provided him with the mechanism for receiving the desired attention. The headaches and nausea were real, but the cause of them was not a physical but a psychical one.

Such unconsciously simulated illnesses are not uncommon, and when the desire to gain some end or to escape some unpleasant experience can not be satisfied in a normal way, the unconscious mind devises abnormal means of attaining the desired end. Physical manifestations of pain and illness, which seem very real to the individual, may have no physical basis but are mechanisms of gaining certain ends not consciously recognized by the individual. These physical manifestations induced by some unconscious motive are termed "hysteria." Just as Philip became the victim of headaches to gain attention, other persons will induce nausea, fainting, deafness, paralysis, etc., to gain some unconscious desire.

That these mechanisms become habitual with some persons is quite apparent. The really healthy child, who develops illness when crossed, or thwarted, or corrected, is developing unwholesome mental habits. The use of ill health as a tool to gain any end should be discouraged. The treatment, as in the case of Philip, is to give the person an insight into his unconscious motives, and to make the use of illness ineffective. If the person does not gain the attention, or the visit to the picture show, or the new shoes, or whatever may be the end he is trying to gain, he will abandon the mechanism of illness as a futile one. Encouraged by securing the desired end, he may become a victim of a series of illnesses, that will make wholesome, normal, physical and mental development

impossible.

Clarence, another six-year-old boy, was also the victim of parental lack of understanding of emotional problems of childhood. He was the youngest of four children and was considered slow and backward by his parents. He talked very little, was shy, and stubborn. His shyness and his family's criticism of him made a vicious circle. The more he was criticized the less power he had to express himself. He became unresponsive, shutting out the entire outer world which had brought him humiliation and unhappiness.

The story of the treatment is enlightening, for the moment that he discovered someone thought well of him and believed in him, he found courage and a desire to express himself. When the teasing at home was discontinued, he entirely broke away from the shackles of fear and shame that had kept him bound.

Clarence represents an extreme case, but he typifies the experience of the child who is made to feel inferior. If the child really has some mental or physical handicap, of which he naturally is sensitive, he should be given every opportunity to find expression and the satisfaction of successes to overcome his feeling of inferiority. But not only handicapped children are made victims of a sense of inferiority, normal children by unwise treatment can be given this same discouraging, stultifying feeling of helplessness and uselessness. Criticism, "teasing," and parental severity can make a child afraid to express himself. Severe parents may have "good children," in the sense that they are quiet and unobtrusive, but these "good" children may be frustrated in their normal development by the fear of family criticism. They may become shy, and reticent, and never develop their real powers and possibilities. They become afraid of the experiences that stimulate expression and growth, just as Clarence became the speechless, reticent victim of his humiliations.

Reference: *Challenge of Childhood*, Dr. Ira S. Wile, pages 185-192.

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

1. What is meant by inherent trends of behavior?
2. Show how early emotional experiences may change or modify these instinctive trends.
3. How do over-solicitous parents often hinder the child's development?
4. Why is an only child in danger of developing unwholesome attitudes?
5. What is the danger of too much criticism of children?
6. How does quarrelling in the home affect the children?
7. What was the cause of Philip's headaches? How were they treated?
8. How should manifestations of illness, which have no physical bases, be treated?
9. Why was Clarence considered stupid?
10. How was he freed from his feeling of inferiority?



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Arthritis	1291	906	219	166
Bronchitis "Acute"	167	83	55	29
Bronchitis "Chronic"	33	21	2	10
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Myocarditis	14	00	11	3
Nephritis "Chronic Parenchymatous"	144	000	130	14
Nephritis "Interstitial"	87	00	53	34
Neuralgia "Neuritis"	235	113	115	7
Neurasthenia	358	228	129	1
Parametritis "Perimetritis"	115	45	40	30
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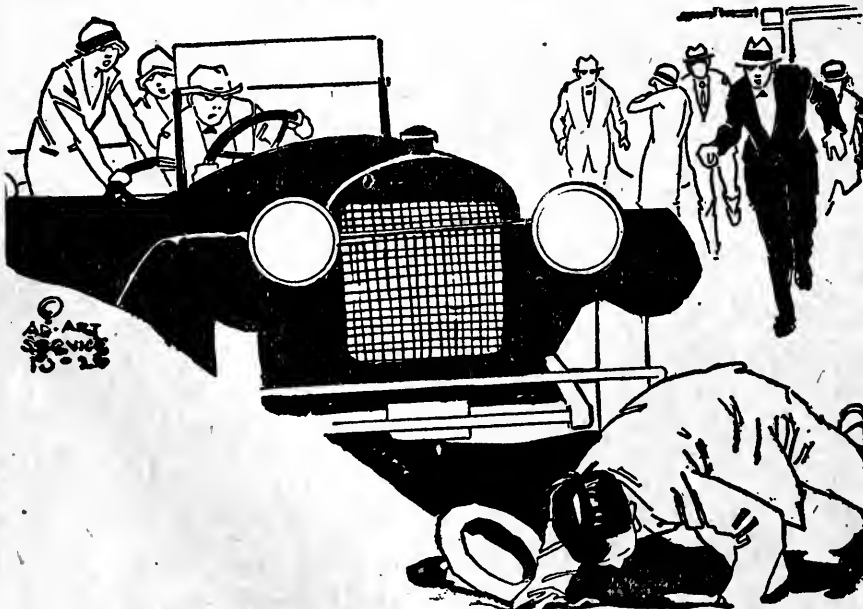
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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Vol. XIV

FEBRUARY, 1927

No. 2

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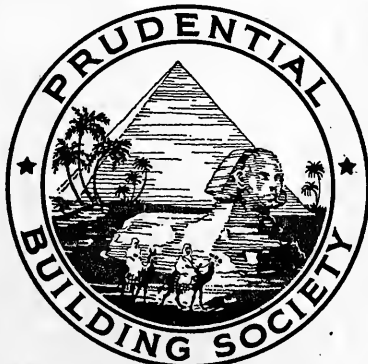


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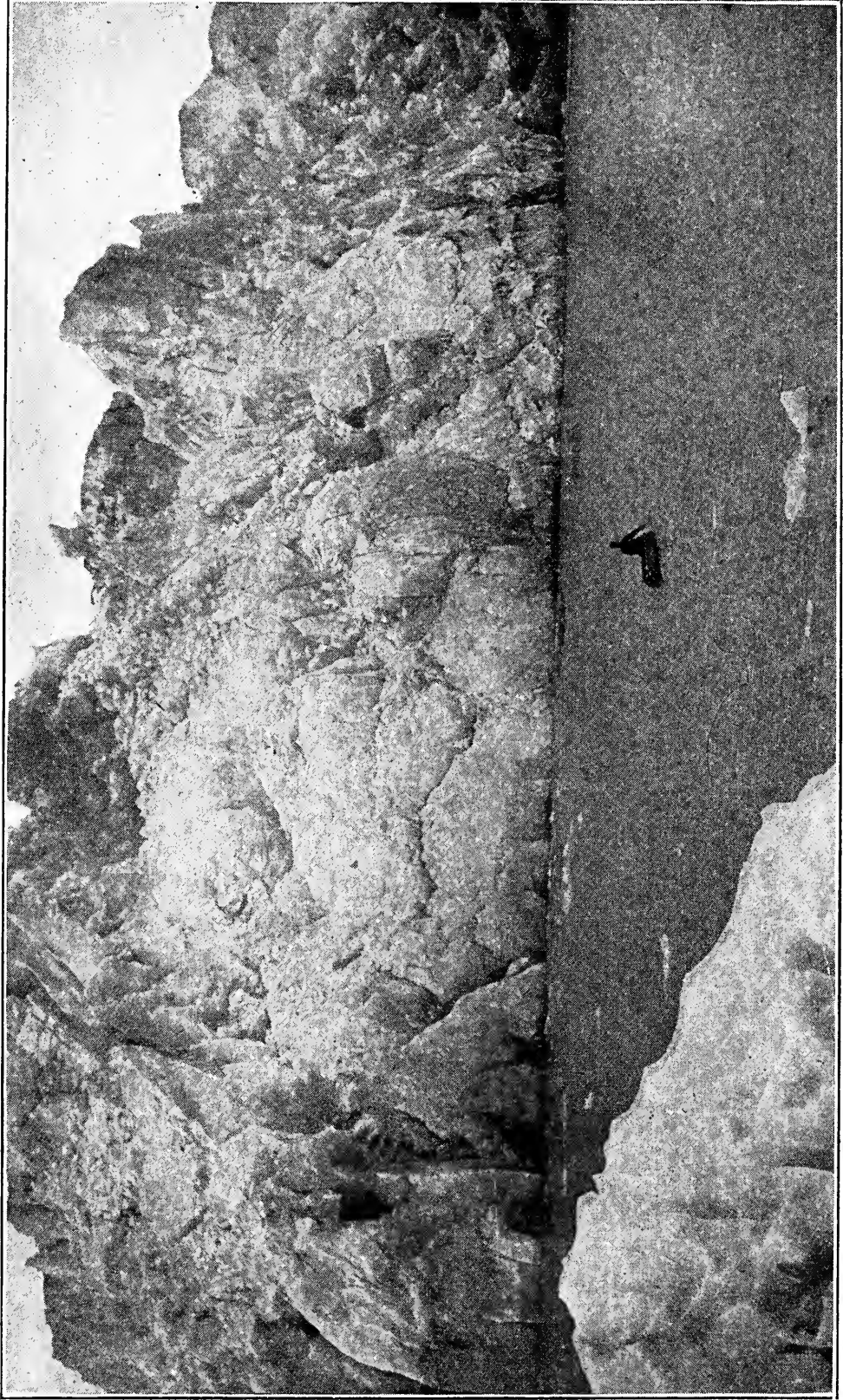
When Buying Mention Relief Society Magazine

Interpreted

Hazel T. Latimer

First poem to receive honorable mention in the
Eliza Roxey Snow Poem Contest.

Little leaf, so like the others,
Did God make you and your brothers
Just to hang so on the tree,
Make it beautiful for me?
Did he fashion flowers, too,
With their rich and varied hue?
Did he cause the sunrise fair
And the sunset's flaming flare?
Did he tell the dew to stand
Glist'ning bright on morning land?
Form the brook to bubble over
Stones, to sing unto the clover?
Did he shape the eagle's wing
And the tiny birds that sing
On the eaves above my door?
Or the thornbush on the moor?
Did he send the light to quiver
On the ripples of the river?
Cause the moon to shed her light
In the silence of the night?
Did he build the mountainside
With its ragged crags spread wide?
How my soul sings with elation
That I'm of God's choice creation!
He has made my heart to feel,
Caused my very soul to kneel
Whisp'ring prayers of thanks so meet
For the beauties round my feet.
All these things his name doth know,
Doth his power and glory show.
These explain his love supernal,
Makes me know him, God eternal,
Makes me hope myself divine,
Interpreted at nature's shrine.



AN ARCTIC SCENE

THE Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XIV

FEBRUARY, 1927

No. 2

The Land of Northern Lights

Kate Palmer Macfarlane

If you will, dear reader, take down your old geography and turn to the map of the Arctic regions, you will see the well remembered outlines, like a picture of your childhood, of the Arctic ocean embraced in its girdle of continents, its borders scalloped and spangled with islands and bays and archipelagos, and the whole map dotted with names as familiar to you as those of the streets and buildings of your own town. But do those names, now that you are grown up and possess a wider knowledge of the world, bring to your mind more vivid pictures of the regions to which they are attached than they did in the old grade school days, when Eskimos, icebergs and polar bears told the whole story of the Arctic? Perhaps not, and if not you are to be excused, for those remote regions are so disconnected with our lives that they seem scarcely real, and the conditions there so different from those of the temperate zones that it is difficult to understand them. But if you can find time and inclination to study Arctic physiography, you will find yourself getting acquainted with a subject that gets more fascinating as you go on, a subject that not only presents you with a wealth of astonishing fact, but gives significance to one of the most dramatic chapters of world history that has ever been written.

To deal with this subject in a single article is to give the merest glimpse of it, but if in that glimpse the reader gets added knowledge, it will be worth while, particularly if it arouses curiosity to look for further information and get acquainted with that interesting field of reading found in Arctic bibliography.

A topsy turvy world is the Great White North, where even the sun and the moon seem to forget their comfortable normal habits, and the objects of nature are as strange as the figures of a dream. Even the sea must be crossed, not in ships but afoot, for it wears a cap of the ice which growing thicker or thinner with the change of seasons, never entirely melts away. This cap is not even smooth like the frozen surface of lakes and streams, for it is the battle ground of vast warring forces that tear at it both from above and beneath,

and keep it in a constant state of turmoil. The monthly action of the tides as they swell and sink, break it up so that all over the millions of square miles of frozen crust are pressure ridges that often reach to mountainous heights.

The spring thaw which expands the whole cap, causes vast fields of ice to break loose and start on their way to the Pacific and Atlantic oceans. If these fields strike a contrary current, they are veered out of their way, and jammed into other masses. Or if they meet one of the great Arctic cyclones that spring up in any quarter and blow in any direction, they are hurled back with terrific velocity and sent crashing into other masses with a cataclysmic roar and impact of colliding islands. Should two such great fields, of perhaps fifty miles in length, be driven thus into each other, they catch between them other smaller masses such as floes, icebergs, blocks and rubble, and these, pressed together in the squeeze, are almost instantly welded by the never-ceasing action of the frost. The result is a surface of indescribable chaos, which is difficult and often impossible to cross.

The popular picture of the Arctic traveler seated comfortably upon his sledge and skimming over the ice behind a flying dog team is very far from the truth, for while the natives, who stay on beaten routes, do this sometimes, the explorer who leaves his base of supplies far behind, must use every inch of space on his sledge for provisions and equipment, while he himself "foots it" alongside, running on skis if the ice is smooth enough, but oftener struggling over jagged ice and through deep snow, stumbling and slipping, lifting and pushing to get his outfit along, and sometimes actually hewing a path with pick and ice axe where the way is impassable.

Although the Polar sea can be crossed only by feet or wings, there is a period during the summer thaw when ships can penetrate the great ice pack, and by following certain routes, travel far within the Arctic circle. But it is a perilous undertaking, for then mountainous masses of ice in the form of floes and icebergs are traveling rapidly southward, and may in a twinkling crush a ship as if it were an egg shell. When Peary sailed the *Roosevelt* to North Greenland, warned by his long years of experience with the Arctic ice, he had emergency supplies fastened to the rail of the upper deck and every man instructed to seize a bundle and leap if the dreaded crush came and there were any ice nearby on which to leap. And though officers of long Arctic experience stood at the helm, Peary himself remained beside them day and night, tense with anxiety, while they steered through the dangerous ice of Kane Sea and Robeson Channel.

When exploring parties have gone into the Arctics, it has always been the plan to travel by ship during the Summer to the highest point possible, and remain through the Winter to be ready for operations in the early Spring. Sometimes the ships after un-

loading turned back, sometimes remained to make a winter home for the party. By Fall it was frozen solidly into the ice, a fixed object in the world as immovable as if made of iron. But when the long night began to wane, strange movements were felt in the ice. Then how anxiously the men waited, listening for the ominous roar, fearing the shudder from beneath that told of the approach of the dread "nip," when the icy floor beneath them, caught in the squeeze between vast fields of ice, might be driven through the vitals of their ship, or amid a fearful dinning, huge walls pile up to topple upon it. Thankful indeed were the company if their vessel received only a severe shaking up and escaped the fate of hundreds of others, caught and crushed like splinters in the mighty vise of nature.

But if the good ship that carried the company was in jeopardy from the treachery of the ice, for the man who left it and set off afoot over the frozen sea, a danger far more menacing awaited in the form of the fissures or leads which appear in a constantly shifting network over the face of the Polar sea. These fissures might be of any width, from a mere garden ditch to that of a mighty river. But whether wide or narrow they were the nightmare of the Polar traveler, for they might open suddenly beneath his feet and drop him into the sea beneath. That more lives were not lost in this way was due to the fact that often a part of the outfit held on the firm ice beyond, and offered a support by which the traveler could pull himself to safety.

The Arctic night! Strange phenomenon of the Polar world when the cold falls to incredible depths and darkness like prison walls closes down upon the landscape. Then nerves grow taut, and if they are not naturally strong may go to pieces, for the nervous system suffers from the absence of the actinic rays found in the sunlight. But if the Polar night proves a strain on mind and body, the dawn is more so, for then no shadows are cast, and in the midst of the all-white landscape, the traveler stands uncertain and fearful, unable to tell whether the next step will carry him up an incline or over the face of a precipice.

When the Polar day comes what a relief! Yet even this season is not without its drawbacks, as this note from Peary's *Secrets of Polar Travel* indicates:

"During the summer months the sun shines continuously, and its brilliance is intensified a hundred fold by its reflection from endless fields of glistening snow, unbroken by a single dark object. The strongest eyes are unable to withstand the blinding glare, and we are compelled to wear heavy smoked glasses and to sleep with our eyes bound in strips of fur."

The winter cold of the Arctics is of great severity, frequently falling to such depths as sixty and seventy degrees below zero. However, this may be endured if the right kind of clothes are worn

and the traveler provides himself with fuel oil and proper shelter. During the Summer, grass and flowers grow in the valleys, and so favorable is this season to life that such an eminent authority as Stefansson predicts for certain regions of Canada and Siberia population and wealth growing out of the reindeer and ovibio industries. But the explorer with whom this article deals had to push far from the sheltered places and in all kinds of weather; and frostbite, with its too frequent aftermath of gangrene, amputation and death, has been one of the tragedies of the Arctics.

Before the day of radio and airplane, every expedition that pushed into the heart of the Polar world took with it the thought of possible starvation, for though fish and game are plentiful, because of their migratory habits, they are not always to be found in a given region, and well did the expeditionary forces know that in that frozen wilderness, separated from civilization by a thousand dangerous miles, no immediate succor might reach them should accident take away their stores of food, or unexpected delay hold them beyond the time for which they were provisioned. And though an expedition might remain in the Arctics two or three years without suffering, might in favorable years "live off the country," as Stefansson states that it is possible to do, yet the ghosts of the dead were there to remind the expeditionary force of past history, and never till they emerged from the ice pack could they forget such episodes as the fate of the Franklin and Greeley parties, the destruction of the *Karluuk*, Nansen struggling in the ice of the Polar sea, Shackleton losing the prize of a Pole for want of a few pounds of food, death and suffering and frustrated hope coming when the last ration was eaten and the great whiteness refused to hear their cry for food.

In view of the dangers and discomforts of Arctic travel, one is led to ask, What are the motives that take men into those hostile regions, that have kept the civilized world struggling for four hundred years in an effort to reach the top of the earth? The answer is found in a number of motives, among them the desire to gain scientific knowledge, to discover new waterways, and acquire new territory; the appeal to beauty found in fairy landscapes and fantastic carvings of ice and snow; the Aurora Borealis and fantastic tricks of the mirage that uses both earth and sky for its playground. But more than all, the presence of the white man in the Arctics is inspired by his love of adventure and that intellectual curiosity that keeps him toiling in laboratories, traveling over the face of perilous seas, investigating, searching, forever dissatisfied until the unknown becomes known, the unconquerable is conquered, and nature surrenders her most jealously-guarded secrets to his insatiable appetite for knowledge.

But though a variety of motives might call men there, those who succeeded had all to be of stern fibre,—men who could face death and danger at every turn, stand up under severe physical strain,

renounce the comforts of civilization to accept hunger, cold, isolation, the stern regime of the Arctic diet made harder by such primitive methods of living as Arctic work calls for. The venture has ever demanded men of Spartan mold, and these, playing their parts upon the chill stage of the Arctic world, have enacted a drama so full of romance and adventure, of heroic deed and epic enterprise, that no fiction can outdo it.

To attempt to deal with that entire drama in a single article would be impossible, therefore we shall mention only a few names and events of our own day, and hope that the reader will find time and inclination to go into the whole story, from the stirring Arctic experiences of such gallant adventurers as Hudson and Baffin and Barents, to the glorious winged deeds of the Byrd and Amundsen-Ellsworth parties, which have opened a new epoch in the history of Polar exploration.

The period of modern civilization in the Arctics may be said to have begun with the middle of the last century, when Great Britain, eager to find a shorter route to Asia than that which lay around Cape Horn, fitted out an expedition under the leadership of the distinguished Arctic explorer, Sir John Franklin, to discover if possible whether an open water route existed across the top of North America. That expedition of two ships and nearly one hundred and forty men, crossed the Atlantic, and after being sighted near Hudson Bay, was never seen or heard from again. England, alarmed at the failure of the party to appear in the stipulated two years, sent out a relief ship which returned without finding a trace of the missing company. Thereupon was started a search which lasted ten years, was participated in by other nations than Great Britain, and called to the Arctic lands and waters of America forty expeditions.

A few meagre scraps of information gathered from an Eskimo tribe, and a brief record found in a cache, told the terrible story of the death from sickness and starvation of the entire Franklin party, after more than two years of besetment in the ice.

But that greatest of all Arctic tragedies did not end with the death of the Franklin party, for a number of expeditions that went to their rescue met with suffering and disaster and were themselves in need of relief. However, much good came in the end from their efforts, for while they were searching they were also observing, mapping and gathering scientific data, with the result that in ten years a greater work was done in exploring the regions north of America than might otherwise have been accomplished in a century.

As Great Britain is the greatest maritime nation of the world, so also has she led in Polar exploration, and to the task has ever brought those qualities of courage, faithfulness and fair play that so characterize the British people. After so many years of extensive and thorough effort in both the Arctics, it seems the irony of fate that other nations should claim the honor of discovering the Poles; yet out of her very defeat in reaching the South Pole

came a great victory, for the manly conduct and heroic death of the Scott party brought a lasting glory to the British nation by showing how her sons could die.

As for the Norwegians, it seems exactly right that they should be the first at the center of a frozen world, for they themselves are the children of ice and snow, and must understand the spirit of those inscrutable white wastes as people of temperate zones cannot do. The whole Norwegian race is typified in their distinguished countryman, Amundsen, and on his voyage through the Northwest Passage, his dash to the South Pole, and his great flight across the top of the world, there went not only the scientist and serious-minded explorer, but the Viking of the days of Eric, to whom the icy blue sea was as a sweetheart, and adventure the very breath of life.

Of a number of other nations that have done notable work in Arctic exploration we shall make particular mention of only one,—our own, which we naturally feel a special interest in and which deserves recognition because of its discovery of the North Pole.

Although the United States did not enter upon the Arctic stage until the Franklin tragedy called them there, yet Yankee seamen had for many years been cruising in Arctic waters in pursuit of the whaling and fur industries. When Lady Franklin sent her appeal to America for help in searching for her husband, an expedition was sent under the leadership of Dr. Elisha Kane, which, despite great suffering and misfortune, pushed far into the Arctics and discovered the sea which bears the leader's name. Dr. Kane was a scholar as well as a brave man and an able explorer, and his journal of his Arctic experiences is a tale of vivid interest, as fascinating to read today as it was fifty years ago. Such episodes as the fate of the *Jeanette* and her company, the desperate experiences of the Greeley party, the enforced journey of the *Polaris* crew on their ice floe prison,—these and many others tell the price which Americans have paid for their participation in Arctic work. But their contribution to the world's knowledge of Polar conditions has been considerable, their conduct under the strain of hard conditions, that of brave men, and among them stands one who, in the tenacity of purpose with which he pursued his aim, stands at the head of the great and gallant company of all ages and countries of those who have played a part on the difficult stage of the Arctics.

For twenty-three years Robert E. Peary, discoverer of the North Pole, struggled with the implacable forces of the Polar world, and in that struggle was driven back time after time to return to civilization with his funds gone, his body scarred and maimed, the memory of cruel hardships in his mind and on his lips the bitter story of defeat. But for every time he was driven back, he arose and returned to the struggle, fighting with such skill and strength, such fortitude and determination, that at last every obstacle was overcome and there marched to victory one of the most indomitable spirits the world has ever known.

If you would know the price which the Arctics can exact, read the various chapters of Peary's work there,—the great trek across the Greenland ice cap, when, deserted by his natives, facing blizzard and cold of 56 degrees below zero, he struggled across a frozen Sahara six hundred miles wide, where foot of man had never trodden. Then back over the dread wastes, exhausted and starving, running a race with death in which the foe lost only by the narrowest of margins.

Or again read the chapter of failure and suffering, when, headed Poleward on his sixth trip to the Arctics, he lay for six weeks in a deserted hut, through the cold and darkness of the Arctic night, with both feet frozen; and suffered not only the blighting of his hopes but the pain and permanent disablement that came from the amputation of eight toes.

Or if you would know the dangers of travel by foot over the Polar sea, read the story of the seventh expedition, when the company, having attained the highest point then reached on earth's surface, were driven back by failing strength and lack of food, to find that the great storm which had destroyed their hopes had also smashed the ice into an indescribable chaos. Hewing their way through a wilderness of domes and blocks and ridges, skating once for two miles over ice so thin that it swayed beneath their feet and fell away behind them into the black maw of the sea,—thus desperately step by step they retreated to their ship, and from there back to civilization to tell once more the bitter story of defeat.

Of such is the web of woof of Arctic history,—a brave tale enacted by a tribe of men to whom the world has given too little of the praise which is their due. And now upon the Arctic stage appears the bird man, circling the Pole and back to his base in a few hours, winging his way above continent-wide spaces where human foot never trod. And with his advent the chapter of the past closes, and a new era has begun, heralded by the great flights of last Spring, which are not only glorious fulfilments of prophecy, but prophecies themselves of what the future holds. The next few years will see air routes established across the top of the world, all unexplored regions brought under observation, and Arctic history made at a tempo that the man of sledge and dog team days never dreamed of.

Yet the fund of scientific knowledge gathered by the past concerning Arctic conditions is tremendous, and those who amassed it represented types of manhood that the future, though it will doubtless equal, is not likely to excel. And so the story of Arctic exploration deserves to be preserved, placed among the great hero tales of our literature, read as a thrilling story of adventure, a fascinating treatise upon one of the most interesting regions of the world, and a saga of human effort that supports our faith in man and his possible destiny to hold dominion over the earth and all things that are in it.

Norway and Sweden

May Booth Talmage

Our few hours voyage from Denmark to Sweden left impressions vivid and delightful. A lovely sea reflected the bluest of skies, and brilliant sunshine glinted the seething foam formed by the ploughing boat.

All too soon we sighted land again but the approach to shore held much of interest. One lone dwelling, built high upon a barren boulder on the promontory, raised a query as to what life tragedy had sent its owner to seek such isolation.

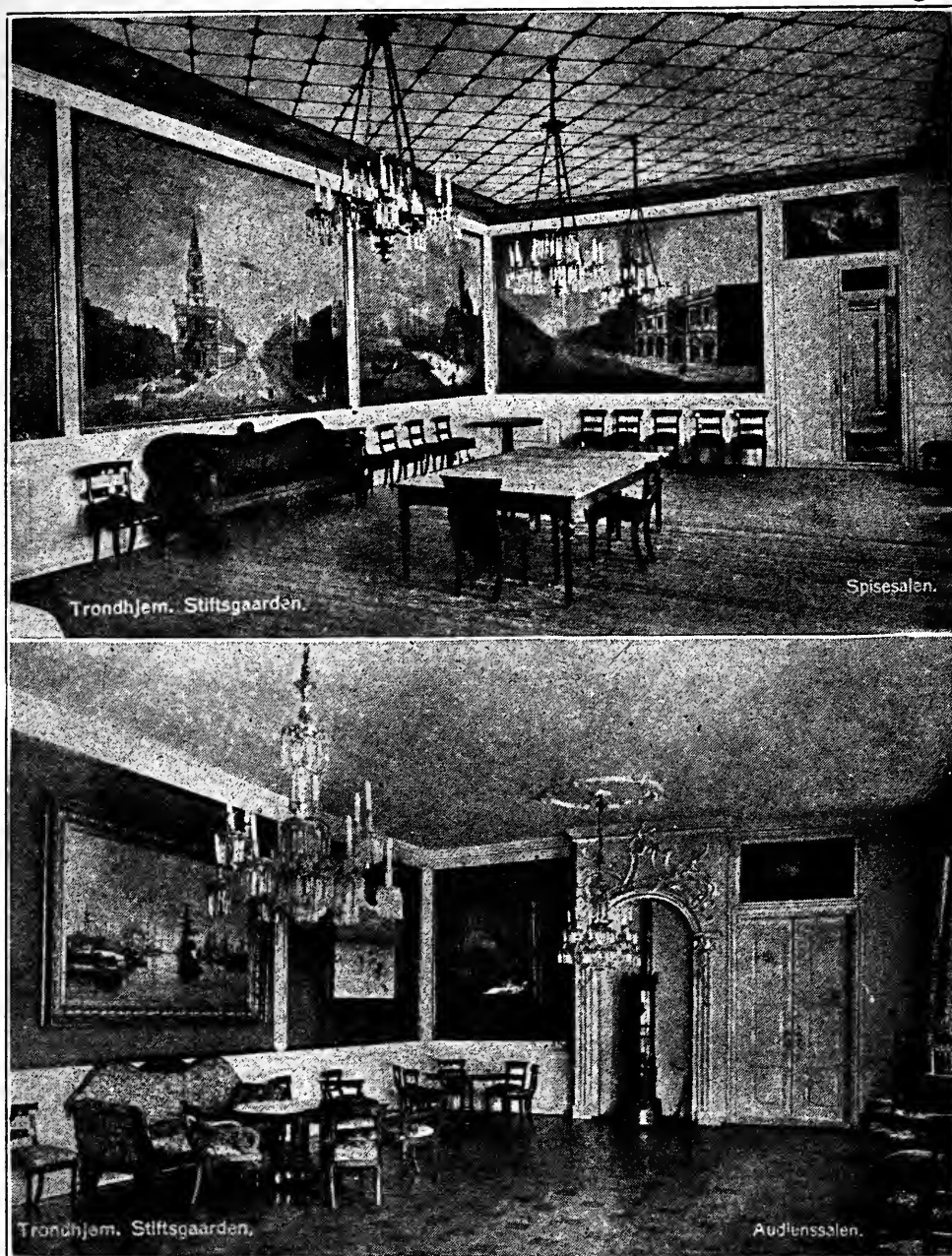
Fourteen government warships were anchored in the Swedish harbor. Were they there for proud display only, or did they foreshadow trouble? One knew not, but the sight was most impressive.

Two smiling lads—elders I mean, who nevertheless looked like lads—Forsberg and Larsen by name, were waiting for our boat to land at Gothenburg. They escorted us to the modest conference home and assisted nobly in sharing its responsibilities with good old Branch President August Hedberg, who cannot speak or understand English.

Following the public session that evening, and the subsequent Priesthood and Relief Society meetings, we were privileged to greet the members of that splendid little branch, and with the magic that is wrought by the gospel spirit they at once ceased to be strangers and were transformed into friends.

An early missionary meeting next morning, a short car ride through the streets of that interesting old city, another of the inevitable farewells that always seem to come too soon, and we were once more speeding on our journey, this time to the nation's capital, Stockholm. A nine hour's ride through a country of never ending lakes and trees and flowers and rivers with a gorgeous sunset as we approached our destination, at 9:20 o'clock brought us indeed to the "end of a perfect day" so far as beautiful scenery could make it such. We were welcomed here by President John A. Anderson and a number of his associates who were awaiting our arrival. Our days in Stockholm were filled to the brim with activity. While there we were the guests in the hospitable home of Brother and Sister Einer Johansen.

The comfortable chapel owned by the Church was a veritable garden of Eden, made so by its festoons of greenery, potted palms and flowering plants, and its profusion of exquisite cut flowers, bewildering in variety and color. This fragrant loveliness spoke welcome in louder tones than beat of drum or blast of trumpet could have done and produced a feeling of appreciation in our hearts too deep for words to adequately voice.



DINING ROOM IN KING'S PALACE AND DRAWING ROOM OF
KING'S PALACE, TRONDHJEM, NORWAY

The success of previous conferences held in other lands was again repeated; the same strong testimonies borne; the same excellent music rendered, and the same spiritual uplift at its close. How can one describe in cold English, events that are chronicled only in the language of the heart?

Lack of time prevented much sight-seeing in Stockholm and lack of space precludes a description of any but the outstanding features of what we saw. An interval between two sessions of the

missionary meeting gave opportunity for some of the visiting elders and myself to see the world-famed Statshalle (City Hall). Herein we saw some beautiful decorative art wrought by the brother of the crown prince. The latter, by the way, was at that time a guest in Utah. It was quite difficult to believe that the bright rich tapestries which decorated the walls in one room were not entirely new, instead of being the products of by-gone centuries, as we were assured. Our attention was challenged by the unique lighting arrangements in another stately hall. Large mirrors formed the wall panels and into the center of these were fitted the candelabra wrought in the form of beautiful crystal sprays, which were reflected in the mirrors, producing an effect of indescribable loveliness. The most gorgeous room was the one with walls done in gilded mosaic. At intervals, scenes were wrought out in colors which depicted important events in Swedish history. Another spacious room, used, we were told, for large conventions, official balls, and the like, contained an organ said to be among the world's best. The legislative hall was wonderfully beautiful with its old-rose, deep-piled carpets brought from England, and its luxurious Italian tapestries. It is not strange that the people are proud of this great monument of cultural beauty.

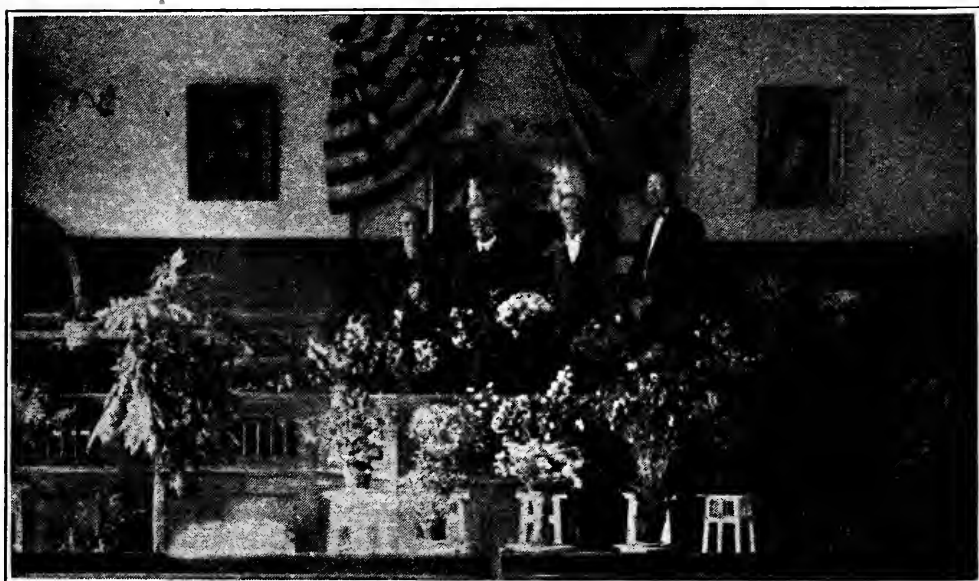
We found much of interest in our visit to the King's Palace. The state dining room was different from any we had seen, in having six large built-in china cabinets at intervals down one side of the room. These faced the six large windows down the opposite side, and each was filled with one kind of rare china—Dresden china from Germany, Royal Crown Derby from England, etc. The room in which the King and his cabinet hold weekly session was worthy of its royal occupants, yet less beautiful, we thought, than the main office of the Presidency of our Church.

Outside the building we watched the changing of the King's guard, an affair of great ceremony and which about two thousand people had gathered to witness.

On Tuesday, while the mission presidents were engaged in consultation, the missionaries accompanied me to see *Gripsholm*, the luxurious vessel made famous because it conveyed the Swedish royal couple to America. It had been brought from Gothenburg into the harbor for the first time, and people were lined up for a long distance from morning until night waiting for small boats to convey them across to inspect the great liner. Our time was much too valuable to waste in waiting, so we dropped out of line and visited a splendid museum instead, and then returned to the mission home for luncheon, where our dear Relief Society sisters came each day to prepare a meal for all the missionaries who were attending the conference. We appreciated their efforts and their kindness in this hospitable service and were glad to learn that their devotion to the regular Relief Society work was constantly manifest on the same efficient lines as were so clearly demonstrated in

their manner of providing delicious meals for so many guests. On Tuesday night we left for Norway, having held another public meeting on the preceding evening. A large number of missionaries and some of the Relief Society members came to the station to bring us flowers and say good-bye. As we boarded the train and turned to bid hearty farewell the entire group said *in English*, "God be with you till we meet again." Our hearts were deeply touched by this act of thoughtfulness.

By noon next day we were in the capital city of Norway, formerly Christiania, now Oslo. On our first evening in Norway we were delighted to visit a regular session of the M. I. A. Again the language was strange but the spirited way in which things moved along, the fine singing, the capably rendered program, and



L. D. S. CHAPEL IN STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN, SHOWING POSITION OF DECORATIONS

lively discussion left no room for doubt as to the type of work being done by that organization. President Martin Christopherson, who had been in Bergen, arrived after the meeting, and so far as was in his power gave us the keys to all of Norway—thus hearty was the welcome he extended. With him we visited the Royal gardens where as a boy he was employed as assistant gardener. It was a rare privilege to listen to his reminiscences of those far by-gone days and to see his face light up as he pointed out this spot or that of special interest. The flowers, though gorgeous as befits a king's garden, were "not quite as lovely as of yore." One could just see the memory pictures unfolded in his mind that day—a rare treat indeed!

We went also to see the ancient viking ship, and lived for half an hour in the atmosphere of the brave Norsemen of olden days.

A visit to one or two good museums and a drive to the top of a hill from which was obtained a fine view of the surrounding country—through a mist—are some of our pleasant experiences in Oslo aside from those connected with Church duties. Of the latter, the first was a really splendid party given on July 24 to honor the pioneers. The hall was decorated with the flags of Norway and America and the long tables were strewn with sweet-pea petals between clusters of cut flowers. An excellent program suited to the occasion was thoroughly enjoyed.

The conference held on Sunday, the 25th, was marked by a spirit of great earnestness. One of the three general sessions, that of the afternoon, was given over entirely to Relief Society interests. Sister Borghild Nielsen, the efficient mission secretary, is responsible in large measure for the up-to-date work done by these organizations in Norway. A Relief Society officers' meeting and a special Priesthood session were also held between times so we were delighted with the opportunities thus afforded to give more specific help.

Our last hour in Oslo, before retiring on Monday night, was spent with Mrs. Riter, Mrs. Jennings, Miss Van Cott and Miss Cannon, who had just arrived from a trip through the fjords.

We were due to leave early the following morning, so we made a special effort to see our friends, although the hour was late. We shall always be glad for that opportunity because the next word we heard of them reached us after our trip to the far north, and on arriving at Liverpool a home paper conveyed to us the news of Mrs. Riter's death.

The fourteen-hour train ride from Oslo to Trondhjem in company with the mission president and secretary was full of interest. The Norwegian scenery is entirely different from that of Sweden yet not less beautiful to me.

This day we climbed and climbed to the summit of a mountain watching the river, which was large at the bottom, diminish gradually until it was only a tiny stream; and then as we descended on the other side we watched another, tiny at its source, but continually fed by springs and numerous waterfalls, until it developed into a good-sized river at the base. The Norway spruce and pine and juniper; the neat log cottages dotting the hills; the little patches of garden, and the bright touches of color in children's clothing, made a charming picture.

Visitors to the branches of our Church in these far northern countries are far from common, so although the missionaries are few the welcome extended was genuine indeed. We were invited on this day following our arrival to share in a delicious supper at the home of the Relief Society president, Sister Radke, whose birthday was the occasion for the little party. This was followed by a public meeting with the usual good results.

Before the boat left the next day there was opportunity to visit

the historic Dom Kirke in which all the kings of Norway have been crowned, a long journey to take from the capital, but the tradition is sufficiently strong to preserve the custom. Also we went through the king's palace in Trondhjem; seldom used, it seemed to us, between these coronation times. However, the caretaker informed us that His Majesty was recently there for one night only, while en-route to Boda, to open an exposition. A long frame building is this palace with wall jutting on the street, white flower-strewn blinds, stoves and chandeliers that were made about the time of the American Revolution, ingrain carpets in many rooms, and yet there was an "air" and a quiet dignity that gave it charm.

The hotel at which we stayed was beautiful, but so crowded we were able only to have a sitting room with beds brought in for the night. In the supper room the air was dense with smoke. Nearly all the men and women smoked and chatted and drank wine, going to the adjoining ball room for a dance between times; the women were richly dressed and the whole scene might have been in the heart of London or Paris instead of in that northern Norwegian town. It all seemed so remote from our little gatherings with the Saints—we were aliens in spirit as well as in nationality to all that was before us and the thought came very forcefully that the time had come when men would be "heady, high minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God," and we were thankful again for the gospel.

On July 29, before departing on the little boat that was to take us on a three-days' journey into the arctic region, we held an hour's meeting in the little cabin with the Relief Society sisters who came to see us sail. This was made possible because the starting was delayed but we all appreciated that quiet hour together.

Again my space is filled so the visits to Narvik and Bergen must await attention in one more article.

Appreciation

President Clarissa Smith Williams, and members of the General Board, wish to express their appreciation for the kind wishes conveyed through the beautiful Christmas and New Year's greetings that have reached the office during the past holiday season from the various stakes.



THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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Editor	CLARISSA SMITH WILLIAMS
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Room 28, Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah

Magazine entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah

Vol. XIV

FEBRUARY, 1927

No. 2

EDITORIAL

Abraham Lincoln in Modern Poetry

The vogue of Abraham Lincoln among modern poets is extraordinary. The agreement as to the nobility and magnificence of his character, and the work he accomplished, both in life and in death, should be gratifying to all who love the American Republic, and rejoice in its growth.

Edwin Markham tells us that the Norn Mother came down:

"To make a man to meet the mortal need.

She took the tired clay of the common road—"

and made a man: "to hold against the world, a man to match the mountains and the sea." Further on, Markham tells us:

"And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky."

Edwin Arlington Robinson's poem, dedicated to Lincoln, is a poem of great dignity and deep sentiment. He tells us in this poem, which he calls "The Master" that:

"He came when days were perilous
And hearts of men were sore beguiled;
And having made his note of us,
He pondered and was reconciled.

Was ever master yet so mild
 As he, and so untamable?
 We doubted, even when he smiled,
 Not knowing what he knew so well."

In Vachel Lindsay's popular poem "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight," he describes Lincoln as:

"A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,
 A famous high top-hat and plain worn shawl
 Make him the quaint, great figure that men love,
 The prairie-lawyer, master of us all."

Edgar Lee Masters has given us a poem on Abraham Lincoln through "Anne Rutledge," his sweetheart. We include the poem:

Out of me, unworthy and unknown,
 The vibrations of deathless music;
 "With malice toward none, with charity for all."
 Out of me the forgiveness of millions toward millions,
 And the beneficent face of a nation
 Shining with justice and truth.
 I am Anne Ruthledge who sleep beneath these weeds,
 Beloved in life of Abraham Lincoln,
 Wedded to him, not through union,
 But through separation.
 Bloom forever, O Republic,
 From the dust of my bosom!

Noble in life, and noble in death, whether a subject of bronze statue, or the theme of the poet, Lincoln's personality stands out in rugged magnificence and humane glory.

Women Hold Second Peace Conference

In 1922 we attended a conference of women, in Baltimore, at which Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt and Lady Astor were the outstanding personalities. In a speech full of warning, Mrs. Catt said in substance, all our achievements of the past will be of no avail unless we can find a way to stop war. It is the only thing that can hinder our playing a losing game. Women are the greatest sufferers in war, consequently they should be the most interested in its abolition.

Just two years ago the first conference of women was called to consider "The Cause and Cure of War." This conference held its second session during the early part of December, 1926, Delegates from nine women's national organizations met and discussed information assembled during the two years intervening. It is most fortunate that the women have as chairman of their peace

committee a woman as able and as enthusiastic as Mrs. Catt. Recently she issued a statement which follows: "We have now, after two years of study, a pretty clear understanding of the causes of war. We believe that all war causes may either be removed entirely, or kept under control, and are now certain that it is the business of all governments that call themselves civilized to find the way."

The organizations included are: The American Association of University Women, General Federation of Women's Clubs, National League of Women Voters, Young Women's Christian Association, National Council of Jewish Women, Women's Christian Temperance Union, Woman's Trade Union League, Council of Women for Home Missions, and Federation of Women's Boards of Foreign Missions in North America.

One of the outstanding fields of public service for Christian women, at the present time, is that of striving to have nations settle differences rationally and amicably, instead of in the barbarous way which has been the wont of the world for centuries.

Movements for peace have as their essence the desire to make the world a better place to live in, and to bring about that time when God's will shall be done on earth even as it is done in heaven, consequently we welcome the women's move towards peace, as we also welcome the setting apart of a peace Sabbath, such as the second of January of the present year.

We should hold in mind, always, the beautiful memory of the angel choir that announced the coming of our Lord as one who would bring peace on earth to men of good will.

Exploration in the North

In this issue of the *Magazine* we are publishing an article from the pen of Mrs. Kate Palmer Macfarlane entitled, "The Land of Northern Lights."

Mrs Macfarlane has from childhood, been interested in the tales of adventure that have grown out of the courage and valor of explorers who have attempted to discover the North Pole. We feel sure that our readers will enjoy the article, for it is full of romance and enthusiasm. In addition to this, it is timely. No one who has kept abreast of the times can fail to note that it is a topic of very great interest at the present time.

When the world was yet young, imagination had to feed the soul that went forth in search of the adventurous and the marvelous. Now that the world is old it has produced its own tales that are more extraordinary than those growing out of flights of imagination. The story of the discovery and attempts to discover the North Pole, is one of the most thrilling and stirring tales that this old world of ours has produced.

The Stranger at the Cross Roads

Gladys Stewart Bennion

Mary Dorsey drew about her a filmy white scarf, as she mingled her gray, diminutive person with the falling snow. Her high shoes sank deep in the driftless mass of white, and she hurried down the trackless garden path to the letter box just beyond the gate. It was quite a distance from the quiet farmhouse with the last leaves of Virginia Creeper vainly resisting the wind, to the gate, but it had been Mary Dorsey's custom for years now, at intervals to flutter down the garden path and return with a big envelope in her fingers. In her face there was always something divine as she held up and examined that official, stampless envelope. It was Lieutenant Jed's insurance, his compensation money; his life's sacrifice and his blood. He had given his all for his country, and now his money the government was sending home to them.

Mary Dorsey reflected upon the bitter years of that earlier war; that war which had marked a great epoch in our civilization. She remembered, as a little girl, those new sheets which brought home tidings of the war, and recalled to mind the song that ran something like this:

"Uncle Abe again is in the presidential chair,
The lovers of our country, by their votes have placed him
there."

And one wish had remained paramount, that she might one day see the Great Lincoln and hear him speak. She had never forgotten the days of his assassination and, as a child, had prayed that she might never grow up to see another such war.

Then, when Jed, her only boy, had joined the colors, she did not weaken, but begged that he might serve his country well, and return in safety back to her; too, she wished for him that he might see his President; that one who had called Jed to the front.

Mary Dorsey closed the door quietly while a shade of color scintillated across her cheek. With a delicacy that was Mary Dorsey's own, she put the envelope into her big apron pocket, while her husband smiled up at her.

"Lieutenant Jed's, eh? It comes quite often now, Mary; maybe these scurrying years win out over us old people. There must be quite a sum laid by for him now?"

Then he turned and, seating himself in his round back chair, with its worn silk cushions, began lacing his boots, but not before noting an entire alteration in Mary's expression.

She stood silently watching her husband. The soles of his

shoes were worn through, and there was snow outside. Too, she caught a glimpse of the light gray darns in the darker gray of his coat, and the deepening furrows about his eyes.

She moved toward him and picked up his coat while he shuffled to bring his arms into the worn sleeves. "I must be growing smaller, Mary, as the days go by," he said, "or else you hold my coat higher than you used to. We shan't have much of a winter this year. The corn is lightly clad, and we needn't burn so much coal. This coat isn't so bad, it'll last me out this year, Mary. Then if I sell the calves today we'll get along, we'll get along somehow!"

He kissed the aged sweetness of her face and went out to harness the team.

Mary took the envelope again from her pocket, and fumbled with the seal edge.

As Jedediah's old farm wagon slid into the snowy ruts of the road, Mary opened the door and looked after him. He was sitting on the seat while others passed him by in automobiles! Jedediah turned as if impressed: "I'll be quite late tonight, Mother, but don't worry, the road is clear, and the storm is only in its infancy!" Then he chirruped to his horses and was gone.

Mary Dorsey fluffed up the worn silk cushion on Jedediah's chair; she gathered in the broken bits of shoestring that lay on the floor, and put a lump of coal in the hot blast stove. Then she slipped into the little back bedroom and raised the blind. The drawer of the old-fashioned dresser opened noiselessly. Mary sat down on the floor. She took out of that drawer a pair of perfectly good shoes, some felt slippers, fur-lined, a sweater with a white letter in front, and a pair of heavy gloves. Underneath those were some books on mathematics and some old chemistry notes. In the other corner of the drawer was an overcoat. The newest cut in college clothes, all wool, warm and comfortable, but it wasn't Jedediah's style, nor, if it had been, Jedediah could never have worn it. Mary folded it away and her tears fell hot among the moth balls. From her pocket she withdrew the big envelope, and, with steady fingers, broke the seal. After looking at the draft it contained, she slipped the empty envelope back inside that pair of perfectly good shoes, along with a score of other papers just like it.

Beside that lonely, unoccupied bed, Mary Dorsey breathed a prayer to heaven for her boy.

Could she only know whether or not he lived. If he were somewhere held a prisoner. If, perhaps, he were a mental wreck, a shell-shocked victim of the war; or if his precious body lay interred in safety within old mother earth?

Could the closing year but bring to her and Jedediah the satisfaction that he was safe, all would be quiet in her soul!

She had determined what to do; nothing should turn her from that purpose, and tomorrow was Christmas Eve.

That night Mary Dorsey's lean fingers gathered in the few stray parcels that had fallen from her open handbag and lay promiscuously upon the settle of the southbound interurban.

Now and again she wiped the steam from the frost flecked windows with the end of her white silk scarf. She shielded her eyes from the light inside to cast furtive glances at the fleeting patchwork of white that covered the grain fields. She wondered if that racing electric that was eating up the sheeted stubble would ever stop for her at the cross roads. Under her worn beaver cape there was a flutter of something that seemed alive. Long years ago she had felt a like fluttering, a strange sensation! What a throb of joy it had brought to her, what ecstatic delight, for it had meant her boy; her Jed. Where was he now? The great officials at Washington didn't know!

With discriminative fingers Mary felt the left side of her body with the tips of her bare fingers in order that she might keep that lithe thing in place until the cars should shriek out their warning and slow up at the cross roads.

Her big, brown bundle was heavy, and there were several tiny parcels besides. They might so easily slip out of her netted bag and fall into the snow. Many times Mary Dorsey had come back from town on this electric, but always before Jedediah had been there to welcome her. Tonight she must walk that mile and a half quite alone, but she had left the lights burning in the dining room, and Jedediah would not be home.

Into the calm purple quiet of a winter evening, Mary Dorsey stepped, and the interurban rattled on its way. Her bundles were all carefully guarded and the beaver cape was an excellent place of concealment. Even the huge bundle that she carried in her arms like a child could not be detected. It was a fur-lined overcoat. Jedediah would not yet be home she knew. The semi-fear that had quickened her heart had vanished, but she felt an utter loneliness. She seemed to sense the road ahead an endless stretch of journey in the white twilight, overcast with mauve and gray.

There were no passing automobiles in her direction so nobody was likely to pick her up. How wonderful, she thought, to own a car! There were many old couples in the suburbs, older than she and Jedediah, who drove their own cars, while her husband jogged along behind his horses. Besides there was no real reason for it. There was plenty of money down in that drawer, inside that pair of Lieutenant Jed's shoes.

For an instant Mary flushed hotly. Why did she continually think about that money? Was she becoming worldly? It would make Jedediah ashamed of her if he knew, and besides she had opened one of those envelopes this very day. A stubborn unrest

hindered her journey. She struggled with the bundles on through the snow. Why should it be wrong to use that money? It was hers and his. It was sent them to be used. If Lieutenant Jed were back, he would see to it that they wanted nothing. His sturdy young power would make them happy, relieve them of worry and care, and give to them, who had so willingly sacrificed for his education, a few of the comforts of life.

Mary Dorsey caught herself talking aloud. She breathed heavier as she spoke and found herself quite exhausted, for the snow was deep and soft, and the night still warm with only a trace of frost in the air.

Darker and darker drew the shades of night around her, and whiter and still more white lay the virgin snow. Mary Dorsey spoke out her longings and her trepidation, while her thoughts ran rampant, and she recalled again those two great wars.

A flash of light fairly blinded her; an auto had come over the hill and two moon sized orbs shone squarely in her face. In a second it had gone, leaving Mary Dorsey standing quite still. She had dropped a precious bundle which her eyes were unable to see. With a little start she felt the package placed again in the crevice of her arm underneath the beaver cape, and she heard a voice at her side. The voice was very soft and low; it was musical and full of sympathy; familiar it seemed to Mary Dorsey, and in the dimness that enfolded her she looked up. A stranger stood beside her, a man, and together they moved on toward the farm. They had walked a long way in silence, when Mary Dorsey again found herself thinking audibly. Slowly and with precision the stranger answered all her longings. He cleared forever her misgivings. He lifted wholly her disquietude, and set her mind at rest.

Time and again she looked up at him, but he was so very tall, and it was growing darker.

Her son, he told her was well and happy. "Only yesterday we talked awhile together," he said, "and his hopes were all for you. With his last breath on earth he spoke of you and his father. He wants you always to be happy, and not to grieve for him."

"Does he live, then?" murmured Mary.

"He lives forever and forever, in your hearts and in the thought of all his countrymen."

"There is none greater than he who gives up his life for his country."

"Then he did that?"

"Most gloriously. Far from here in that world-famed tomb, lies none other than Lieutenant Dorsey, your boy. It is his body alone that rests there. He is the unknown of the unknowns.

Lieutenant Dorsey is that unkown soldier who sleeps supreme in Arlington, and God will give you comfort."

Before she was aware of the distance, Mary Dorsey was beside the letter box just outside the garden gate. The gate was open, and the unbroken snow lay smooth before her. Jedediah had not yet come back.

She turned to thank the kindly stranger, but was startled to see that he was half way up the hill, almost indiscernible in the winter gloom, but Mary perceived in the quiet darkness a tall, gaunt figure. He seemed weary. He wore a high silk hat; his clothes fitted him illy. He walked with a decided swing of the shoulder and he carried a cane. The lights from another auto blotted out the scene, and when Mary looked again the stranger had gone; over the hill perhaps, and into the valley. Nervously she stooped to examine the footprints in the snow from the road up to the letter box, but the glare of the auto lights had been too bright, she could see nothing. Dazzled, bewildered, Mary stood for a moment in the snow; then it all came to her. That stranger was her President, she knew. All these years she had hoped to see him. Tonight her dream had come true.

Upon the worn silk cushions in Jedediah's round back chair, Mary had laid her Christmas offerings of love, among them a huge bundle, and underneath her plate Jedediah had placed a gold clasped bible with her name in full, for Jedediah had sold the calves.

About her waist the old man placed an arm, still strong with love and hope. He drew her to the door, and opened it while they looked out. In his mind were the rows of crosses on the French battle front. In hers a great tomb in Washington.

"See, Mary, how bright the lights are in the city tonight. They have never been so radiant before. The mist has lifted, and risen above the world."

"Those are not the lights from the city, Jedediah," breathed Mary, "those are the stars of the East."

The First Spur

Fay Ollorton

It was at a watering station in a little Wyoming town that the two men fell to talking. They had been on the same car from Chicago on, but they first became interested in each other at the wind-swept village. The travel-worn passengers at the announcement from the porter that the train would make a fifteen minute stop, filed noisily out of the warm cars into the penetrating chill of the February afternoon. Curtis, the older of the two, was short, stockily built, with shy, friendly eyes, yet with the assurance in them of a man who has grappled victoriously with many perplexing situations. There was about him an air of subdued excitement, as if he were on the verge of some long expected pleasure. Lester, the other man, was scarcely more than a college youth. He was tall and sure of himself, but with the surety that has seldom been tested.

They agreed to walk up the main street of the town, which was only a block from the station. The wind from the low hills whistled about their ears and made conversation for a few moments impossible. When they reached the main street, with its one and two story brick and wooden shops, of a nondescript gray under the cloudy sky, school must have been just out, for the boys and girls were walking and running down the street, their shrill voices rising above the wind and the puffing of the not distant locomotive. Two lads, about fourteen, with stooped ungainly postures and tight-fitting coats and worn caps walked close together, their blue overalls flapping in the gale. Occasionally they lifted their heads a little, shouting taunts to a group of tittering girls a pace ahead of them. As the boys reached the square-fronted postoffice where a number of men were huddling with upturned collars, a young woman with a smiling face, whipped to an apple-red by the wind, came out, her hands full of letters and papers. Instantly the two boys stopped. With awkward movements they removed their caps. They grinned from ear to ear as they called the girl's name, using Miss before it, and then passed on, a shadow of their smiles remaining in spite of the grim cold.

Curtis watched the two boys until they turned into a side street.

"I'll wager," he said to his companion, "that that young woman is their teacher."

There was so much sympathy in his voice at the word "teacher" that Lester looked at him questioningly. Later when they were again seated in that blue plush comfort of the observation car, he asked, "What made you think the girl with her hands full of mail is their teacher?"

The darkness of the coming twilight, not yet broken by the turning on of the electricity, was enfolding them into a friendly privacy. Curtis leaned forward, his slender fingers tracing the pattern in the plush, as if he were groping for words.

"I had just such a looking girl for a teacher once," he explained not looking at the young man. "She had the same inviting brown eyes, the same warm color, and she was the only one I would ever have raised my hat to in those days."

A white-coated porter interrupted them to announce the first call for dinner. Most of the passengers, except the two men, followed him. Curtis settled back in his chair, stretching his short legs over the low foot rest, while Lester leaned towards him, waiting.

"I didn't even know there were such things as plush chairs then," Curtis resumed, gazing at the blurred scenery, now a flashing of telephone poles, sagebrush, and cedars. "I had the dirtiest clothes, the most unkempt hair, and could make more noise over my lessons with fewer attempts at study than any other youngster in the whole eight grades of Utah."

"Boys of that age," he continued, still gazing at the Wyoming scenery, "are usually in a dangerous place. They are beginning to get the outlook and desires of a man with nothing to back them up. They haven't yet realized how important it is to believe in their own abilities to get them where they have but vague dreams of going. Instead of faith in themselves, they have great trust in another person. If they haven't that, there's not much help for them. I hadn't any particular respect for anyone, not excluding my parents, until I found a certain school teacher."

Lester's face again repeated its doubts. It seemed hard for him to believe that this well-groomed, clear-skinned man, whose bearing and movements spoke confidence and decision, would speak so. It was easier to think of him as coming from a family in conventionally prosperous circumstances, with all traditions and manners that go with such conditions.

Curtis chuckled.

"I appreciate that perplexed look. If you had been some twenty odd years older, and we had lived in the same town, you would probably not have bothered to even pick a fight with me unless I got in your way."

"Why?" the young man asked. Here was a man he would undoubtedly be proud to introduce to his parents—and his wife when he got one.

"There were seven in our family," Curtis explained, more to himself than to the boy. "I was the fifth. We lived in three rooms in a battered old house just beyond the railroad tracks. Before the town began going northwards, our place had been a residence of one of the first citizens. Now it was subdivided for four families. Our part was in the rear, and the clothes, if ever they

were washed clean, were always spotted from the smoke of the round-house and the passing trains. Father worked in the shops and came home drunk at least once a week. His disposition was about as bad, sober or drunk. My clothes were always so dirty and greasy that the girls used to pull in their skirts when I passed them. I must have looked like a cross between a bag of rags and a yellow dog, for my hair was seldom combed, and my coat, when I was lucky enough to have one, was either out at the elbows, or torn at the armholes."

Lester felt a tightening in his throat. His face showed his wonderment of what to say.

"Oh, there's no need for feeling pity for me," Curtis assured him, "I didn't feel the least bit sorry for myself. I had definitely, without being aware of it, decided on my status in life. I had a mother whose thin hair hung in wisps about her lean face, and whose voice held a perpetual scold. I had new shoes when it was winter and my old ones fell apart. I was always late to school; was among the slowest in my class, for I never studied the dirty books I sometimes carried back and forth because the other boys did. I intended to get out of school as soon as the probation officer would let me alone; then I was to get a job. Already I had worked a little around the shops; couldn't get work further up town in the drug stores and shops, because the boys had to wear clean shirts and keep their hair trimmed. I suppose I looked forward to being another Curtis, senior, drunk every week, grumpy and full of profanity. I can't remember now of thinking what my wife would be like."

Lester leaned forward eagerly to ask what happened, and neither man noticed that the porter came through with the second call, and that all of the passengers had left the car.

Nothing, for a long time. Curtis was again tracing the pattern in the blue chair, while the telephone poles flashed by in quick succession, and the sagebrush showed only as a blackening mass. "The eighth was to be my last year in school—I figured I could beat the officers out of two years. I entered late as usual. The language class had started work. When I came in everything was quiet, with the September sun pouring in through the newly cleaned windows and giving that brightness that is supposed to go with the first few days of school. The teacher wasn't visible until I had stumbled into a back seat. Then I wouldn't have known her if she hadn't worn her skirts longer than the rest of the girls. She was the smallest girl in the room, with the exception of one poor creature whose mother worked out by the day and fed her family with the things she carried away without permission.

"Our teacher's name was Miss Reed, and I can remember to this day exactly what she looked like and what she wore."

But when he tried to describe her he could only tell that her eyes were large and brown, much too large for her thin face, and

that they were almost the color of her hair which hung in curls over her shoulders instead of being elevated over a rat or wire, such as the girls wore then. She had a smile, Curtis said, like a person who is enjoying something immensely and is about to share the enjoyment with some favored person. Her skirt was long and gored, and her sleeves puffed out at the shoulders.

"I believe her dress was green. I can't recall the color for a certainty, but I've always associated green clothes with brown-eyed women, and I think it was because she was fond of that color."

He was silent then for so long that Lester asked him what there was so remarkable about the little school teacher.

"I don't know if I can put it into words. She was so small that one of the boys could have lifted her easily; yet she managed us with scarcely ever raising her voice, and there wasn't one of us who wouldn't have run at one beckoning from her little finger. She 'had' me so thoroughly that I was making an attempt to study after the second day.

"I wrote some smudgy compositions. Instead of laughing at them, or reading them to the class, she would call me in after school, or during a study period. 'Couldn't you write them with a little less pressure?' she would ask, pointing to my dirty finger prints along the margin. When she called on me in class she listened patiently to my halting answers. If there were a grain of truth in my reply, she let the rest go and held fast to the other. Because she accepted me with the same interested sympathy that she did all of the class, I began to feel at home. Once I joined in a school discussion about conjugating verbs without being aware that I was doing anything unusual. It didn't occur to me until I was on my way home that the mayor's daughter, who had snapping black eyes and even white teeth had asked me a question. Up until now most of my social contact with girls had been to avoid them when we passed on the school grounds, or to throw snowballs at Minnie Schwartz who lived in the same house, and was cross-eyed and mouse-faced.

"Life went on in much the same way, except that I tried to work in the study-hall instead of looking out the window or sticking pins into the boy who sat in front of me. I don't know if the school kids still do it now, but we used to run the heads of pins between the soles and uppers of our shoes, then when we elevated our feet to the desk ahead the pins would pass through.

"I'd tired of working one day and was doing this to Sam Hardy, who had lately tried it on me, when Miss Reed walked in. All the giggling and shuffling stopped, and we started working. She came to the head of the desks and asked us to meet in her room after our last class; she wanted to plan the program which our class was to give for the eighth grades of the city.

"I was not appointed on any committee, neither was I suggested for a part in the play that was to be a part of the program.

I did think I might get a place on the committee for seeing that all the stage properties were in place and afterwards removed, but I didn't. About a week later, I saw that every other member of the class had some kind of a part. They were either in the chorus, or woodmen in the outdoor scene. For the first time in my nine years at school I felt sorry that I wasn't on a program. Miss Reed had been telling me that I could do just as well as anyone if I tried; now she would know that I wasn't capable of trying. I thought about it for several days, then an idea, so new that if Solomon had experienced it he would never have written concerning there being nothing new under the sun, came to me. I hung around Miss Reed's desk until everyone had gone.

"She asked me to help her arrange her papers. As I piled them in alphabetical order, we chatted about the coming vacation and program. That gave me my opening.

"I'm the only one in the class who hasn't a part,' I told her, my voice shaking and my knees knocking each other.

"It must have been an oversight,' she replied, utterly ignoring my palsied condition.

"No it's not,' I corrected her. 'I've never been on a program before, and no one thought of putting me on.'

"Would you like to be?' she asked as casually as if she were requesting me to put the papers into different piles.

"I told her I would, then she asked me what I would like to do. I couldn't sing; I couldn't have any of the speaking parts, for they had all been taken days ago, and I didn't want to be a woodman. I knew what my parents would say when I asked them for the greencloth and hat they were to wear.

"There's going to be an opening prayer, isn't there,' I suggested, each second expecting my voice to crack on the words. In our school programs we always opened with prayer, and sometimes a student did it instead of a teacher. If no one had been chosen, there was my chance.

"She agreed that I could, promising to make the arrangements. Because I had a part, I wanted to be early that morning of the twenty-third. I knew I had to be more respectable in appearance, and at the last moment the pants I had to wear developed a long slit in the seam. As I remember, mother must have made some reproaches to father for his not providing me with better garments. He resented this and declared that I was old enough to get my own.

"I never thought,' he said disgustedly, 'that a son of mine would be turning chaplain.' Mother went on sewing, and when she refused to answer he grew profane. She turned on him, then, and they were still at it a few minutes later when I had combed my tangled hair and washed behind my ears, preparatory to leaving. I made an attempt to shine my shoes with some water and soot from the stove, but it was not a very successful one, and I

left hurriedly, glad to be away from the scolding voices.

"When I opened the classroom door, some of the boys snickered, and I could hear tittering remarks from the girls as I slid red-faced into my seat. My altered appearance, due to clean clothes, slickened hair, and a scrubbed face, had not tended to make me feel at ease. Miss Reed didn't scold the forward ones, but agreed with a, 'Yes, doesn't he look fine,' and then gave us a written spelling test.

"It was almost time for the curtain, with the Venetian street scene, to go up, before I thought of being frightened. The girls' chorus was to sing; I was to follow, and then the curtain was to be raised for the program proper. My teeth began to chatter, and I made a desperate attempt to smooth down a shock of hair, that stood straight out from the back of my head. The girls' song, 'Holy Night,' I believe it was, ended, and someone—Miss Reed no doubt—pushed me gently forward in front of the curtain. Out in the wings two girls giggled. One's giggle I recognized as the mayor's daughter. I clicked my teeth together so firmly that they must have been heard for several rows down the assembly room, and prayed. I must have prayed for a whole two minutes, about what I have no recollection of. I'd been to church occasionally, enough to get the run of a few prayers, and I used all my knowledge. When I had finished, there wasn't a sound in the hall, except the noise of the ascending curtain.

"In the wing, two girls were waiting, arm in arm, for their cues. One of them had the black eyes I referred to a moment ago. As I passed, she smiled and whispered, 'That was a good prayer.' She was, I am sure, sincere.

"The next day the town semi-weekly came out with our program printed on the front page. Right in the second paragraph was 'Prayer by Donald Curtis.' I spent my only nickel on the paper, and when no one was looking I folded it into my pocket. Mother had tears in her eyes when she saw it. I didn't cry, but my ear drums felt as if they would burst, the pressure in my head was so great. I, Donald Curtis, had appeared in a school program, and my name had been printed in the paper. I was no longer Don Curtis who shambled about town with his head thrust downward, and hands in his pockets, but I was Donald Curtis whose name was important enough to be printed on the front page of the newspaper.

"I was so excited, I wanted father to see the story. I don't know whether he was suffering from want of drink or too much, but he was not pleased. He tore the thing in two and told me never to let him see my name as a snivelling "prayer" again. Then he called for supper, and said something about the house not being cleaned for weeks. It wasn't ready, mother had spent too long over the paper. I was trembling with anger and mortification as I stooped to pick the torn parts of the front sheet. When

father saw what I was doing, he cuffed me a smart one, telling me to get out, that I was a disgrace to any hard working man.

"'I won't come back,' I mumbled as I shuffled out, and the queer part of it was that I kept my word. It was almost sundown when I went into the yard, and a cold wind was sweeping down from the north mountains. So far, there was little snow on the ground, for winter had been late coming. I stood about dejectedly, and then began walking. My ears were still hot from the cuff, and I paid no particular attention where I went except to avoid seeing people.

"I got out in the west part of town, where there were few homes, and close to the fields. I had come almost to the edge, I saw Miss Reed climbing over a fence that stood at the end of the unpaved walk. I wanted of all persons to see her least at this time, and I would have turned to the other side of the street, but she recognized me and called a greeting. I could do nothing, then, but join her.

"She told me that she had been to the fields for a walk to celebrate the closing of school for two weeks, and called my attention to the gorgeous crimson of the whole western sky. It didn't take her long to see there was something wrong, and I finally blurted out the whole story. It was no new one to her, for she had taken the trouble to inquire about my home conditions months ago. It was the first time I had ever had a woman listen with complete sympathy to my troubles and I made the most of it, ending with 'I don't want ever to go back. I never will be nothing different, if I hang around there much longer.'

"Then she said a surprising thing. 'Why should you?' she asked. 'You are meant for better things than you will ever get from your home, but they will never be yours unless you find a way for yourself of taking them. Sometimes,' she said in her quiet voice, 'it is easier to run away to new conditions than to fight the old ones. Familiar persons and habits have a way of holding us down. It isn't always weakness to leave them.' She was not looking at me then; her head was turned towards the fading crimson in the sky. After a while she turned, 'Come on, Donald, I'll race you to the corner. My feet are cold.'

"She left me on the corner. I was tingling with a new excitement. It was the first time I had ever thought of escaping the things which had lately grown so hateful. In a half hour or so I was down to the railroad yards, and when the nine o'clock freight left, I was huddled in a box car. I hadn't lived about the yards for fifteen years without observing a thing or two. I didn't go home for any extra clothing, and I hadn't a cent of money in my pockets, or any supper for that matter. I only knew that I was leaving home for good, and that I had Miss Reed's faith back of me. It seems a pretty courageous thing that I did; yet I suppose the adventure of it was as strong as the new determination. I

wondered what my teacher would think when she heard of my disappearance. It would be in the paper—all runaway boys were. Would she be surprised that I had taken her words so literally. It would be twice that Donald Curtis would be printed; this time only on the inside sheets under *City Happenings*. I thought of what would become of me; if ever the gnawing in my stomach would stop; and if I would freeze to death in the box car before we came to the warmer climate of California. I knew I had been strong enough to run away, and if I could do that, why worry about the outcome! Anything would be better than the life I had been living. A boy who could take part on a school program could take care of himself! I'd never grow up to be a drunkard! Some day I would write Miss Reed to tell her what she had done for me, some day when I had made a name for myself, one that would not be snickered at when it was heard. 'Who knows,' I thought, as I drew my thin coat tighter together and tried to rub my hands to keep the numbness out of them, 'what I may become.' Of my parents I thought very little.

"There is a lot to tell between then and now, but I'm not going to bore you any longer. There isn't much that a man can go through, and still exist with hope left, that I haven't felt. I knew what hunger meant, many times other than that night, and I knew what it was to lose faith, too. I suppose my story," Curtis admitted with an apologetic laugh, "would sound like one from the popular success magazines."

There was a long silence, with Lester waiting for him to go on. There were a thousand and one questions he must have wanted to ask the older man.

"Have you never been back?"

"Never."

"But your mother—"

"She died about ten years ago, and I didn't know of it until a month after it had happened. I regretted that, of course, but I'd been sending her money ever since I got my first dollar ahead. The news of my father's death a year or so before wasn't enough to make me leave the East, where I'd just begun to work."

"But why are you returning now?"

Curtis asked him what date tomorrow would be, and smiled appreciatively when he was told that it would be the twenty-third of February.

"I promised myself I'd go back some day," he defended himself with a boyish wistfulness, "and now seemed as good a time as any. I haven't done all the things I've hoped to—never will—but I'm not ashamed to tell Miss Reed what I have done."

"But what if she isn't there? Has died or moved away?"

Curtis smiled slowly.

"I can go home and tell my wife there isn't another woman in the case." Then he grew serious. "But I believe I'll find her. She married some boy from the same town. When a man has

waited twenty-five years to be able to tell a woman she's been the means of getting him out of a dilapidated house by the railroad tracks to a palace built to house a railroad, she's likely to be in some findable place. It isn't that I want to brag to her about my worldly success," he earnestly explained to the boy. "I could come back in a private car if I wanted to herald my return that way. I'm going back to tell her that because of my belief in her I've kept faith with myself. It isn't often that a teacher hears that, and I'm crossing a continent to tell her. She'll be there all right. I'm not worrying."

The Arctic Moon

(From "The Yukon")

Joaquin Miller

The moon resumed all heaven now,
She Shepherded the stars below
Along her wide, white steeps of snow,
Nor stooped nor rested, where or how.

She bared her full white breast, she dared
The sun to show his face again.
She seemed to know no change, she kept
Carousal constantly, nor slept,
Nor turned aside a breath, nor spared
The fearful meaning, the mad pain,
The weary eyes, the poor dazed brain,
That came at last to feel, to see
The dread, dead touch of lunacy.

How loud the silence! Oh, how loud!
How more than beautiful the shroud
Of dead Light in the moon-mad north
When great torch-tipping stars stand forth
Above the black, slow-moving pall
As at some fearful funeral!

The moon blares as mad trumpets blare
To marshaled warriors long and loud;
The cobalt blue knows not a cloud,
But, oh, beware that moon, beware
Her ghostly, graveyard, moon-mad stare!

Beware white silence more than white!
Beware the five-horned starry rune;
Beware the groaning gorge below;
Beware the wide, white world of snow,
Where trees hang white as hooded nun—
No thing not white, not one, not one!
But most beware that mad white moon.

The Exiles

The prediction has been persistent for many years that much choice literature would be inspired by the life of Abraham Lincoln. This prediction has found its fulfilment in very large measure. Just as persistent has been the statement among Latter-day Saints that because of the richness of material found in the story of the exodus from the city of Nauvoo to the valley of the great Salt Lake, much choice literature would be the inevitable result. In line with this latter prediction is *The Exiles*, a poem written by Professor Alfred Osmond, head of the English Department of the Brigham Young University.

The story is told in a graphic and fascinating style, that is gripping and convincing. There is a tone of exaltation about it that lifts it into the realm of ideality and beauty. It is written in the trochaic tetrameter, a long smooth meter, suitable to narrative poetry. It was this meter that Longfellow selected when he wrote "Hiawatha," consequently it will be familiar to readers in general. And like "Hiawatha" "is told with every grace of poetry, but not sacrificing fidelity to truth." A few selections from the poem will be the most effective way of revealing its charm.

Never a twenty-fourth of July pageant, perhaps, that does not contain one float with dancing pairs, illustrating the amusement on the plains. Professor Osmond has done this in one stanza; we include the stanza:

But the Saints were not so narrow
As to limit their enjoyments
To the sacred songs of praises
That exalted their religion.
Wits were sharpened with the clashing
Of bright minds in fun and frolic,
And the wag was quick and wary
With his lists of droll diversions.
This would seem no time for dancing
For a Puritanic people,
But they danced the Old Virginia
With a vigor and a daring
That put all their cares to riot.
Then the "Round Dance" and "Six Nations"
Would be ushered in with laughter
That suggested men and women
Are but children moving forward
To the higher hills and play-grounds
That will keep them young and happy.

From the chapter "Darker Days" we select a stanza that records some of the terrible experiences suffered by the people on their journey:

Victims of the Mountain Fever,
 Strange companions of the red men;
 Denizens of dreary deserts,
 Dwellers in the trackless prairies,
 Toilers up the Rocky Mountains
 With your trains of covered wagons,
 With your crazy, creaking handcarts,
 You may never reach the valleys
 Of the everlasting mountains;
 You may never find the Zion
 That is always farther westward;
 You may see the land of promise
 Fade and vanish into shadows;
 You may fall, the helpless victims
 Of malignant Mountain Fever;
 You may falter and may famish
 On the prairies, in the deserts.
 Bands of red men may destroy you
 On the bleak and barren ridges
 Of the Rocky Mountain ranges;
 You may cease your earth-existence
 And become an extinct people—
 But you cannot turn your faces
 Toward the valleys of the Eastlands.
 All your hopes are in the prairies
 And the deserts and the mountains.
 If you find these hosts unfriendly,
 God himself will have to take you,
 For there are no dwelling places
 For yourselves and for your children,
 If you fail to find your Zion
 In the valleys of the mountains.

The concluding stanzas are among the best in the poem, as they combine a grace of style with vision and exaltation of thought, that is both pleasing and uplifting.

Happy, happy, happy people
 In the valleys of the mountains,
 In the days that are to follow,
 In the ages that will usher
 In the greater dispensations,
 Men will come to you for wisdom
 And will gladly sing your praises.

Notes from the Field

Amy Brown Lyman

Los Angeles Stake

On March 17, 1926, Adams ward Relief Society of Los Angeles stake, presented a unique entertainment which may prove



ADAMS WARD PAGEANT. PICTURE REPRESENTS THE SIX
PRESIDENTS OF THE RELIEF SOCIETY

of interest to other societies of the Church. Following the opening congregational song, prayer and address of welcome, by President

Lois H. West, there was presented a series of living pictures which portrayed the organization of the Relief Society, its six presidents and its activities.

Picture one represented the first meeting of the Relief Society, with the Prophet Joseph Smith making his announcement to the assembled members. At his side was Willard Richards, who acted as secretary pro tem. They faced the audience, and gathered around them were a number of sisters. All were dressed in old fashioned costumes. Then followed pictures of our six Relief Society Presidents, after which came tableaux of the Relief Society activities. "Visiting the Sick" showed a young woman on a sofa, very restless and ill at ease. Presently two Relief Society teachers entered, bringing flowers and books to cheer her up. "Feeding the Hungry" was represented by a poorly-clad little family seated around the table on which was an empty milk bottle and a few crusts. As the children cried for food the father offered a prayer for help, after which the Relief Society president entered, bringing a basket of food. "Clothing the Poor" showed a family in very bad circumstances, with children in poor clothing and without shoes. A Relief Society social service aid, representing the president, entered and brought clothing for all. "Comforting those who Mourn" was carried out by a young mother, dead on the bed. About her were her husband and children, crying, but comforted and cared for by the Relief Society teachers.

All the pictures were introduced by the announcer, Mrs. Maybelle T. Davis, who recited appropriate verses of her own composition. She was accompanied by Mrs. Hortense Gordon Steed on the piano, with suitable music very softly played.

Verses read by the announcer in introducing the pictures:

PICTURE ONE—ORGANIZATION OF THE RELIEF SOCIETY,
MARCH 17, 1842.

In effecting this organization the Prophet Joseph Smith not only turned the key for the advancement of the women of the Latter-day Saints, but he also opened the portals of progress for all the women of the world.

O woman! thy tears and thy travail have triumphed,
Thy prayers have prevailed in His presence on high;
No more shall thy fetters of bondage confine thee.
Rejoice! for thine hour of deliverance is nigh.

PICTURE TWO—OUR FIRST PRESIDENT

Emma H. Smith, called an elect lady by Divinity,
The wife beloved of the prophet seer,
Commanded to exhort and to expound,
She must a bright and beacon light appear
Where'er progressive women may be found.

PICTURE THREE—OUR SECOND PRESIDENT, ELIZA R. SNOW

What words can quite express her excellence of womanhood!
 Though childless, yet a mother heart for all the world had she;
 In council wise, in leadership a mighty force she stood;
 And yet we know and love her most for her sweet minstrelsy.

PICTURE FOUR—OUR THIRD PRESIDENT, ZINA D. H. YOUNG

An empire builder, she, of noble worth
 Who made the wheels of industry go round.
 She spun and wove the silk at her own hearth
 And helped a glorious commonwealth to found.
 Great in her faith and love and charity
 She gave herself in their sweet ministry.

PICTURE FIVE—OUR FOURTH PRESIDENT, BATHSHEBA W. SMITH

She was a member of the charter band,
 In spirit calm, serene, and wondrous mild,
 With strength and dignity at her command,
 And in her faith and duty undefiled.

PICTURE SIX—OUR FIFTH PRESIDENT, EMMELINE B. WELLS

She garnered in the wheat, lest famine might befall,
 And when the war cry rang we harkened to its call.
 Dear Aunt Em, how many of us yet can see
 Her as she passed along in gentle reverie.
 To her, rare gifts and graces nature kindly gave,
 So quaintly sweet, and yet so strong and brave.

PICTURE SEVEN—OUR SIXTH AND PRESENT PRESIDENT,
CLARISSA S. WILLIAMS

With wise intent and vision keen
 She leads a mighty throng,
 Her watchword "Better Service
 Through our fifty thousand strong!
 Health and work and recreation,
 Greater faith through education;
 Better chance to live, to grow,
 Through these bounties we bestow."
 Down through the years her name shall be
 Called blessed for such ministry.

PICTURE EIGHT—FEEDING THE HUNGRY

Like angels of mercy the hungry they feed,
 In generous portions they give of their fare,
 And oftentimes they learn in that hour of grave need
 That the gift which they gave was an answer to prayer.

PICTURE NINE—CLOTHING THE NEEDY

The cry of distress is the password
 That opens their bountiful store;
 Is it clothing for someone they need?
 It is theirs e'er they pass from their door.

PICTURE TEN—VISITING THE SICK

With flower-laden hands, they go on their way
 To visit the sick and the sore.
 Words of good cheer and of comfort, they say,
 As they journey from door to door.

PICTURE ELEVEN—COMFORTING THOSE WHO MOURN

Where the angel of death his grim harvest is taking,
 They are there with their service and love to console,
 They bind up the heart that is breaking,
 And comfort the grief-stricken soul.

Palmyra Stake (Flower Garden Project.)

For part of the special activity work done by Palmyra stake during Summer, 1926, a flower project was sponsored by the Relief Society women of the communities. The object was: the beautification of every community in the stake; the slogan: "A flower garden at every home;" the goal: a garden at 65% of homes in stake. The following methods were used: the projects were outlined and material prepared by specialists, and the work was done under the direction of two stake project leaders and two project leaders in each ward. The services of Miss Ruby Smith, Home Demonstration Agent, were procured and much praise is due the very splendid help and cooperation received from her. During the season, survey questionnaires were sent out to ward leaders, surveys were also made by stake leaders and home agents, as a means of checking up on gardens. The response from the communities was indeed commendable. Homes where flowers had never been grown before blossomed, as it were, "like a rose." Homes in rural districts, where the woman had even to carry the water, were a delight to see. On August 19 a very successful flower show was held in Spanish Fork City Pavilion. The big auditorium was a mass of beautiful flowers, artistically arranged by wards, each of which conducted their own displays, and also vied one with another in point of beauty. Cash prizes were given by stake board along lines befitting such an enterprise. To defray expenses incident to this undertaking the stake board members furnished and sold refreshments. It is felt by the stake and ward workers that this is only the beginning of a very bright and delightful future, when hearts will be made glad by the beau-

tifying of the homes, where the most precious of all flowers are reared—the children.

Woodruff Stake.

Soon after the organization of the new Lyman stake, the stake presidency and one board member of the Woodruff stake, from which the new stake was taken, motored to Lyman and met with the new Lyman stake Relief Society Board in a very enjoyable meeting. They transferred to the Lyman stake Relief Society all stake dues paid in 1926, from the wards now comprising the Lyman stake, and discussed with them a number of subjects relating to Relief Society work. Later the stake secretary of Woodruff met with the new stake secretary to go over the annual report with her and give her such information regarding it as will be helpful to her.

Southern States Mission.

The interior of the Greenville chapel at Greenville, South Carolina, presented a beautiful appearance at the conference held September 4 and 5. This was due to the labors of the members of the Relief Society in that branch. A new rug was placed on the stand, rubber runners on the aisles and new shades on the windows. The cost of these improvements amounted to \$200. The Relief Society donated \$170 of this amount and the Mutual Improvement Association donated \$30. The walls of the chapel were calcimined and the building thoroughly renovated for the conference. The floral decorations were beautiful, the stand and pulpit being adorned with lovely flowers. Mrs. Gillard, a non-member, loaned four handsome potted ferns for the occasion. The Relief Society sisters, aided by the young ladies of the Mutual Improvement Association, assisted in the preparation and serving of meals between the meetings on Saturday and Sunday. At one of the luncheons it was estimated that upwards of two hundred people were served. The members of the Church donated sufficient money to provide the food. The repast consisted of chicken sandwiches, ham, chicken, cakes, pies, bananas, etc. Mrs. Goggins, a non-member, donated five gallons of ice cream, which was served at one of the luncheons.

Mrs. Malilda Crosby is the president of the Greenville Relief Society, Mrs. Armentha Ginn, first counselor, Mrs. Sarah Staton, second counselor, and Mrs. Annie Grieg, secretary-treasurer.

At the close of the Sunday afternoon meeting, Mrs. Grace E. Callis, president of the Relief Societies in the Southern States mission, held a meeting with the sisters of the Relief Society. Representatives of the Greenville, Columbia, Hartsville, Seneca,

Catawba, and other branches were present. They had an excellent report to make of their work.

California Mission.

The San Francisco Relief Society has made a most enviable record in the matter of securing subscriptions to the *Relief Society Magazine*. There are thirty-eight members in the organization, and they have sent in fifty-eight subscriptions. The subscribers consist of 38 members, 12 L. D. S. women, non-members of the organization, and 8 non-members of the Church.

European Mission.

Halifax Branch, Leeds conference. Following is an extract from a letter received from Mrs. Lucy D. Walker, president of the Halifax Relief Society. "We enjoy the *Relief Society Magazine* more than you can know. We take the literary lessons as they are published, and are delighted with them. We also read other articles from its pages, in fact we have each month a "Magazine night." Perhaps you will be pleased to know that we have a very fine little Relief Society in Halifax, and that we are all interested in our studies and our work in general. Since the beginning of 1926, we have given 91 gifts, some small and some larger, to the sick and needy of our own branch; and to worthy outside friends. We have 13 enrolled members and have an average attendance, with visitors, for the year so far, of 14. We are all happy in our work and enjoy our meetings, and are delighted to be numbered in so grand an organization as the Relief Society of our Church. All the members send love and greetings to the officers and members of the General Board, and appreciate your labors in our behalf."

Edinburgh Branch, Scottish Conference.

In the Edinburgh branch recently, the members made the Relief Society meeting the occasion to bid farewell to Mrs. Elizabeth Crowford, who, with her husband and son were leaving for Zion. On behalf of the members and friends Mrs. Crowford was presented with a dressing case, and a wallet was given to her husband. In making the presentation Mrs. Hughina Falconer spoke of the goodwill and esteem they all held for Mrs. Crowford's labor and faithfulness in the work of the branch, also their sorrow to part with her, while rejoicing that she has obtained her heart's desire in being privileged to gather to Zion. In reply Mrs. Crowford told of her joy in the work of the Lord, and urged those present to support Mrs. Janet Ferguson, the president. A delightful program was carried out by those present. The meetings in Edinburgh continue to grow, and are most enjoyable. The of-

ficers are: Mrs. Janet Ferguson, president; Mrs. Hughina Falconer and Mrs. Anna Percy, counselors; Mrs. Jean Waldis, secretary-treasurer.

Teton Stake.

The Teton stake arranged with the Health Committee of Boise, for a health conference which was held last August 13, 14 and 16, 140 children being examined. The stake is now asking the state department for a six-day conference for 1927. The health conference has stimulated interest in the social service lessons. The stake is also cooperating with the extension division of Idaho University in holding nutrition classes through the stake, and in getting in touch with the mothers and encouraging them in the follow-up work. A stake teachers' convention was held on October 31, at which suitable topics were given. The stake presidency and bishops were special guests on the occasion.

Idaho Falls Stake Reorganized.

On October 14, the Idaho Falls stake Relief Society was reorganized. Mrs. Mayme Laird, who has faithfully and efficiently labored as stake president for a number of years, was honorably released with a unanimous vote of confidence and appreciation. Mrs. Laird has been considered one of the strongest of the stake presidents of the Church, and during her administration much has been accomplished in this stake. While she has been especially interested in health and charity work, she has not neglected the educational work for members. Mrs. Laird was elected to the School Board of Idaho Falls in the early Fall, and felt that the two positions would be too taxing on her strength. The following new officers were sustained: Mrs. Clara Brunt, president; Mrs. Mattie R. Telford, first counselor; Mrs. Emma Jensen, second counselor; Mrs. Hazel H. Caine, secretary; Mrs. Grace Ritchie, treasurer; Mrs. Mary L. Hatch, member of the Board.

REFERENCES FOR ANNIVERSARY PROGRAMS

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Guide Lessons for April

LESSON I

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in April)

THE WOMEN OF THE MESSIANIC DISPENSATION (Continued)

Elizabeth and Martha and Mary of Bethany

Elizabeth:

Measured by the magnitude of her mission, this woman stands next to the mother of Jesus in the line of greatness. She was a descendant of Aaron and a kinswoman of Mary; thus having within her veins the blood of royal and priestly descent. Her name Elizabeth, meaning worshiper of God, fitted her nature.

She became the wife of a descendant of Aaron, a devout man and they lived to a good old age childless.

Her husband was a Judean priest. The day on which he kept the incense burning on the altar in the inner court of the temple and supplicated the Lord for posterity was a most eventful one for Elizabeth.

She was officially announced, by an angel from on high, as an elect woman, who said to Zacharias, the priest, thy wife Elizabeth shall bear thee a son, and thou shalt call his name John. The loftiness of her election can be understood in the light of the words of the Savior, recorded in Luke 7:28.

The declaration made her by the Lord is to the effect that Elizabeth was the mother of one of the greatest prophets ever born. In explanation of the declaration of Jesus concerning the greatness of John the Baptist, the prophet Joseph Smith is recorded as saying: "It could not have been on account of the miracles John performed, for he did no miracles; but it was, first, because he was trusted with a divine mission of preparing the way before the face of the Lord. Who was trusted with such a mission before or since? No man. Second, he was trusted, and it was required at his hand, to baptize the Son of Man. Whoever did that? Whoever had so great a privilege or glory? Whoever led the Son of God into the waters of baptism, beholding the Holy Ghost descend upon him in the sign of a dove? No man." (Gems of Joseph Smith, *Compendium*, p. 277.)

At Elizabeth's home, in the Judean hills, she enjoyed the confidential companionship of Mary. The sublime nature of this companionship may be understood in part by thinking of how

Mary immediately after the annunciation of Gabriel to her hastened from Nazareth to the home of her cousin Elizabeth; of the manner of her salutation to Elizabeth and of Elizabeth's response and of how the visit of Elizabeth extended into months. (Luke 1: 5-55.)

Both before and at the time of the birth of her child of promise Elizabeth was blessed with the presence of the Holy Ghost. She was the first mortal to declare orally that the Baptist's name should be John, although she had doubtless learned this from her husband who must have written a great deal to her during his period of enforced silence.

At the event of the enunciation and naming of John, Elizabeth drops out of sight. What is known of her later must be taken from inference. That she performed the duties of noble motherhood seems clear in the light of the scripture, "And the child grew and waxed strong in the spirit." (Luke 1:80.)

Elizabeth was the fifth woman of Biblical record who after a long period of barrenness bore a child in fulfilment of divine promise. Those who preceded her were: Rebecca, mother of Isaac (Gen. 17:16, 17), the mother of Samson (Judges 13), Hannah, the mother of Samuel (I Sam. 1). The Shumanite mother (II Kings 4). What the grief of barrenness was to a wife is depicted in the story of Hannah's childless life, and what the joy of expectancy was is summed up in the rapturous expressions of Elizabeth.

Elizabeth was never barren in spirit; she was always fruitful in desire. Such women may be reproached by society, but God honors them. The choosing of the aged, childless Elizabeth to become the mother of the forerunner of Christ, and declaring her son to be second to no prophet ever born, leave no room for the belief that physical barrenness is a mark of disfavor in the eyes of the Lord.

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

1. Mention two occasions on which Elizabeth was blessed with the presence of the Holy Ghost. (Luke 1:15-41.)
2. Wherein was the divine instruction concerning the child of promise that should be born to Elizabeth different from the divine instruction concerning Samson the child of promise? (Judges 13:3-4; Luke 1:5.)
3. Discuss the statement: "Looking on barrenness with reproach makes for good in the world."
4. What was the source of the utterance of Elizabeth recorded in Luke 1:43?
5. Wherein is the life of Elizabeth of most value to the women of today?

LESSON II

Work and Business

(Second Week in April)

TEACHERS' TOPIC FOR APRIL—CIVIC PRIDE

Planting and Gardening

- I. Clean up work to be continued. (Cooperate with children in this work.)
- II. Prepare soil and plant flowers and vegetables.

Shrubs: All shrubs, including roses and trees, should be planted as soon as the soil can be worked. Pruning should be done not later than April.

Bulbs: Bulbs may be planted in May. Cannas if put in pots, in warm dark place and removed later to cooler and light place after leaves appear, may be placed in garden late in May for early bloom.

Flowers: Sweet peas and all perennials may be planted as early as the ground can be worked. The following annuals may be planted in gardens in late April: Ageratum, Alyssum, Snapdragon, African Daisy, Aster (earlier blossoms if planted indoors), Cosmos, Clarkias, Dianthus, Bachelors Button, Carnations, Hollyhocks, California Poppy, Angel's Breath, Larkspur (annual Delphinium), Stocks, Lavateria, Marigold, Morning Glory, Nicotiana, Nasturtiums, Ricinus, Verbena, Zinnia, Wallflower, Pansies, Phlox, Pyrethrum, Petunias, Poppies. For early bloom the following might be planted in hot beds and later removed to garden: Snapdragons, Stocks, Asters, Begonias, Carnations, Cosmos, Dahlias, Phlox, Salvia, Verbena.

Vegetables: April 1-15 (in the open ground): Asparagus, Asparagus Roots, Beet, Brussels Sprouts, Carrot, Celery, Chicory, Corn Salad, Cress, Endive, Kale, Leek, Lettuce, Mustard, Onion Sets, Early Peas, Chinese Cabbage, Rhubarb Roots, Radish, Salsify, Sorrell, Spinach, Swiss Chard, Turnip. *April 15-30:* Asparagus, Snap Bean, Beet, Brussels Sprouts, Cabbage, Carrot, Cauliflower, Celery, Sweet Corn, Pop Corn, Cress, Endive, Kale, Kohl-Rabi, Leek, Lettuce, Muskmelon, Mustard, Onion, Parsley, Parsnip, Peas, Potatoes, Radish Salsify, Sorrell, Squash, Swiss Chard, Tomatoes. *May 1-15:* Asparagus, Bush Bean, Pole Bean, Lima Bean, Beet, Brussels Sprouts, Cabbage, Carrot, Cauliflower, Celery, Chicory, Sweet Corn, Pop Corn, Cucumber, Endive, Kale, Leek, Lettuce, Muskmelon, Watermelon, Onion, Parsley, Parsnip, Peas, Potatoes, Pumpkin, Summer Radish, Salsify, Squash, Swiss Chard, Tomato. *May 15-30:* Bush Bean, Pole Bean, Lima Bean, Beet, Brussels Sprouts, Cabbage, Carrot, Cauliflower, Celery, Whitloof-Chicory, Sweet Corn, Pop Corn, Cucumber, Endive, Kale, Kohl-Rabi, Muskmelon, Parsley, Potatoes, Pumpkin, Squash, Summer Radish, Swiss Chard. *June 1-15:* Lima Bean, Beet, Brussels Sprouts, Cabbage, Carrot, Cauliflower, Sweet Corn, Pop Corn, Cucumber, Endive, Kale, Kohl-Rabi, Parsley, Potatoes, Summer Radish. *June 15-30:* Beet, Carrot, Sweet Corn, Pop Corn, Cress, Cucumber, Endive, Kale, Kohl-Rabi, Potatoes, Summer Radish, Winter Radish, Rutabaga, Turnip. *July 1-15:* Bush Bean, Beet, Kale, Kohl-Rabi, Lettuce, Mustard, Summer Radish, Rutabaga, Turnip. *July 15-30:* Bush Bean, Chinese Cabbage, Kale, Mustard, Summer Radish, Spinach, Turnip. *August 1-15:* Chinese Cabbage, Kale, Mustard, Summer Radish, Spinach, Turnip. *August 15-30:* Radish, Spinach. *September and October:* Asparagus Roots, Rhubarb Roots, Onion Sets, Corn Salad, Spinach.

Note: The dates supplied above are those applying to the Mountain States or places of similar climatic conditions, where the outside growing season for hardy varieties begins in average years in March and continues until November.

LESSON III

Literature

(Third Week in April)

Paul Laurence Dunbar

February always brings to mind the name of the great emancipator of the colored man. For that reason we have selected the outstanding poet of the colored people for the February issue of the *Magazine*. Abraham Lincoln and Paul Laurence Dunbar have each, in turn, served the colored men in an extraordinary way. The first struck from him the shackles of slavery, and the second revealed to him, through his inimitable art, negro personality as it is distinguished from other types. Everybody knows that the negro is superstitious—that a part, at least, of his religion is made up of superstition. Everybody who has watched these people at their play, heard them laugh and talk, knows that they are not without wit. As a consequence it is pleasing to discover these qualities in the writings of any poet who really seeks to represent them.

Paul Laurence Dunbar was born in 1872, at Dayton, Ohio. His father and mother were negro slaves, consequently he was indebted to Lincoln for the fact that he was born in freedom rather than slavery.

He ran an elevator for a number of years while a boy—indeed it was while he was serving in this capacity that he wrote his first poems. He tried newspaper work, but it was not in line with his special talent. The government turned in kindness towards him, as it had often done in the past, in its desire to assist men of literary genius. They could not give Dunbar a post in the Custom House, as Edwin Arlington Robinson had been given, or Nathaniel Hawthorne, many years before, but they did give him a position in the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.

He has given us three forms of composition—two in prose and one in poetry. He has written several volumes of short stories, and two novels, but it is in lyric poetry that he excels, particularly those of negro dialect. In this line he has no competition. He has done for the negro what Rudyard Kipling has done for the soldiers in barracks in India, and well known types of British in his own country; in other words, it is the use he makes of local color that marks him as a man of genius as much as any other quality he possesses.

One thing surprising about Dunbar is the fact that he is of negro descent without any mixture. William Dean Howells is responsible for the statement that as far as he could remember "Paul Dunbar was the only man of pure African blood and of American civilization to feel the negro life aesthetically and express it lyrically."

His works consist of a collection of *Lyrics of Lowly Life*, published in 1896; *Lyrics of the Hearthside*, published in 1899; *Lyrics of Love and Laughter*, published in 1903; *Lyrics of Sunshine and Shadow*, published in 1905. The last named volume, while it contains outstanding poems, is not as original as the others. A number of "gift-book editions" have been published.

No greater compliment can be paid the poet's sense of rhythm, than to record the fact that he has made very general appeal to composers, for an unusual number have set his verse to music.

He died in the city of Dayton, February 10, 1916, at the age of 44. It is a source of satisfaction to realize that he had done so much good work, even though his life was snapped in its prime.

As an example of his dialect poems we quote "The Turning of the Babies in the Bed," which has a humorous and human touch that will appeal to mothers universally:

THE TURNING OF THE BABIES IN THE BED

Woman's sho' a cur'ous critter,
An' day ain't no doubtin' dat.
She's a mess o' funny capahs f'om
Huh slippahs to huh hat.

Ef you tries to un'erstan' huh, an'
You fails, des' up an' say:
"D' ain't a 'bit o' use to try to
Un'erstan' a woman's way."

I don't mean to be complainin', but
I's jes' a-settin' down
Some o' my own obserwations,
W'en I cas' my eye eroun'.

If you ax me fu' to prove it, I
Ken do it mighty fine,
Fu' dey ain't no bettah 'zample
Den dis ve'y wife o' mine.

In de ve'y hea't o' midnight, w'en
I's sleepin' good an' soun',
I kin hyeah a so't o' rustlin' an'
Somebody movin' 'roun'.

An' I say, "Lize, whut you doin'?"
But she frown an' shek huh haid.
"Heish yo' mouf, I's only tu'nin'
Of de chillun in de bed.

"Don' you know a child gits restless,
Layin' all de night one way?
An' you' got to kind o' 'range him
Sev'al times befo' de day?"

“So de little necks won’t worry, an’
 De little backs won’t break;
 Don’ you t’ink case chillun’s chilun day
 Hain’t got no pain an’ ache.”

So she shakes ’em, an’ she twists ’em,
 An’ she tu’ns ’em ’roun’ erbout,
 ’Twell I don’ see how de chillun
 Evah keeps f’om hollahin’ out.

Den she lif’s ’em up head down’ards
 So’s dey won’t git livah-grown,
 But dey snoozes des’ ez peaceful
 Ez a liza’d on a stone.

W’en hit’s mos’ nigh time fu’
 Wakin’ on de dawn o’ jedgment day,
 Seems lak I kin hyeah ol’ Gab’iel
 Lay his trumpet down an’ say,

“Who dat walkin’ ’roun’ so easy,
 Down on earf ermong de dead?”
 ’T will be Lizy up a-tu’nin’
 Of de chillun in de bed.

“A Coquette Conquered” is another example of his dialect poetry.

A COQUETTE CONQUERED

Yes, my ha’t ’s ha’d ez stone—
 Go ’way, Sam, an’ lemme ’lone.
 No; I ain’t gwine change my min’—
 Ain’t gwine ma’y you—Nuffin’ de kin’.

Phiny loves you true an’ deah?
 Go ma’y Phiny; whut I keer?
 Oh, you needn’t mou’n an’ cry—
 I don’t keer how soon you die.

Got a present! Whut you got?
 Somef’n fu’ de pan er pot!
 Huh! yo’ sass do sholy beat—
 Think I don’t git ’nough to eat?

Whut’s dat un’neaf yo’ coat?
 Looks des lak a little shoat
 ’T ain’t no possum! Bless de Lamb!
 Yes, it is, you rascal, Sam!

Gin it to me; whut you say?
 Ain't you sma't 'now! Oh, go 'way!
 Possum do look mighty nice,
 But you ax too big a price.

Tell me, is you talkin' true,
 Dat's de gal's whut ma'ies you?
 Come back, Sam; now whah's you gwine?
 Co'se you knows dat possum's mine!

His poems, like his stories, have been very popular. There are few American students who will not recall "Angelina." We quote the first stanza of this poem:

When de fiddle gits to singin' out
 a ol' Vahginny reel,
 As' you 'mence to feel a ticklin' in
 yo' toe an' in yo' heel;
 Ef you t'ink you got 'uligion an'
 you wants to keep it, too
 You jes' bettah tek a hint an' git
 yo'self clean out o' view.
 Case de time is mighty temptin'
 when de chune is in de swing,
 Fu' a darky, saint or sinner man,
 to cut de pigeon-wing.
 An' you couldn't he'p f'om dancin'
 ef yo' feet was boun' wif twine
 When Angelina Johnson comes a—
 a-swingin' down de line.

His "Miss Lucy" poems have been very popular. The one entitled "Discovered" is particularly keen.

DISCOVERED

Seen you down at ch'ch las' night,
 Nevah min', Miss Lucy.
 What I mean? oh, dat's all right,
 Nevah min', Miss Lucy.
 You was sma't ez sma't could be,
 But you couldn't hide f'om me.
 Ain't I got two eyes to see!
 Nevah min', Miss Lucy.

Guess you thought you's awful keen ;
 Nevah min', Miss Lucy.
 Evahthing you done, I seen ;
 Nevah min', Miss Lucy.
 Seen him tek yo' ahm jes' so,
 When he got outside de do'
 Oh, I know dat man's yo' beau!
 Nevah min', Miss Lucy.

Say now, honey, wha'd he say?—
 Nevah min', Miss Lucy!
 Keep yo' secrets—dat's yo' way—
 Nevah min', Miss Lucy.
 Won't tell me an' I'm yo' pal—
 I'm gwine tell his othah gal,—
 Know huh, too, huh name is Sal ;
 Nevah min', Miss Lucy!

His poems of advice are interesting. We include under this heading "A Golden Day," and "The Unlucky Apple."

A GOLDEN DAY

I found you and I lost you,
 All on a gleaming day.
 The day was filled with sunshin,e
 And the land was full of May.

A golden bird was singing
 Its melody divine,
 I found you and I loved you,
 And all the world was mine.

I found you and I lost you,
 All on a golden day,
 But when I dream of you, dear,
 It is always brimming May.

THE UNLUCKY APPLE

'Twas the apple that in Eden
 Caused our father's primal fall ;
 And the Trojan War, remember—
 'Twas an apple caused it all.
 So for weeks I've hesitated,
 You can guess the reason why,
 For I want to tell my darling
 She's the apple of my eye.

We include "A Florida Night," as an example of his nature poems.

A FLORIDA NIGHT

Win' a-blowin' gentle so de san' lay low,
 San' a little heavy f'om de rain,
 All de pa'ms a-wavin' an' a-weavin' slow,
 Sighin' lak a sinnah-soul in pain.

Alligator grinnin' by de ol' lagoon,
 Mockin'-bird a-singin' to de big full moon,
 'Skeeter go a'skimmin' to his 'fightin' chune
 (Lizy Ann's a-waitin' in de lane!)

Moccasin a-sleepin' in de cyprus swamp;
 Needn't wake de gent'man, not fu' me.
 Mule, you needn't wake him w'en you switch an' stomp,
 Fightin' off a 'skeeter er a flea.

Florida is lovely, she's de fines' lan'
 Evah seed de sunlight f'om de Mastah's han',
 'Ceptin' fu' de varmints an' huh Fleas an' san'
 An' de nights w'en Lizy Ann ain' free.

Moon's a-kinder shaddered on de melon patch;
 No one ain't a-watchin' ez I go.
 Climbin' of de fence so's not to click de latch
 Meks my gittin' in a little slow.

Watermelon smilin' as it say, "I's free;"
 Alligator boomin', but I let him be,
 Florida, oh, Florida's de lan' fu' me—
 (Lizy Ann a-singin' sweet an' low.)

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

1. Tell a story that goes to prove that the negro is superstitious.
2. Relate some incident or tell a story that reveals the negro's sense of humor.
3. Tell something about a negro camp meeting, or in some other way try to describe the negro's style of worship.
4. If it is convenient read what you think to be the most significant parts of the Emancipation Proclamation.
5. Name some other persons of the colored race beside Paul Laurence Dunbar that you think have achieved something worth while.

LESSON IV

Social Service

(Fourth Week in April)

EMOTIONAL PROBLEMS OF CHILDHOOD—JANE AND HENRIETTA

Serious and difficult emotional problems are presented by the two adolescent girls, Jane and Henrietta. Both were the victims of unintelligent parents. The basis of these problems is not uncommon in adolescent development because of lack of understanding by their parents; one girl was on the verge of a mental breakdown, and the other was contemplating suicide. Both suffered these serious emotional upsets because of the lack of sex education and guidance.

It will be remembered from the introductory discussion of emotional problems that the individual has three dominant instincts or urges—the ego, or self; the herd, or social; and the sex or love instinct. The three instincts all seek expression, and if thwarted or frustrated cause emotional disturbances. The individual expresses his ego urge by accomplishing certain ends and experiencing the joy and satisfaction of expression. He satisfies his social urge by gaining the confidence and approval of his family, playmates, and friends. In the studies of the emotional problems of childhood, it has been pointed out that the failure to gain normal expression or the failure to gain approval seriously affects the development of the child. His defeats, and unhappiness, and sense of failure deeply affect his emotional life, limiting his development, and making his conduct abnormal.

In our home and school life the tendency has been to ignore inquiry into the other important instinct, sex. The subject has been a taboo. Because sex has been recognized as a compelling life force, but its aspects have not been generally understood, the whole subject has taken on an atmosphere of morbid secrecy.

Sex education is the responsibility of the home. The first questions of the origin and development of life are asked in the home. The relation between parents, the relation between parents and their children, the attitude of brothers and sisters toward one another, and toward their friends, are all phases of sex relationships, and depend on wholesome home guidance to lead the child to normal, healthful attitudes.

The method of sex education will not be the subject of this discussion, for the subject itself deserves special attention and study. The purpose of studying the problems of Jane and Henrietta is to observe the real dangers and pitfalls that endanger adolescents if, through lack of home guidance, they have wrong information concerning sex, and unwholesome attitudes because of their misconceptions.

Jane at nineteen was at the beginning of a mental breakdown.

She was suffering from what is known as an anxiety neurosis. This condition was the result of a secret worry that she had tried to crowd out of her conscious life. In spite of her effort to forget her worry, the unconscious mind kept harboring and remembering until she came near a breakdown. All her anxiety, and nervousness, and weeping, and unhappiness, were the result of wrong sex information given her by her mother. She had at twelve, and again at sixteen met an experience not at all uncommon in childhood. Her mother had observed that she masturbated—practiced self-abuse—and had used the unintelligent method of correcting her by telling the child that she would go crazy if she did not stop the practice.

The mother filled the child's life with fear, shame and inferiority. The girl felt herself unclean and unfit for friendships and love. The shame and self-reproach continued, for at no time was she given frank, sound, sex information.

Her other home guidance was also harmful. Her mother was most rigid and severe in her regulations concerning her friends and social life, and this close supervision intensified her feeling of weakness and impending dangers.

When she was given a frank explanation of the function of sex by the physician she consulted, her danger was past. Her doubts and fears disappeared as soon as the atmosphere of secrecy and accompanying feeling of shame were removed.

Our author states that this practice occurs frequently among children, and should call for attention but not anxiety. The hazard is not the effect on the mind or body, but the fears and anxieties aroused by the method of correction. Parents should not express horror or instil fears to meet this behavior difficulty. Sympathetic understanding, patient teaching, and frankness by the parents will lead the child more readily to overcome the practice, and will not undermine his confidence and self-esteem.

Henrietta at sixteen found life dull, and contemplated self-destruction. Her thinking then led her to consider finding pleasure and securing pretty clothes by pursuing a course already adopted by her sister. Her poverty, her lack of normal childhood amusement, made the course of abandoning her moral principles seem exciting and attractive.

It is not fair to pass judgment on Henrietta and girls in her position, for the attitude they develop. Youth is a time for amusements and gaieties, and if no wholesome recreation is afforded young persons, it is quite natural for them to seek it in thoughtless and unwise channels.

The developing sex impulse in adolescents needs to be better understood by parents. In homes where boys and girls meet frequently to play and dance and enjoy youth together, there is no great occasion for alarm. Where this harmless, natural association is denied, either by lack of a pleasant home or by too rigid puri-

tanical standards, the frustrated impulse may lead to real difficulties.

Henrietta's difficulties were both the lack of frank instruction, and the lack of constructive direction. The importance of children gaining their information regarding matters of health, of the life processes, and the ideal of parenthood in a sane, natural way, cannot be over-emphasized. In homes where questions are evaded and the subject of sex physiology and development is left a mystery, the child's curiosity is not only stimulated but he develops a morbid attitude toward the whole subject. He then gains his information from sources such as his gang, and lurid magazines, and his entire conception of the part of sex in life becomes distorted. It becomes an unspeakable subject, one from which he gains an unwholesome pleasure in discussing and contemplating its unsavory aspects. The very mystery that his parents place upon the subject makes his attitude abnormal, morbid and unwholesome.

The child who receives frank answers to his early questions, and who has his own development explained to him in terms of ideals of parenthood is protected from this unpleasant and harmful speculation. Fore-armed with sound, accurate information from the parents whose sincerity he does not doubt, he will be able to dismiss the misinformation that he will later hear from his crowd or gang. He will also be spared the emotional upset when he finally realizes that his parents have deliberately given him false information.

Henrietta had further difficulty besides the lack of instruction. Her home had given her no opportunity for the outlet of her emotional interests. The release of this emotional energy is important to give the individual normal stable personality. The inherent craving of individuals for emotional satisfaction is termed the *libido*. If the libido finds expression for its great store of energy in harmless channels, the individual maintains a normal attitude towards life, and normal interests in the affairs of everyday living. If the libido finds no opportunity for release, that is, finds no emotional satisfaction in the daily associations, and in the regular scheme of living, the libido will find an outlet in some other channel, which may have undesirable effects on the person.

In terms of Henrietta her libido found no wholesome outlet. Her natural craving for emotional satisfaction was frustrated. Her parents did not realize how important these satisfactions are, until the effect of her barren emotional life was explained to them.

The libido can find expression and satisfaction in many channels. Affection and appreciation in the home are sources of emotional release. Games, parties, outdoor sports, recreation, new clothes, success in work, are all easily recognized as sources of emotional satisfaction, and releases of emotional energy.

Henrietta responded to the treatment prescribed, and her near-

sighted plans of securing clothes and pleasures by sacrificing her standards was forgotten. She was not scolded, nor lectured, nor criticized. No attempt was made to change her attitude by discussing her responsibilities and duties. Her thwarted emotional life made an intellectual appeal futile.

The treatment outlined was agreeable work away from home, where she found pleasure in her work and in being with children. Her earnings made it possible for her to gain other small pleasures in the way of recreation. Her days that had been spent in pent up brooding were now changed to active happy ones.

It is apparent that wholesome activity, recreation and pleasant associations are normal releases of the emotional life. Associations should be varied. There is some danger of too strong attachment between parents and children or two children. A mother, especially a widowed one, might devote herself too entirely to her only son or daughter. Two friends of the opposite sex at too early an age may make emotional ties that are upsetting when the necessity rises for separation. Two friends of the same sex may also become too dependent on each other for their later happiness.

There are types of individuals who do not mingle with groups readily or frequently. Such social expression as possible should be encouraged in these persons, but it must be remembered that the emotional energy can find expression in channels other than amusement. Creative work of any kind has been identified with emotional life. Any expression, whether through poetry, painting, music or other creative work, gives the person a real emotional satisfaction. This expression through creative effort, known as *sublimation* is the sex impulse released through other channels.

The program of sex education is based on frank information given by parents to children, and also on the direction of the emotional energy into channels of work, recreation, activity, and of its sublimation to satisfying, useful forms of expression.

References—*Challenge of Childhood*, Dr. Ira S Wile, pages 215-227.

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

1. Why is frank sex information to children important?
2. Why should this information be given in the home?
3. What is meant by the *libido*?
4. How can the libido find expression in normal channels?
5. What are normal emotional satisfactions for adolescents?
6. What are the dangers of lack of emotional expression?
7. What treatment was outlined for Henrietta?
8. What is meant by sublimation?

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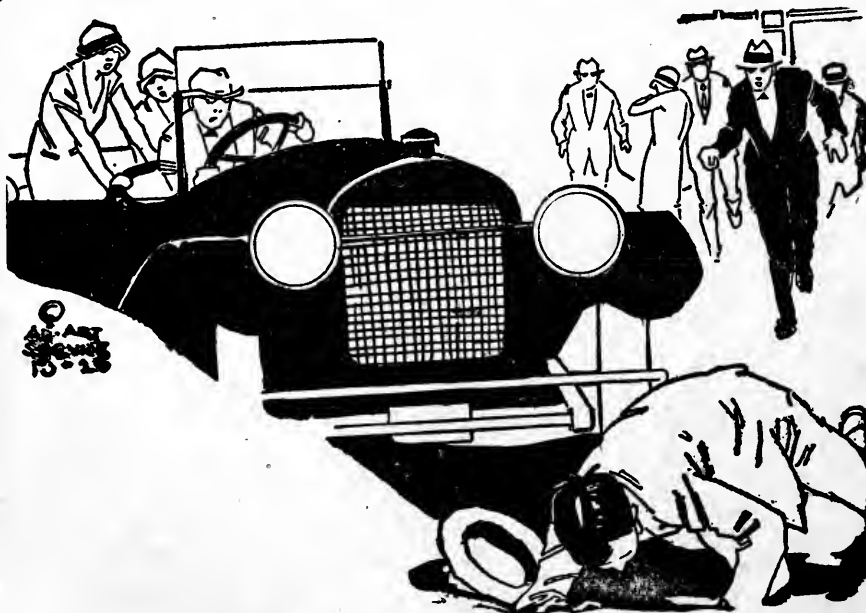
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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Vol. XIV

MARCH, 1927

No. 3

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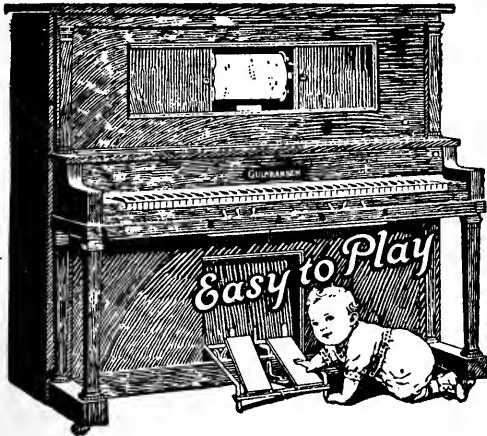
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Ode to Aunt Eliza R. Snow

Maggie Ivins Bentley

*Second poem to receive honorable mention in the
Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest*

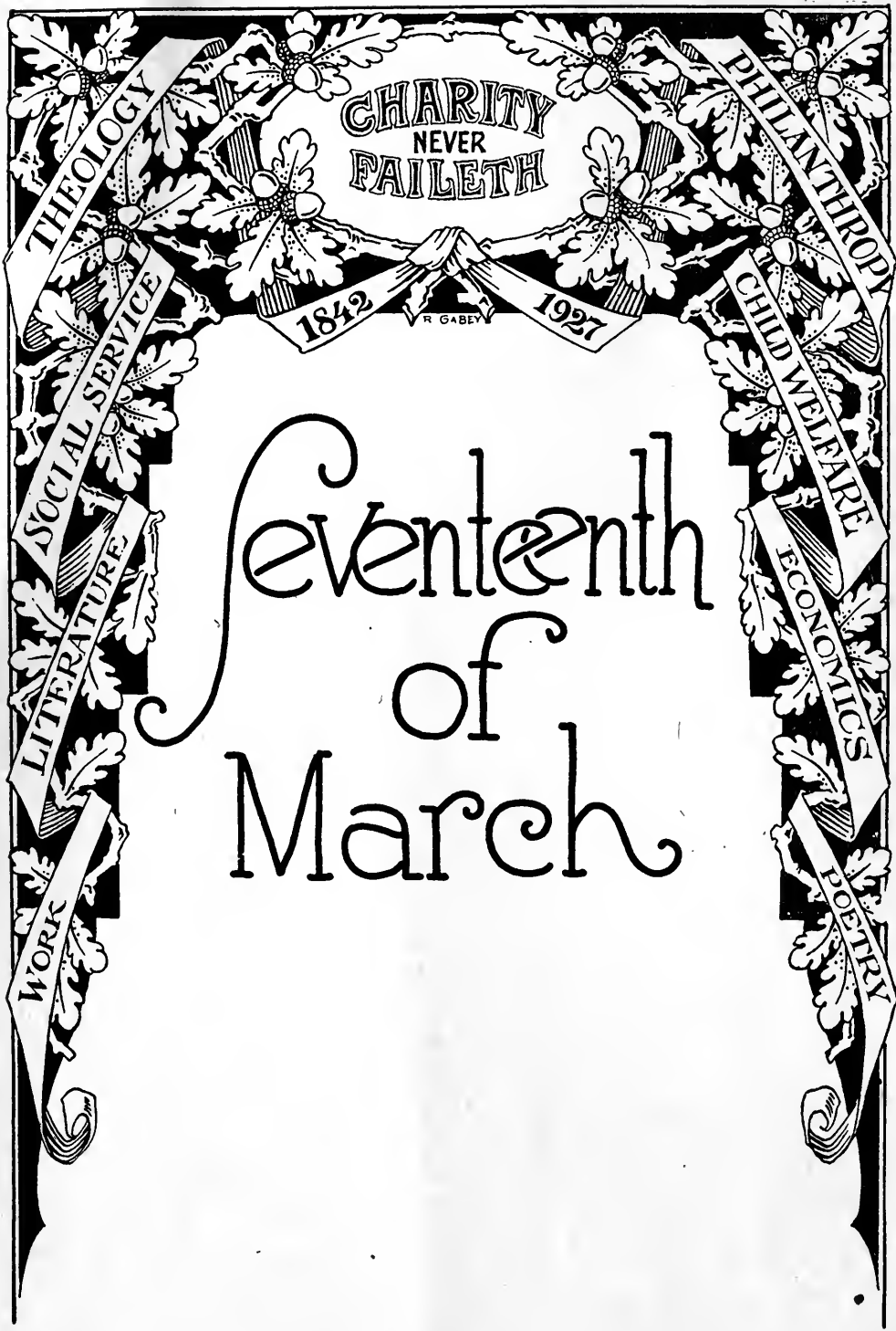
Deep in my heart are cherished memories
Of a dear lady, now with us no more;
One who possessed a queenly dignity,
With naught unwomanly to mar her grace,

When but a child upon my mother's knee,
In pensive mood I listened to the lore,
Thrilling beyond compare, of pioneers,
Who braved the dangers of the West, to find
A fitting place in which to make a home
Where they might worship as did Saints of old,
And rear their children in the path of right.

Among those noble men and women, who
For sake of conscience fled familiar scenes,
Courting the dangers of the wilderness,
Was Aunt Eliza, brave and true of heart,
Though frail in body, and by grief bowed down,
Because of tribulation's iron hand.
She ne'er was blessed with children of her own,
Yet, as a mother was revered by many
Who came to her for counsel and advice,
Or comfort in their greatest hour of need;
Her poesy, likewise, gave consolation
To Saints in Zion and in foreign lands—
Produced rare hymns of praise, and glorified
The cause for which her labor was expended.
From youth to age her valiancy was proven,
Regardless of the stress or circumstance;
By tongue and pen she heralded the truth
For which our martyred prophet suffered death.
What though the mortal casket of this dear
And gracious lady, long ago, was laid
Away in mother earth?—Her fame lives on,
And will continue so to do, as long
As time shall last. Dear Aunt Eliza:—

Memory recalls the day when you
Gave inspiration to the little ones
Who flocked to meet you, as from place to place,
You journeyed, working for the good of all;
The old, the young, the high as well as low,
Revered you as their prophetess and friend—
Even as Miriam, of Bible lore was loved
By countless hosts of ancient Israel.

Aunt Zina's name, with yours is always linked,
As true companion for the public weal;
We loved you both, and many others, who
Helped us to learn to do the better part.
God bless the noble pioneers who built
So well, and made it possible for us
To live and strive, as Saints of Latter days.



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1927

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of
March

THEOLOGY

PHILANTHROPY

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LITERATURE

ECONOMICS

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POETRY

THE

Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XIV

MARCH, 1927

No. 3

The Relief Society

*By Alfred Osmond, head of the English Department of the
Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.*

My mission is to comfort and relieve
All human beings who are in distress,
To suffer with the wretched ones who grieve,
And scatter seeds of kindness that will bless.
The sinners who are willing to confess
Can claim the boon of my protecting care.
I love the sad and sordid none the less,
But breathe for them an earnest heartfelt prayer
That God will guide their feet from pitfalls of despair.

My home is with the humble and the poor ;
The gilded palaces and stately halls,
Where pomp and pride seem stable and secure
To those who have become their willing thralls,
Do not appeal to me ; but when pride falls
I visit her and lead her to the light.
I dare not hesitate when duty calls,
But in the coldest and the darkest night
I seek her cheerless cell, to charm her sense of sight.

I love to live in valleys of distress,
In lonely places, on the desert sands
Where wealth will never come to cheer and bless
The feeble limbs and fleshless feet and hands.
Domestic shores and distant foreign strands
Have never called on me and mine in vain.
I nurse the needy who will break their bands,
The galling bands of poverty and pain,
To toil in open fields for means that will sustain.

I am the master of a cheerful mind,
The wielder of an influence for good,
The honors and the riches that I find
Will make my mission clearly understood.
With firmer faith and stronger hardihood,
I face the future of my life's career,
And stand today where I have always stood,
For love that drives away the ghosts of fear
And stirs the meanest mind with thrills of better cheer.



DR. VALERIA H. PARKER

Dr. Valeria H. Parker

*President of National Council of Women
United States of America*

Dr. Valeria H. Parker, Director of the Department of Protective Measures of the American Social Hygiene Association, has had a long experience in social work. She was born in Chicago, but since 1905 has lived further east, her home being in New York. Her training for her profession was obtained in Augusta Hospital, Berlin, Germany, in 1892; at Daros Platza, Switzerland, 1895; Hering Homeopathic Medical College, Chicago, 1902. In 1898, she was graduated receiving the degree of B. A. from Oxford College, Oxford, Ohio. Probably some of her medical work was done in this institution, but we have no information as to that. She has not been in active medical practice since her marriage, in 1905. In 1913, she was appointed the first woman probation officer in her home town of Greenwich, Connecticut. The following year she became Field Secretary of the Connecticut Social Hygiene Association, and continued to work for this organization until 1919, when she joined the staff of the American Social Hygiene Association. From 1919 to 1921, she was Chairman of the Social Hygiene Committee of the National League of Women Voters. She directs the social hygiene activities of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers and also the Department of Social Morality of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union. In 1920, when the United States Public Health Service held its Institute on Venereal Diseases and Social Hygiene, she was appointed one of the lecturers, and she was also a member of the Conference Committee of Fifty for the All-American Conference on Venereal Diseases of that year. In addition to her lecture and educational work, she has had experience in the direction of a home for deserted and unmarried mothers and their babies, and during the war was appointed, under the Connecticut State Council of Defense, supervisor of a force of six police-women, who formed part of the state police force and acted as law-enforcement and protective agents.

In June 1921, Dr. Parker was appointed to succeed Dr. Thomas A Storey, as Executive Secretary of the United States Interdepartmental Social Hygiene Board, a federal board established by Congress, in 1918, to protect soldiers and sailors from vicious influence and from venereal infections, in addition to promoting educational and scientific research in these fields. Through this work, Dr. Parker was enabled to develop further medical and sociological researches of value to the whole nation, and to cooperate with the United States Public Health Service, and other

federal voluntary agencies, in stimulating local officials and voluntary groups to new efforts in repressing prostitution, securing medical treatment, and rehabilitation for those needing them, and employing policewomen and other protective workers. No attempt was made by the Board to usurp police powers, but its work was one of aid and cooperation, its wide experience enabling it to help local authorities effectively.

On the termination of her leave of absence, July 1, 1922, Dr. Parker returned to the staff of the American Social Hygiene Association, as Director of its Department of Protective Measures. The Association is the representative voluntary social hygiene agency in the United States, its departments of Public Information, Educational Measures, Protective Measures, Legal Measures, and Medical Measures, cooperating closely with the governmental agencies such as the United States Public Health Service, United States Bureau of Education, the Department of Labor and the Department of Justice. It also works with state and community boards of health, and other recognized voluntary organizations having problems in its field.

Through its motion pictures, books and pamphlets, exhibits, and other material, together with the advisory service rendered by its staff, the Association has been able to give efficient cooperation to the influential women's organizations in the United States and other countries. Close relations are maintained with the League of Women Voters, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, the Council of Jewish Women, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and other organizations, regardless of sectarian or political affiliations.

In all this work, Dr. Parker is active in assisting to solve the complicated problems arising from the awakened public sense of responsibility for preventing sex delinquency, and in dealing fairly and wisely with the delinquent. Her wide experience in this field is constantly called upon, and her services as lecturer are in demand throughout the United States.



Women Legislators

Annie Wells Cannon

The Utah State Legislature of 1927 has four women representatives in the lower house. Two of these are serving their first term, while the other two have the experience of the previous session to their credit.

Since statehood in 1896 there have always been women in the Utah legislature; and though the representation has perhaps not been as large as the women of the state have deserved, or thought they were entitled to, the fact is something to be proud of, for the records disclose their work has been conscientious, efficient and noteworthy.

Naturally they have labored largely along educational and welfare lines; at the same time they have demonstrated a knowledge of, and interest in, all matters pertaining to the upbuilding and progress of the state.

LAURA WOODLAND TANNER

There are few women more devoted to unselfish service than Mrs. Tanner. As teacher, wife, mother and social worker she has given freely of her time and talents to the home, the school and the community.

Her parents and grandparents were Utah pioneers, and her girlhood home was in Brigham City. She early entered the Brigham Young College at Logan, and was the only woman student in the first graduating class of that institution, after which she taught school for a short period in Cache county.

In 1890 she was married to Henry S. Tanner, and spent some time with him in the California mission, later accompanying him to Ann Arbor, Michigan, where he studied law. In the enjoyment of the cultural atmosphere of that great university she had a rich experience, and her home became the rendezvous for Utah students and their friends. Her friendly care and gentle solicitude for the comfort and welfare of these young people as well as for the missionaries of the locality were proverbial and unceasing.

At home Mrs. Tanner has been an active worker in the auxiliary organizations of the Church, responding willingly to every call made upon her and having served as teacher or officer in the Sunday School, Religion Class, Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, and Relief Society. She is also much interested in genealogical work.

She has been chairman of many important committees in the fields of civic and educational welfare. For four years she was

vice president, and for three years president of the Parent Teachers' Association of Utah. As chairman of the Recreation committee she worked for the closing of streets near which there were insufficient school playgrounds, during the recess and noon hours. She was a leader in the survey among school patrons



as to what they most desired their children taught, the result of which was the present extensive instruction in manual training and home economics. She was chairman of the committee on adult health education under the Home and School League, also chairman of the Child Welfare Committee, which provided for the weighing and measuring of 13,639 pre-school children of Salt Lake City in connection with a survey made by the United States government. She has served as a member of the Civic Center organization and the Free Clinic and Dispensary. At present she is vice president of the Utah Congress of Parents and Teachers; vice president of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers, having in charge the collecting of Western history for that organization; chairman of legislation for the National Federation of Republican Women, having assisted materially in preparing a pamphlet on the fundamentals of taxation in Utah.

During the World War she engaged in helpful service under the Red Cross and Council of Defense and had one son in the service.

She is the mother of ten children, eight of whom are living, and notwithstanding her manifold public activities she continues to place home and motherhood above all else.

In the present legislature she is chairman of the Industrial School and School for the Deaf and Blind; is a member of the committees on Corporations, Buildings and Public Grounds, and Public Health.

MRS. MILLIE PINNEY LOWE

Mrs. Lowe is a daughter of the state of Utah. She is of pioneer parentage. Her father, William Pinney, was one of the early architects of the state, and for fifteen years was superintendent of public school construction.

She was born in Salt Lake City, and educated in the public



schools and University of Utah, from which institution she was graduated.

For many years Mrs. Lowe has been a teacher in the public schools, an experience which has given her a fine understanding of human nature, and doubtless prepared a way for that broader training which led to the responsible position of state legislator. In the present legislature she is chairman of the Public Health committee, and is a member of the committee on Education, University and Utah Agricultural College, and Resolutions and

Memorials. She is a member of the Wasatch Literary Club, the Elks Ladies' Club, the second largest federated club in the state, the Woman's National Republican Federation, and the Parent Teachers' Association, in all of which she has held responsible positions of office. She was one of the first presidents of the Parent Teachers' Association, and has always been devoted to the educational interests of the state. She is at present secretary of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, and is very helpful to that organization in many ways. She is considered one of the best parliamentarians among the women of the state, and had the unanimous support of the Federation for the nomination as legislator, knowing, as they did, her very splendid qualifications and thoroughness in everything she undertakes. Mrs. Lowe claims she has no pet ideas or hobbies, but is anxious to give consideration to any measure that would tend to help women and children. She believes there should be more intelligent training for motherhood, and that more attention should be given to health problems. She is vitally concerned, and cannot understand why people are so indifferent to the calamity of disease. She considers one of the greatest evils and one that is so subtle that it is hard to meet, is that evil which prompts young women to avoid motherhood. To her mind there is no joy like the joy of family life, with that, she says, one always has something to live for, and to her mind the greatest burden of life is "living without having something to live for." Mrs. Lowe says she is most bitterly opposed to the cigarette girl and all her ways, and feels that the prominent women of influence should take steps to show the girls how much better it would be to try to raise the standard of the men instead of stooping to their level.

Mrs. Lowe is the wife of Arthur J. Lowe, Jr. She has had four children, but lost one in babyhood after a brief illness. Her oldest daughter is a University graduate and a teacher in the public schools. While she has quite pronounced opinions, she has a charming manner and the poise and clearness of mind necessary for a legislator.

MRS. ACHSA E. PAXMAN

Mrs. Paxman of Utah county has proved herself a most capable and efficient law-maker. She was a member of the legislature of 1925, and received many marks of favor and attention. Her quiet dignity and clear comprehension of matters presented, and her concise and logical way of argument, were remarked upon by her colleagues, and her re-election to the 1927 session is but a just recognition of earnest and satisfying work. The *Magazine* has previously given a short sketch of Mrs. Paxman, but since that time she has added somewhat to her laurels by engaging in other important activities. Under her presidency the Provo Woman's

Republican Club made a rather aggressive campaign, and with an increased membership put over some very fine educational work along Americanization and political science lines. As a member of the state presidency of the Relief Society, she is kept very busy in welfare work, and those best acquainted with the many



duties of that office can easily appreciate the fact of the constant calls that would be made upon her time.

With her experience as a wife and mother, and her natural love for doing good, the people of the state may feel quite assured of her wisdom in all matters. In the present legislature she is chairman of the State Mental Hospital committee, and is a member of the committees on Public Health, Education, and the University and Agricultural College. She is the wife of W. Monroe Paxman of Provo, and the mother of five children. She is a graduate of the Brigham Young University, also the State University, and is an accomplished elocutionist. She is easy to approach and gracious in manner; holds firm to her convictions on all moral issues and desires to be helpful to her friends whenever possible.

MRS. JULIA KENDRICKS SMART

Mrs. Smart, interested chiefly in home life, found herself in 1924 in politics and a candidate for election to the state house of representatives, hers having been the unusual experience of political honors thrust upon her. That her work in the session of 1925, at which time a sketch of her appeared in this *Magazine*, was eminently satisfactory, is evident, for without opposition she

received the nomination and vote of her constituency for re-election.

She is alert and has a pleasing personality, with real business acumen, having had considerable experience in her early married life, assisting her husband with his extensive farm and live-stock interests. She is a descendant of Utah pioneers, and of early American ancestry. She was born in Thatcher, Idaho. Her parents, the late Joseph and Margaret Petty Kendricks, moved to Logan when she was six years old, and there, in the grammar schools and Brigham Young College, she received her education.



In 1908 she was married to Claud Loyd Smart, and ten years later, in company with her husband, spent five years in the Eastern States mission. Her missionary work was mostly in New York City, where she gained a rich experience. She is an active worker in the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, a member of the Daughters of the "Mormon" Battalion, and is interested in civic and welfare work. In the present legislature she is serving on the following committees: Education, University and Agricultural College, and State Mental Hospital. Her home is in Salt Lake City.

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Room 28, Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah

Magazine entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah

Vol. XIV

MARCH, 1927

No. 3

EDITORIAL

Did the Charter Members Dream it?

It is eighty-five years, on the 17th day of March, 1927, since the Prophet Joseph Smith organized the Relief Society in the city of Nauvoo. The women who were made part of the organization knew, no doubt, that they were brought together for purposes of great good; yet it is doubtful if their vision penetrated a time when the organization would be linked up with prominent social agencies that are striving earnestly, sympathetically and intelligently for the alleviation of sorrow and suffering in the world.

Anybody visiting the cemeteries where the Puritan mothers sleep may observe that these cemeteries frequently contain the graves of several wives and many children of one man. The people of that time were bowed in sorrow over what they believed to be the dispensation of Providence, feeling no doubt that it was in the order of things, and there was no way to avoid such calamities. Even Eugene Field, the poet, to whom we devote an article in this issue of the *Magazine*, lost three of his six children.

We have already drawn attention, in editorial columns, to a change that is taking place. H. G. Wells, the famous English writer, in a series of articles which are being published in the Sunday edition of the *New York Times*, on progressive movements in the world, after quoting some very extraordinary statistics about

the decrease in the death rate of infants, in Great Britain, concludes by showing that the past few years have brought about extraordinary results in this respect, in all the more highly civilized parts of the world. We wonder if, in the visions that crowded upon the early workers in the Relief Society, they could see the dawn of this splendid day, when mothers and children would be permitted to live out a natural life and not so often be separated one from the other!

**Honorable Treasurer—Mrs. W. E. Sanford—
International Council of Women**

We take great pleasure in introducing to our readers in this anniversary issue, Mrs. W. E. Sanford, Honorable Treasurer of the International Council of Women. Mrs. Sanford's home is at Wesanford, Hamilton, Canada. She is a woman of very great charm, and of deep religious sentiment. She was in attendance at the Biennial Meeting of the National Council of Women of the United States, held in Detroit, in November, 1925. At that Biennial Dr. Valeria H. Parker was elected president, and Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman, recording secretary. Mrs. Sanford was at the Council Meetings as a representative of the International Council. In the course of a brief address she quoted the following extracts from *The Life of Faith*, February 7, 1923:

“I had walked life's way with an easy tread,
Had followed where comforts and pleasures led,
Until one day in a quiet place,
I met the Master, face to face.

“With station and rank, and wealth for my goal,
Much thought for my body, but none for my soul,
I had entered to win in life's big race,
When I met the Master, face to face.

“I met Him and knew Him and blushed to see
That His eyes full of sorrow were fixed on me.
I faltered and fell at His feet that day,
While my castles melted and vanished away,
Melted and vanished, and in their place,
Naught else did I see but the Master's face.
And I cried aloud, ‘Oh, make me meet
To follow the steps of Thy wounded feet.’
My thought is now for the souls of men;
I have lost my life to find it again,
E'er since one day in a quiet place,
I met the Master, face to face.”

Mrs. Lyman was so deeply impressed with the quotation that she asked Mrs. Sanford for a copy. In forwarding the lines, Mrs. Sanford wrote: "Kindly accept enclosed cards, the verses on which were used at the Biennial Meeting of the National Council of Women of the United States, held in November, 1925, in Detroit. With earnest good wishes from Mrs. Sanford."

Commendable Initiative

Word comes to us from time to time of the splendid work the Relief Societies are doing all over the Church, to enhance and broaden the scope of the lesson work. In the August issue of the *Magazine*, we drew attention to what had been done to make more interesting the Emily Dickinson lesson, and the lesson on Amy Lowell. Now word comes to us that when the Joaquin Miller lesson was studied the Berkeley Relief Society took an excursion to the poet's home, and to the funeral pyre that is swept by the winds of the Golden Gate. When Eugene Field was the subject of the lesson, Mrs. Temperance Moon, of Farmington, who was the nurse of Eugene Field from 1851 to 1853, appeared before the Relief Society and told of her experience, and presented letters that had been written to her by the famous author. Now she brings them to us.

June 21, 1910, the semi-weekly *Herald-Republican* of Salt Lake City published an article covering this story. We feel sure it will be of interest to our readers, therefore we are publishing in this issue of the *Magazine* the pictures of Mrs. Moon and Eugene Field, as well as the article appearing in the *Herald-Republican*.

We heartily commend officers, class leaders, and all connected with them, for their interest and foresight in putting over projects of such unmistakable value.

An Important Visitor

We are including in this issue of the *Magazine* a portrait and brief sketch of Dr. Valeria H. Parker, President of the National Council of Women of the United States, and Director of the Department of Protective Measures, American Social Hygiene Association. Dr. Parker is one of the outstanding women of America. We think of her in connection with such women as Carrie Chapman Catt, Mrs. Maud Wood Park, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Julia Lathrop, Grace Abbott, and other outstanding women who are devoting all of the talent and power with which God has endowed them for the eradication of social ills in the world.

Dr. Parker is interested in social hygiene problems. She is

interested in the abolition of intemperance, and social diseases, and all things that mar the peace and happiness of the human race. She is interested in the abolition of war, and to this end is putting forth her best energies that nations may understand one another, and that death and destruction may not follow in the wake of some petty misunderstanding or disagreement. Dr. Parker is seeking to have all the world as free from social diseases, of which social hygiene takes particular note, as the editor of *The Forum* intimated the "Mormon" people are, when he wrote of the "Mormons" "that their venereal record in the world war was as clean as a whistle."

Tribute to the Great Women's Organization, A Starter in the Emancipation of Women

(Tune—"Come, All Ye Sons of Zion")

Kershaw N. White, Bishop of 26th Ward, Salt Lake City

Come Israel's favored daughters, yours is a work of cheer,
Progressing as you journey, through every passing year;
Success will crown your labors, the fountain clear and pure
From which your cause is flowing, proclaims it shall endure.

A Prophet, Seer and Martyr, met with you on that day,
And gave his precious blessing to start you on your way;
And youth, in all its beauty, joined hand in hand with age
To write a wondrous story in history's shining page.

Where death's bright angel enters, we ever find you there,
And poor and sick and needy will always have your care.
So, an earnest invitation we lovingly extend,
And trust that in this service, your zeal you now will lend.

A glorious Prophet leader, gave you a charter grand,
And so divine approval has made your cause expand;
And everywhere God's daughters will come into their own
And reap a bounteous harvest from seeds that you have sown.

Narvik and Bergen

May Booth Talmage

On the little boat which carried us north from Trondhjem, we found experiences that were absolutely unique to us. The opportunities for observation of customs and people were vastly different from those afforded on the great ocean liners.

The tiny cabins were comfortable, and food good, and the miniature drawing rooms quite large enough for the few who wished to use them; but in none of these did our chief interest center. There were delicious sunshine, exhilarating breezes and a glorious sea outside. There was an ever changing panorama of scenery, with new delights to broaden experience at every turn.

There was no suggestion of an ocean voyage as our little craft threaded its way in and out of those fjords. Contrasts of narrow passages scarcely wider than a river, but always emerging into a broad expanse of water; and charming emerald hills, their rugged, barren crags, their nooks and coves, where snuggled tiny villages named after the viks (pronounced veeks) or little tiny inlets of the fjords, which villages are inhabited by men and women whom choice of nature has placed far indeed from the "maddening crowd;" and their busy, bustling cities, where industries are carried on and thousands have congregated "to live and move and have their being."

The Captain was a pleasing, approachable man and chatted freely with some of the passengers. He had been to the ends of the earth—if there are any—and spoke English well. Our boat, however, was by no means intended for voyagers only. It was laden with everything from cabbages to—well, not kings exactly, but things almost as important to the lives of those isolated people. A shrill whistle announced our approach as we came in sight of a little town near a "vik." We would then see one or two small boats loosened from their moorings and rowed out to get the passengers, mail, or freight, brought to them by our vessel. We slowed down but did not stop as they came alongside us and attached their boat to ours by ropes. A ladder or wooden stairway was lowered, by means of which the passengers from the shore came aboard our ship and others descended to sail away to their inland nooks. Afterward a freight craft replaced the one for passengers, and received such commodities as had been consigned to that place. The variety of things carried was a source of intense interest, as we watched the unloading process at various places. Lumber, sugar, vegetables, live chickens, flowering window plants, a

sewing machine, canned goods from the U. S. A., and a huge stone, were some of the things we noted, though it taxed our curiosity to know why the last article was brought, since stones of the self-same kind were plentiful in the region.

At one landing stage there were huge piles of sorted fish-heads and bones. We learned that they were to be used by a fertilizing plant and glue factory in the vicinity. Only a few coarse-garbed workmen were in view, and almost no houses; yet before we left there came tripping along a charming, fair-haired maiden of about fifteen, with her little brothers. Her dainty, light, blue-sprigged dimity was the season's latest style; and the little fellows, one with a trim dark suit, the other in bright red, might have been attired ready to start for a picture show in some metropolis. They looked quite incongruous with that setting of unkempt men and ill smelling piles of fish bones. They were doubtless the children of the



NARVIK

manager, whose wife preserved her ideals of self-respect regardless of environment; and, of course, she will never know what a pleasing memory was thus left on the minds of traveling strangers.

Notwithstanding this bit of philosophizing we could not help exclaiming, "What a life for a young girl with dreams and hopes and aspirations!"

We had as fellow-passengers a troop of Boy Scouts, who did honor to their organization by their happy dispositions, their courteous, manly ways and general good behavior. They also understood English and spoke it, though brokenly. Along

the way they were greeted by representatives of other troops and warmly welcomed when their destination was reached. We were sorry to lose their cheery presence.

On the second day out we touched at Boda, and went ashore for an eight hour respite. My diary records the following facts concerning this interesting place to which the Norwegian king had come two weeks before to open a big fair:

A walk about town furnished some surprises. We found three banks located in fine buildings, fourteen autos waiting near the hotel, fifty boats of various types and sizes in the charming little harbor, an electric light shop, photograph gallery, Ford salesroom, good modern hotel, comfortable homes with flowers in almost every window, not common household plants, but the luxurious La France and other choice varieties of roses that flourish so luxuriantly in that vicinity due to the favorable climate, as President Christopherson told us. In a green grocery shop there were bananas, oranges, cherries, gooseberries, tomatoes, cucumbers, cabbages, turnips and carrots—these in a country farther north than Iceland!"

At 4:00 p. m. we reembarked, and reached our destination, Narvik, at 2:00 p. m. the following day.

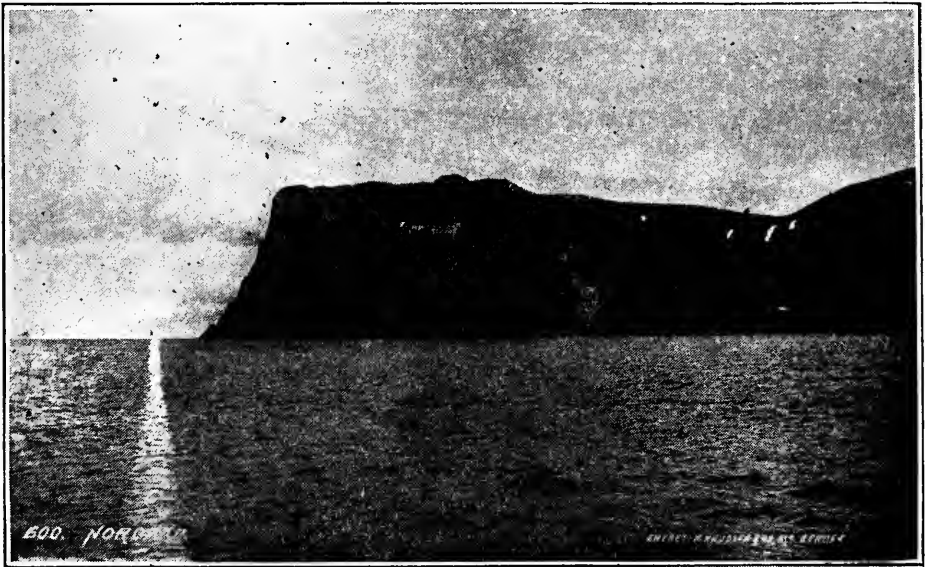
One is apt to imagine that within the Arctic Circle the people dress in furs and have to use much oil and fat in their diet in order to keep warm. We were pleasantly surprised to find glorious sunshine and a climate that made even a light spring wrap unnecessary. Most of our little colony were out to meet the boat. It was to them an occasion of twofold significance. They were greeting for the first time their own Mission President, Brother Martin Christopherson, and the President of the European Missions, for the first time in years. We were taken by Branch President Emil Evensen and our one lone elder, Hyrum L. Jensen—not on a sledge, with reindeer, but in an ordinary automobile—to a comfortable hotel. A delicious chicken dinner with soup, vegetables, salad and desert as accompaniments, served on attractively decorated tables, gave no evidence of our being far from our homeland, nor did we observe anything in the dress, customs, or climate noticeably different from those in the southern cities of Norway.

The city of Narvik, which is built largely upon hills, has a population of about 7,500. The buildings are substantial-looking, and there was an air of general prosperity. No unemployment exists in the city, we were told, which seemed to us very wonderful, since we had so recently left Great Britain, where the coal strike was on, and where for several months there had been more than a million people unemployed.

To Narvik is sent by rail the crude ore from the Swedish mines. This is then transferred to boats and taken to England or other places to be smelted. This industry is responsible

in large measure for the thriving condition of this little northern town, which boasts three banks and a trio of newspapers.

What can one say that will do justice to our little band of devoted members, so far remote from other branches? They number not more than twenty-five in all, and aside from a change of the missionaries once or twice a year and a visit from their mission president at widely separated intervals, or of the European missions' president once every few years, they are entirely isolated from the rest of the Church. Few Church works and none of our magazines are published in their language; no great semi-annual conference can they attend to give them spiritual uplift; they have no visits from stake board members to offer help; no lectures to afford a change, and yet we found the same genuine gospel spirit, and the testi-



NORDKAP

monies they bore lacked no whit of fervor or earnestness.

One member, Sister Lassen, had come by boat from her home a distance of 105 miles to attend the meetings. She is veritably the "one of a city" as there is no other member where she resides.

The branch had no members who were out of employment and none who needed assistance; hence the Relief Society problems were not difficult to solve; but the longing to be visited and built up spiritually was intense. This was evinced in many ways that left no room for doubt.

On the Sunday of our arrival, September 5, two public sessions were held. Among the visitors at the evening meeting was the editor of one of the local papers. He seemed much interested

in the proceedings and remained for a pleasant conversation after the service closed. Having lived for six years in America, he, of course, spoke our language well. President Evensen understands English and speaks it with a somewhat broken accent.

Supper, after we reached the hotel, was unique in that it was all placed on a long table and the guests were free to help themselves. As at a buffet meal at home, the plates and cutlery were in piles and the variety of food was delicious enough to tempt the appetites of the most exacting. Guests could replenish their plates as often as desired; the moderate prices being no different if one ate much or little.

On the boat going up we were amused to hear a young woman inquire with apparent seriousness as to which hour at the North Cape would be the best to see the midnight sun.

We were a month or more too late to see this phenomenon in Narvik at midnight, but we climbed a rather high hill at 11 p. m., and forty-five minutes later watched the lingering after-glow disappear. Before descending we were able to read very fine print.

Aside from the interesting sunset, the view from the hill was wonderful. The broad expanse of water, with boats at anchor, the distant mountains outlined against the sky as far as the eye could reach, the twinkling lights from homes on the hills opposite, and the quiet of the midnight hour, were all deeply impressive.

As we descended we met an elderly man taking what seemed to be a leisurely evening stroll, and a bit farther on several young couples were enjoying the twilight hour. We were curious to learn how the young men could decide when it was time to go home, since it would not be really dark before the morrow's sun would rise.

Other meetings were held on Monday, and between such we were entertained at the home of Sister Aslang Sorensen, the Relief Society president. About 11 p. m. a few of these newly-made friends went with us to the boat. With tear-dimmed eyes they said farewell; there was much sympathy in our hearts as we watched them go slowly home. To them it meant long months of waiting until another visitor would come, and it might be years before both their mission president and a member of the Council of the Twelve could make the long journey together.

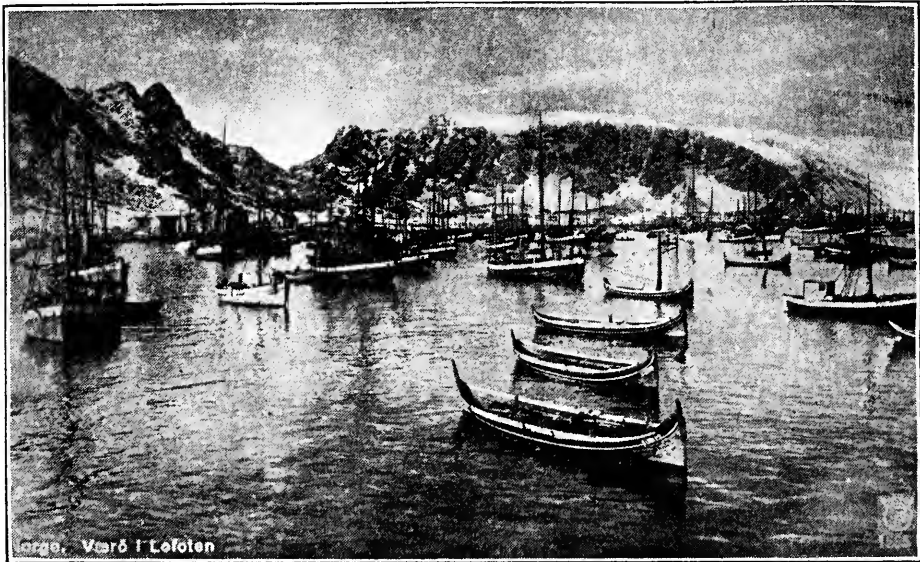
Shortly after rising the following morning we left our little boat and boarded a much finer one, which was on its return trip from the North Cape. Among the interesting passengers aboard were two nieces of the well known scientist, the late Lord Lister. They, with their cousin and two friends from Switzerland, had waited in vain for three days to see the midnight sun, but the obstinate clouds refused to lift. Though no longer young, this group of women knew how to get much enjoyment from life. Two were artists, the others keenly interested in botany; it was a

real pleasure to converse with them and watch their animated faces.

As we wound in and out of the fjords, now among high forbidding crags and soon amidst the loveliest green hills with tiny towns, on "viks," hidden in nook or cove, one could not but envy these artist friends and their talents. With swift, sure hand they caught the passing loveliness and held it captive for home friends to enjoy.

One gorgeous sunset made indelible impression on my memory. A gateway between two jutting hills revealed the sun just ready to sink into the sea. The softly undulating waves made the great ball of flame and gold appear to dance upon the water. Unlike any previous sight some optical illusion caused the lower half to look like the reddest embers, with a band of black dividing it from its upper half of gold. The crest of the waves caught and held this glorious glint of fiery color, which was in turn reflected in the depressions in opalescent tints. The scene was breathtaking in its indescribable loveliness.

Our boat arrived again at Trondhjem on Thursday morning in time for a delicious breakfast at the mission home. As no other vessel left for Bergen before evening, we had the pleasure of another day with our missionaries there. The Relief Society sister again brought a basket of daintily prepared food for us to



NORGE VAERO I LOFOTEN

have on the boat in case we should not always want the fare provided. Their thoughtfulness was deeply appreciated.

Sister Borghild E. Nielsen, the mission secretary, again joined us on the trip to Bergen, which place we reached on Saturday morning. This beautiful Norwegian city holds a very warm place in my heart, built as the city is back from the harbor, and stretch-

ing upward between hills covered with all kinds of evergreens. Not alone between the hills but on one side the houses climb on and on up to the very top. A large restaurant, fitted up in charming style, crowns the summit; and passengers are conveyed from below by means of a funicular railroad. There are landing stages on the way where people who live in these high places get on and off. A well constructed road winds back and forth for pedestrians who like to climb. We preferred to use this on the downward trip and were rewarded by a prolonged view of the wonderful scenery spread out before us. The harbor with its boats arriving and departing, the river with smaller craft plying between the harbor, and a lake up in the hills beyond the town, the houses dotting the hillside and valley, made another memorable picture.

The meetings held during our three days sojourn in Bergen included the splendid features of those attended in other cities. The well nigh perfect blending of voices produced music that lingers yet to give us joy. Each day the Relief Society officers prepared excellent meals for the missionaries of the Conference and the visiting guests. As in other places we were overwhelmed by all this self-sacrificing and kindness.

Our visit to the Scandinavian countries was now at an end. At the wharf a large group gathered. They came with flowers and other tokens of remembrance. After we embarked and sailed they walked to the end of the long pier and waved until eyes could no longer detect the bits of fluttering white. Our hearts were full of blessings for the warm friends we met or made throughout all the missions visited; and there were also fervent prayers for honest souls who yet shall come within the gospel fold.

My Faith

Helen McQuarrie

'Long time ago I prayed
And Heavenly Father heard,
And lo: I stand on Zion's soil
Rejoicing, glad and unafraid

Oh Father dear, may I
'Mid all these wondrous scenes
Within Thy house be found
Purified, for Thou art nigh.

Nurse who Attended Eugene Field When a Boy Now Resident of Utah

Extract from the Semi-Weekly Herald-Republican, Salt Lake City, Utah, Tuesday, June 21, 1910, presented to the Relief Society Magazine by Mrs. Moon.

A way beyond Lagoon, on the North Farmington road, lives a sweet-faced, gentle-voiced old lady whose distinction it is to have been the nurse of Eugene Field. "Would she leave her garden for a few minutes to talk about her famous charge?" Her face lighted up with pleasure at the question, and she accepted the invitation cordially for he was her "boy," she said.

In 1851, when Eugene Field was 9 or 10 months old, Mrs. Temperance Moon, of Farmington, Utah, then a child herself of 11, was for two years employed as a nurse girl in the family of Roswell M. Field, father of the distinguished writer. Little Eugene was her especial charge. In 1853 Mrs. Moon came to Utah with her brother and heard no more from the Field family until she wrote Eugene Field, in 1891, to ask if the writer of the verses, which she had come to love, was by any chance her little charge of earlier years.

Field responded with warmth to her letter, said he remembered his old nurse, and cordially inquired about her family and old-time mutual friends. The letters which passed between them are a great source of comfort to Mrs. Moon, and the correspondence only terminated at Field's death. "If he had lived, I believe he would have come to see me," she said sadly. It was the same "if he had lived" that hundreds of warm personal friends repeat with regret as they mourn the early death of the writer.

SENDS HER HIS PICTURE

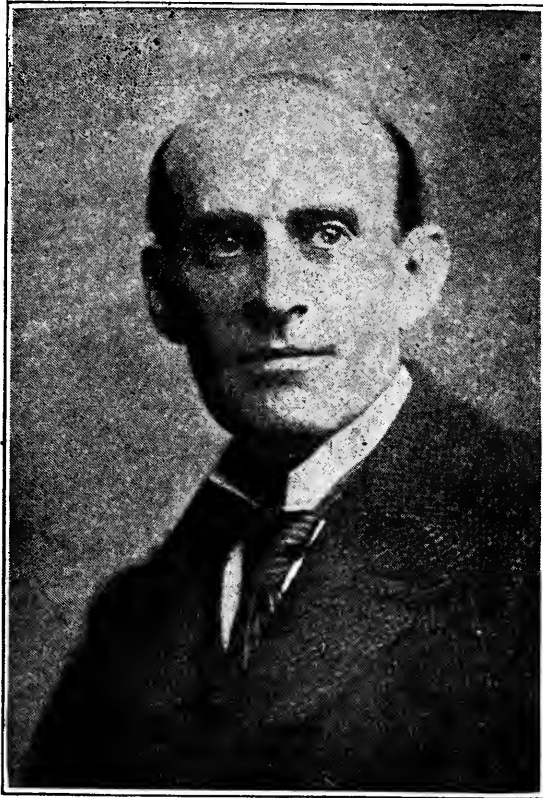
Field sent Mrs. Moon a picture with the inscription, "Frances Field and her baby Eugene Field. Copy of a picture made in 1851," and asked her to write him if she remembered it. Mrs. Moon says that she does, and a later one when she herself took the child in his first little suit of clothes to have his picture taken. This one, she would give many times its value to possess, but there is no means of knowing if a copy is in existence. The new clothes were of black velvet, with a circular cloak that fell to his heels and a black velvet hat and feather. The child was very large for his age Mrs. Moon says, fair, with dark blue eyes and soft, pliable light hair that was quite long for a baby. This fairness Eugene Field kept up in later life, a newspaper story describing him as "tall, slender, boyish, blonde and aggressive."

Mrs. Moon, whose maiden name was Temperance Westwood,

lost her parents when she was about 11 years old, and it was found necessary for the child to go to work. Her sister, Mercy, was at the time cook in the Field household in St. Louis, Mo. The family was in good circumstances and kept a considerable establishment, living in a three-story house in one of the best residence suburbs of the city. Mrs. Field came into the kitchen one day when Temperance was there visiting her sister, and it was explained to her that the little girl must secure a situation.

"I want you to stay here," she said to Temperance, "and take care of Eugene, who is getting to be a big boy."

Later, when another child was born, Temperance had the



EUGENE FIELD

entire charge of Eugene, sleeping with him in the nursery and looking after him all day long.

FIELD LOVED STORIES

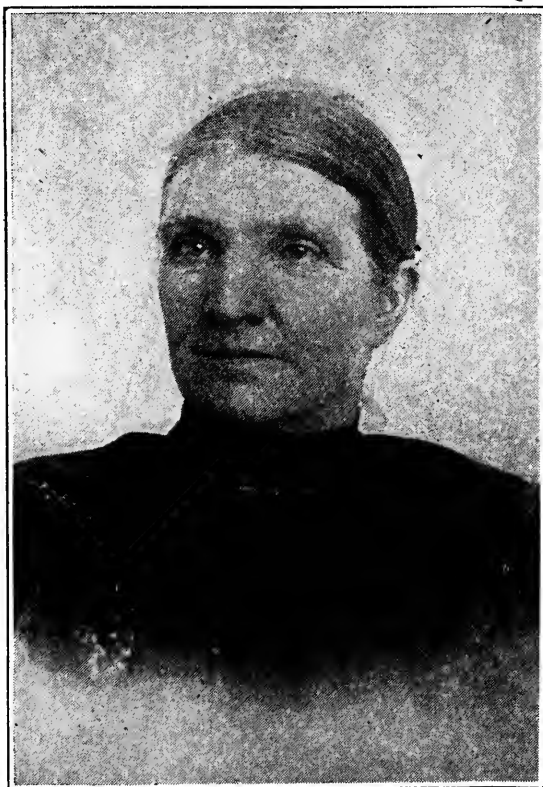
Mrs. Moon recalls particularly that in the last months of her care of him, when the child was in his fourth year, how he loved stories. The mother often gave Temperance money to buy fairy tales to read to Eugene.

"He seemed in spirit older than his body," said Mrs. Moon, and added that the child clung to her and that she could do anything with him. He was a good baby, large and healthy, accord-

ing to Mrs. Moon, and of a very inquiring disposition. One of his favorite tales was *Puss in Boots*.

Mrs. Field was a very particular woman, insisting that the best care must be given her children. She did not like nicknames, so the boys were called by their full names, Eugene and Roswell. The father, a lawyer of considerable local note, was very fond of his children and used to come to the nursery to play with his boys oftener than the nurse quite liked. He was a great smoker, and Mrs. Moon remembers seeing him striding up and down the parlors, declaiming some speech he was about to make.

When Mrs. Moon came to Utah, in 1853, she parted with



MRS. TEMPERANCE MOON

great regret from the little boy she had come to love. Crossing the plains with an ox team, and the experiences of the strange life in the west, caused her to lose sight of her charge, whose mother soon after died, and the family was broken up. Mrs. Moon married Henry Moon, in 1856. They lived for some time in Salt Lake, but later moved to Farmington, where she now resides.

FIELD'S MOTHER DIES

While he was yet a little child, Eugene Field's mother died, and he was placed in the care of his aunt, Miss Mary French,

of Amherst, Mass. At 17 years of age he entered Williams college. His father, Roswell M. Field, a distinguished lawyer of St. Louis, who is perhaps best known as one of the counsel for Dred Scott in the famous slavery case, was a thorough scholar. He required the young student to carry on all correspondence in Latin. Before the son had been long at Williams college the father died.

Professor John W. Burgess, who was appointed the boy's guardian, placed him in Knox college, at Galesburg, Ill. He studied there two years and later at the University of Missouri. In 1871, having attained his majority, Field traveled in Europe. He then became a newspaper reporter on the St. Louis *Evening Journal*, from which time his career as a writer was assured. His death occurred November 4, 1895, at the age of 45.

It is doubtful if any other writer has woven so many beautiful child fancies into verse. Even if he had never written anything else, these were enough to bring fame to Eugene Field. His prose writings prove him to have been gifted with delicate sentiment and rare humor. His early death, at a time when he was doing his best work, cut off a career that had only just begun to shape itself.

Following is a copy of a letter Mr. Field wrote Mrs. Moon:

Dear Mrs. Moon: Your letter pleased me very much indeed. I send you a copy of a picture of my mother and myself—a copy of one made when I was a little baby. Please tell me whether it looks natural to you. The Pomeroy girls, Mary and Stella, are both married. Mary lives here in Chicago, and has no children. Stella lives in St. Louis and has a large family. My aunt Belle is now a widow, living in Swanzey, N. H. She married a farmer named Angier. I married in 1875, and we have three children living, a girl of 15 and boys aged 12 and 9. We have lost two boys and one girl. My brother is married but has no children. He is one of the editors of the *Kansas City Star*. I shall try to send you a picture of my father if I can get a copy made of one we have. Do let me hear from you often. Your letter interested me very much. God bless you. Ever sincerely yours,

EUGENE FIELD.

420 Fullerton Avenue, Chicago.
May 13, 1891.

The Prime of Life

Thy youth is still upon thee; use it well:

No days so precious as the days of prime!

Count every hour a gem; keep sentinel

Against each robber of thy priceless time:

Count every day misspent a failure and a crime.

—*Horatius Bonar*

Grandmother Margaret's Slippers

Evelyn Elder

Let someone mention the word grandmother, and what picture do you immediately visualize? A dear, hesitating old lady in spectacles and shawl; or a dignified, precise old lady in stiff, immaculate silk gown; or still a pious, church-going old lady, with hymn-books and Bibles piled ten deep about her. Any of these images might readily occur, but rarely would one conjure up a frivolous old lady, with dancing eyes and a light heart. Yet, thank heaven, that is just what Grandmother Margaret always was, frivolous.

From her gleaming, black curls to her small white party pumps, Grandmother Margaret fairly sparkled. And while the ringlets are remembered now only through the medium of an old-fashioned photographer's skill, the white slippers are a different matter. With what reverence of fingers and fluttering of breath, they were drawn forth from the old trunk. For indeed, such little snatches had been left of Grandmother. Her pictured face with its soft masses of dark locks smiled gayly down on us from the living-room wall. Two little pearl ear-drops lay demurely in a faded old satin box. A slimy-fashioned, rustling, black-silk jacket was packed securely away among other precious keep-sakes. A shimmering ruby ring lay sparkling coyly in expectation of a future dark-haired girlish wearer. And then to come so unexpectedly upon the dainty, old-fashioned pumps. To draw them forth from the cool, sweet-smelling trunk. To pull the rustling tissue paper carefully away, and to set them out on the soft, deep-toned rug. There they stood, two adorably gay, impudent, white party slippers, faintly yellowed with age.

Now old, half-forgotten memories of stories told by Grandmother Margaret's own lips began to steal back slowly, of that joyous evening, long ago, when a proud and happy girl had danced a brisk quadrille with Brigham Young. How Grandmother's back would straighten and her small head proudly lift itself when she would relate that story. While the little slippers, pride and impudence in every line of them, might easily have glided through that memorable dance with the leader of the desert wastes, perhaps they, too, had tapped their laughing way into the heart of the tall pioneer lad, with the steady gray eyes, and the quiet voice. A new sparkle would come to Grandmother's eyes over the memory of those old meetings, of those far-away times, when the tall, serious boy with the strong back and the sensitive mouth, who, although he could brave trackless plains, and flooding streams, still fell victim to a shining-haired girl with a laughing way.

Dear little slippers. For they it was undoubtedly, that carried a trembling, white-frosted maid to a flower-banked altar,

by her side the same tall lad with worshipping eyes. And then when the last strains of faint music had ceased, and the last friends had departed, she had slipped down in a little white heap by the old trunk, and softly, lingeringly, had pushed the dainty things deep into a corner, where years later another dark-haired girl would find them, and slowly, hesitatingly, draw them forth again.

Such little frivolous, white party pumps, to give back so many memories of Grandmother Margaret. She whose tired, girlish feet trudged weary miles of sage-brush-covered plains. She whose fingers toiled unceasingly to build the new home in the strange land. But also, she whose eyes looked trustfully forward to a happy future, and above all, she whose heart danced through the years to the tune of fiddle and song. I cherish those little white slippers.

Tomorrow

Another weary day is done,
 And as I watch the setting sun,
 I sit and think, what have I won,
 Or is this day another lost?
 If so, what then shall be the cost
 That I must pay?
 But soon 'twill be another day,
 And then will I begin anew,
 And strive with all my might to do,
 The will of God tomorrow.

The sun is rising, yes, I see;
 Ah, then tomorrow it must be!
 But no, it is today, and we
 Are waiting for tomorrow still—
 Yes, waiting with an earnest will
 Some kindly word to speak, or do
 Some noble deed, and yet, how few
 Have spoken all those words of cheer,
 And so the day is dark and drear,
 And we await tomorrow.

Oh! why not speak that word today?
 Those we love may pass away
 Before tomorrow comes; our stay
 In this dreary world is short—
 A little while and we must part.
 Then today let's strive to do
 All that's noble, good and true.
 The glad tomorrow will not come,
 'Twill be today that's just begun,
 For there is no tomorrow. —*Nina Eckart Kerrick.*

Just a Looker-on

A CONFESSION STORY

By A Student of the University of Utah, An Only Child

Mother gave a last perk to my pink hair ribbon, and sent me off to the party. My feet lagged, however, as I walked along the street. Mary, who was nine years old today, just two months older than myself, had sent me one of the invitations to her birthday party. Ahead of me, two other little guests were skipping and running from pure happiness. I, who should have been doing the same, felt only an intense desire to run back home. However, I managed to reach the house, and was admitted to a room filled with children. Games were being played, and refreshments being served, when Mary's father entered the house. He was a brisk, jolly man, and was fond of children. Coming into the front room, he wound up the victrola, put on a dance record, and commenced dancing with the little girls in turn. Following his example the children paired off, to attempt the dance steps, until I was left alone. I seemed to be the only one who felt awkward and shy, and did not know what to do.

From the front room out onto the porch, and then back again I wandered, unhappy and alone. Finally, Mary's mother noticed that I was not enjoying myself, so she immediately sent the young hostess over to talk to me. When Mary reached my side she asked me to dance with her, but I was so miserable and self-conscious by this time, that I could only mumble a refusal. Naturally, I was not asked to join in the fun again, and very shortly I left for home. As I stumbled down the steps, my heart was filled with a sick, lonely ache. How I envied those other little girls, who knew how to dance and play. And more fervently than ever, I despised birthday parties.

Indeed, so much of my life had been spent in the company of older people, that when I was placed with children of my own age, I was shy and backward. I must have made an odd, quaint little picture. For, while I could sit very quietly, read noiselessly, and generally efface myself, still I had never learned how to run and jump, and climb fences.

Going to school, studying, and returning home filled the greater part of my days. The lessons I enjoyed, but in the other phases of school life I was again at a disadvantage. The picture comes back to me now of the lonely little girl that I was, sitting there among my schoolmates. Many of the children had banded themselves together in a club. I also should have liked to join, but I was never invited. In this society they devised an intricate sign

language, that was worked by means of the fingers. I would watch them intently, and long to join in the fun, but somehow I never did. My manner was always so quiet and unobtrusive, that no doubt people forgot that I was there. Gradually this reserved and dignified way of mine grew upon me, until more and more I found myself relegated to the background.

Those school days were full of trying moments for me. I remember the spring recesses especially, when all of the little girls would bring out their skates, and jumpingropes. Of the former I was terrified, and of the latter I knew scarcely more. So when the morning recess bell would ring, and we would hurry out to the playground, the other girls would go to their games, and I would be left standing aimless and alone. Just for the pleasure of being included in one of these groups, I would stand and turn a rope all recess time; never thinking of taking my own turn at jumping. And when occasionally some generous little girl would invite me to jump, I would be so timid and afraid of failing, that I would never take the chance.

Then when the noon bells began to ring, I would hurry home for lunch. It meant walking fast both ways, and necessitated my practically bolting my meal; but even this seemed preferable to remaining at school. Two or three times, I had taken my lunch with me, and had eaten it in one of the empty rooms. But the eating of my lunch took only a small portion of the hour at noon. Then there was the rest of the time to dispose of. And so, because I had no one to walk arm in arm with around the playground, and murmur childish confidences to, this noon hour I had always spent in hurrying home to lunch.

Then there were the afternoon dancing lessons that had to be gone through with. These periods came twice a week, and no matter how I longed to be taken conveniently ill just before them, they usually had to be faced. On these afternoons we would select our partners, and then would be instructed in simple folk dances. How awkward I would be! And simply through self-consciousness and nervousness I would horribly bungle the steps.

Helen, the class beauty, whose long curls were the envy of all the other little girls, was always the first to be chosen. I was always among the last. Then one day our teacher reversed the natural order of things, and told the girls to invite the boys to dance. I asked Manual, who was one of the most popular boys in the room. How the others did laugh! Even the teacher could not repress a smile. Manual, himself, groaned and sighed and wriggled away. That day it was hard to keep the tears back, but I managed to do so, and simply became quieter and more reserved than ever. But, under that dignified exterior a little girl's heart was being crushed and smothered.

My parents did not realize that I needed help. Indeed they

had given me a good home, wholesome food, clothes, and books, and a certain amount of grown-up love. But what they did not provide, and what I needed and wanted most, were young friends, parties, and happiness. And this is all typified in the story of our valentine box at school.

It was February fourteenth, and the students in our room always exchanged valentines. Then on the way home, we would count the number we had been sent, to see who had received the most. I intended to send a number of valentines; but my heart sank at the thought of the pitiful few that I would receive. I could see the group of girls walking home, counting their valentines and comparing them with my small number. So, in desperation I purchased five or six more than I had needed, wrote my own name on their backs, and sent them to myself. It was deceitful, but it was the only way I could face my classmates.

Of course, I am older now, and such memories no doubt seem less important. Yet those childhood days were really the foundation of my later life. For I am still shy and backward. I am still aloof and reserved. And while I long and always shall long for friends, and to be included in the midst of good times, still I am only a looker-on.

Song of the Wind

Rebecca S. Wetzel

The blush of spring is everywhere,
The winds no longer sigh,
But chant a droning melody,
That would a muse defy.

And through the fragrant orchard,
Where trees are all a-bloom,
You'll hear the gentle murmur,
Of the wind's enchanting tune.

I'm life to you the wind sings,
I teach you how to grow,
By swaying to my rhythm,
Your sap begins to flow.

So when you see in springtime,
The graceful swaying trees;
You'll know that they are dancing
To the music of the breeze.

Notes from the Field

Amy Brown Lyman

Northern States Mission (Detroit Branch.)

The Relief Society of the Detroit branch of the Northern States mission has done most excellent work during the past year. Besides the regular lessons, the Society has been active in the field of genealogical study and research. The mothers'



THE DETROIT RELIEF SOCIETY

committee carried out a most successful program. They first established a maternity chest, and later placed health bulletins in the hands of members: 1638 bulletins in sets of 26 were presented to 63 mothers. Prenatal letters, a series of 10, were also sent to 9 expectant mothers.

Australian Mission.

On November 16, 1926, a Relief Society branch was organized at Sydney, Australia, under the direction of President Charles H. Hyde, and Mrs. Carrie S. Hyde, president of Australian Relief Societies. There were eleven charter members, some of whom had belonged to the Relief Society in England and other conferences. All of the eleven members have subscribed for the *Relief Society Magazine*. The officers are: president, Mrs. Edith Woodford; counselors, Mrs. Edith Seach and Mrs. Barbara Bain; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Elizabeth Brady.

Northcentral States Mission.

Mrs. Harriet H. Allred, president of the mission Relief Societies, writes that all the branches have been visited during the year, and a conference held in each. The Winnipeg branch made quite a lovely selection of fancy work and quilts and held a profitable bazaar. They also gave a very successful Thanksgiving dinner, at which over a hundred were seated. This was followed by a musical evening. The Harlem, Montana, branch sends in favorable reports to mission headquarters. They have also held a successful bazaar and are holding meetings regularly. The branch at Minneapolis is very much alive and appreciates the lessons outlined. They hold very successful meetings. In connection with the social service lessons they are taking a short course in child welfare, given by the University of Minnesota. They held a bazaar recently, at which they cleared \$103. They have also raised funds from newspaper sales. From the last sale of this kind they realized over \$9. Another sum of \$10 was received from a Frigidaire company, which offered an award to a group of ladies, of any denomination, numbering over twenty, which would attend their demonstration. The St. Paul branch reports a good spirit prevailing. They have held a bazaar and also several basket parties.

Twin Falls Stake.

The Relief Society officers conducted a convention at the opening of Fall work. All phases of Relief Society work were outlined in talks and demonstrations, each ward in the stake as well as the stake board contributing to the following program: Opening address, President Kate Kirkman; song, Buhl ward; talk on recreational work, Kimberly ward; rest exercise, Twin Falls ward; "How to Teach," stake board; talk on social service, Twin Falls ward; chorus, Twin Falls Relief Society; talk on enlistment work, stake board; Demonstration on teaching in the home, Murtaugh ward; teachers' work, stake board. Dainty refreshments were served, followed by folk dances and games. The Twin Falls ward Relief Society conducted a very successful bazaar and chicken dinner from which the sum of \$250 was cleared. An additional \$250 was taken from the treasury, making a total of \$500, which was given to the new tabernacle fund. Emma Lucy Gates appeared recently in Twin Falls in a concert recital. She very generously offered her time and talents to the Relief Society for a second concert, to which she presented all Relief Society members with free tickets. Other tickets were sold, from which \$100 was cleared. This was also given to the tabernacle fund. The whole stake was grateful for the kind act of Utah's talented singer.

Mount Ogden Stake.

In July a Home Nursing course of fifteen lessons was given at the Dee Hospital under the direction of the Red Cross. Two board members and six members from the various wards availed themselves of this opportunity and received their certificates for the work done. The course was sponsored by the four stakes in Weber county, each stake sending a member from each ward. On July 15, Mt. Ogden stake had a very successful field day at Lagoon, at which 225 were present. September 29, a luncheon was given by the board members to eighty-five people, including the stake presidency and their wives, past and present members of the Weber stake Relief Society board, all ward presidents, counselors, secretaries, organists and choristers of the stake Relief Societies. After luncheon a short program was given, and presentation of gifts to past first counselor Elizabeth D. Thomas, who resigned a few months ago, also to Emma B. Shreeve, stake class leader, who also resigned on account of ill health, in recognition of the splendid work done by them. On October 24, successful Relief Society conferences were held simultaneously in all of the wards of the stake, at which board members were present. The work and business meetings have been most successful in 1926. Besides other work, during the year thirty demonstrations have been held on such work as the making of pockets and bound button-holes, pressing and cleaning, flower making, millinery, salads, soups, sandwiches, cottage cheese, etc., etc. The meetings were held regularly throughout the Summer months in all the wards. Great interest has been created for the work meeting by the splendid efforts put forth by the officers and those called into this special work. The visiting teachers are also doing excellent work. Once each month one of the wards spends a day sewing at the Dee Hospital. During the year 1004 articles were made.

St. George Stake.

The St. George stake Relief Society held a visiting teachers' contest during the past year. Eleven of the wards attained 100% efficiency. One year's subscription to the *Relief Society Magazine* was presented to the winning wards. The Enterprise ward has arranged to give the toxin anti-toxin treatment to the children of their ward. Over 200 applications for the children have been received. The Relief Society has now secured the cooperation of the Town Board in this movement.

Kolob Stake (Springville First Ward.)

Tuesday, November 30, 1926, a social afternoon was given in honor of the officers of the First ward Relief Society, by the class leaders. The program was as follows: Hymn, "Scatter Sunshine," by the congregation; prayer; violin solo; humorous

stunt, "The Dumb Waiter," Theological department; reading, "How Columbus Discovered America" literary department; piano selections. The crowning event came from the social service department. It was the rendition of "Cornelia," as given in the November *Magazine*.

Parowan Stake.

In addition to the regular Relief Society work outlined in the *Magazine* the Parowan stake has had various special activities in all the wards, such as bazaars, fairs, special entertainments for the old folks, banquets, contest work, lectures by eminent speakers and numerous others. The wards now number eleven with the creation of the Parowan East and Cedar Third, this year. The majority of the wards own their own halls, either bought or built outright, furnished and equipped by the efforts of the members. Block teaching has been aided materially by the earnest work of the supervisors, 100% being reported in some wards. Successful conferences have been held in all wards during 1926. Two or more visits have been made to each ward by the stake board members.

Taylor Stake.

Early in the year the Taylor stake held a teachers' convention. The stake officers with some little help outside, put on a little play, showing how the visiting teachers should conduct their visits in the home, and how the hostess should treat the visiting teachers. After this demonstration an ideal work and business meeting was given, the teachers separating from the rest of the meeting for their reports and topics, while the remaining members worked on articles for the bazaar, which they had up for exhibition. Following this demonstration the little play, "Out of Work," was presented. Over 75% of the visiting teachers of the stake witnessed these demonstrations, which were put on in every community. On September 21, programs were held in honor of "Motherhood" in all the wards, and prizes were offered to the following mothers: the oldest member of the Relief Society (there was one sister who had been a member 56 years, three who had been members 51, and one, 49, and one 48); the one with the best attendance at Relief Society; the teacher with the best record for visits and for using the topic; the one with the largest family (one mother present who had had 16 children, four who had had 14); the one who had had triplets (two mothers present); the one with the largest number of sons (several with 10); the one with the largest number of daughters (some with 10); the one who had twins (27 mothers); the oldest mother; the youngest mother; the one with the youngest baby. Some of the wards gave prizes for the oldest and youngest great grandmother and the youngest grandmother. Very good programs were arranged for

this day, on the subject of motherhood. In one of the wards the members came dressed in costumes, representing the styles from 1847 until 1926; in another ward 18 members were dressed to represent the first Relief Society, and the one representing Emma Smith gave a brief synopsis of the organization of the Relief Society. During the latter part of September and the first part of October, Sunday Relief Society ward conferences were held in each ward, and with musical numbers arranged for by the ward officers, the following topics were given: "What membership in the Relief Society means to the L. D. S. Woman," by a board member; "Accomplishments of the Relief Society, General and Stake, 1925," by board member; Report from the ward president; "What the Relief Society means to my Ward," by the bishop of the ward. On October 15, the stake board entertained the executive officers of the wards. One feature of the entertainment was the placing about the room of 15 little water-colored paintings representing writings taken up in the literary department, and the one getting the largest number correct, was given a nice painting for a prize. Most of those present got at least 50% correct, and some over 70%, which indicated that they had remembered their literary work very well. Games and refreshments were enjoyed. The following report card is sent out to each ward for a monthly report: Number of officers enrolled; Visiting teachers; Members; Average attendance, officers; Average attendance, visiting teachers; Average attendance, members; Number of visits of stake officers; Number of prayer meetings held; Number of meetings with bishop; Number of preparatory officers' meetings; Number of districts visited; Work and business day feature; Weekly music practice; Number prepared with lesson; (careful reading considered prepared); Number endowed for; Report on scriptural reading. In some of the wards a comparative report of the present month with the preceding month is put on the board, so all members can see whether or not the Society is progressing. This report is proving very beneficial, especially in getting the members to read their lessons, and do their scriptural reading.

Garfield Stake.

At the beginning of the year 1926 Garfield stake Relief Society headquarters at Antimony, Utah, instituted what was termed an "efficiency contest." This contest had a two-fold purpose: first to have every home in the stake visited monthly by ward teachers, and secondly to increase the attendance at ward Relief Society meetings. Two prizes were offered, one for 100% teaching, which meant that every home in every district must be visited before the monthly report meeting, and one for the greatest increase in attendance of the active enrollment in the ward. At the end of June, when the contest closed, six of the eight wards

reported 100% teaching. In the other two wards the teaching was done, but one district in each ward failed to report until after report day. Boulder ward, an isolated district, so scattered that some of the women have to go five miles to meeting, won the attendance contest, having an average of 82%. The prizes given were six copies of *Heart Throbs*, and one to Boulder of the combined copy of the Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants and the Pearl of Great Price. For the summer months, July, August and September, the following program was carried out in the wards: The first and second Tuesdays were held as usual. For the third, or literature day, the ward Relief Societies staged the Booth Tarkington play *Station Y Y Y Y*, charged a very small admission, and turned the proceeds over to the stake. The other meeting in July was an outdoor picnic for all married people. All wards reported a most excellent time. Literature day of August was taken up by a lesson on Gene Stratton-Porter, followed in the evening by her motion picture, "The Keeper of the Bees." The social service day of August was placed in charge of the community extension leader for instruction in salad and sandwich making. In September the lives of two former Relief Society General Presidents, Eliza R. Snow and Emmeline B. Wells, were discussed, and for social service work there was special instruction in plain sewing and pattern cutting. The teachers have been most willing and diligent workers. It is felt by the officers of this stake that much of the success achieved in Relief Society work this year is due to them. Each ward has held, as suggested by the stake, a teachers' preparation meeting the first Monday night of each month. In this meeting the teachers' topic and teachers' problems have been discussed. Two teachers' conventions were held in the stake in September, one on each side of the Escalante Mountain. Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon, of the General Board, who was attending the group convention, and Elder Charles E. Rowan, president of the stake, attended the first convention. This convention included the two Escalante wards and Boulder. The other, held later at Junction, included Widtsoe, Marion, Kingston, Circleville and Junction. Elder Joseph Epton represented the stake presidency at this convention. Both meetings were exceptionally well attended by the teachers, the program outlined by the General Board was followed most successfully, and the teachers expressed themselves as having been very greatly benefited.

Rigby Stake.

A very splendid Relief Society teachers' conference-convention was held in the Rigby Stake tabernacle, September 24. Roll call showed all the stake board members present except two, and a large number of officers, teachers and members from each ward. There were also present members of the stake presidency, and

high councilmen and bishops from several of the wards, together with representatives from Idaho Falls stake, Yellowstone and Teton stakes. In addition to excellent musical numbers the following topics were discussed: The Work and Business Meeting; The Value of the Teacher to the Association and the Community; The Use of the Teachers' Book; The Object and Time of the Teachers' Visit; Spirit and result of the Teachers' Visit. Mrs. Mayme Laird, president of the Relief Societies of the Idaho Falls stake, gave an interesting talk on Child Welfare and Maternity Work, and President Lucy P. Lloyd of the Yellowstone stake Relief Societies, and President Josiah Call of the Rigby stake, also addressed the convention. During the noon recess a delicious luncheon was served to 235 people.

Curlew Stake.

During the past year a Relief Society conference has been held in each of the ten wards which are widely scattered, the nearest being four miles, the other wards ranging from eighteen to forty-six miles. It requires much faith, patience and sacrifice to visit them all. These conferences have been favored with the presence of members of the stake presidency, ward bishopric, members of the stake Relief Society presidency and board members, all of which has been greatly appreciated. They have been among the most pleasant and profitable meetings of the year. In July a Relief Society teachers' convention was held, being well attended by presidents, teachers, and members of the various wards. One number of the program especially well given was the demonstrating of the teachers' topic, "Patriotism," by members of the board. It filled the teachers with a desire to carry messages of peace and love and loyalty into every home. In the early part of September a very successful health conference was held at Holbrook, Idaho, under the auspices of the Bureau of Child Hygiene of the State of Idaho, assisted by members of the stake Relief Society. Many mothers and babies were examined by a lady doctor, assisted by several nurses. It was felt that much good will result from this clinic. Maternity bundles have been placed in every ward. Recently the stake Relief Society, assisted by ward presidents, entertained in honor of the Curlew stake presidency, high counselors and bishops in the Holbrook Hall, with President Rebecca Cutler presiding. A splendid program was given, consisting of appropriate songs, readings and musical numbers. One outstanding feature of the program was "A Message of Appreciation," given by one of the board members, in which she expressed the feelings of the stake board regarding the splendid support and cooperation given to the board by the local workers and the priesthood. Following the program a delicious tray luncheon with an abundance of fruits and melons was served to all present.

Guide Lessons for May

Theology and Testimony

THE WOMEN OF THE MESSIANIC DISPENSATION

(Continued)

LESSON I

(First Week in May)

MARTHA AND MARY OF BETHANY

The third and fourth in line of great women are Martha and Mary. These two women came into prominence through being privileged to entertain the Savior. They are known as the sisters of Bethany. Bethany is a small village outside of Jerusalem, not far from the Mount of Olives. Whatever this village may have been in the time of the Savior, today it consists only of a few mud houses with fewer inhabitants. It is practically a deserted village.

Both Mary and Martha appear to have been exceptional entertainers; one with a special interest in providing for the physical comfort of guests, and the other, gifted with that ability which supplies spiritual enjoyment.

The home of these sisters seems to have been the frequent resting place of the Lord, during his ministry; and he was affectionately interested in the family consisting of Lazarus, whom he raised from the dead, and the two sisters. In fact the Bible expressly tells us that Jesus loved them.

The hospitality of these sisters was not limited to the capacity of their own home, for they were chief hostesses at a feast at the house of Simon the leper. This house might have been rented for the occasion. In any event, just why they were here is not made clear.

Martha comes into historical prominence in her own home. When Jesus said what is recorded in Luke 10:38-42, the name of Martha became immortal. Her over-anxiety and worry brought from the Master a most concise address on values. Without detracting from the value and interest in physical things he pointed out the incompleteness of life without a major interest.

Undoubtedly Mary as well as Martha was interested in the supper and might have served at the table, but her preference led her to a service more spiritual than temporal, and this choice of placing the spiritual before the temporal is what Jesus called "that good part; the one thing needful." It was not the special form

of entertainment given to the guest, so much as it was the giving of preference to the spiritual that Jesus emphasized.

Mary came into everlasting prominence at the time of the feast given in honor of Jesus at the house of Simon the leper. Mary and Martha appear to be chief hostesses at a feast given in appreciation of the restoration of their brother. The people gathered at the house came with a variety of motives. Some were eager to hear any message of truth that might fall from the Savior's lips. Others were anxious to find some occasion for further condemning the Master, while yet others sought some grievance against Lazarus, for they feared the effect that his return from the dead might have upon the people.

It was on this occasion that Mary took "an alabaster box of ointment of spikenard, very precious; and she brake the box and poured it on his head." and Jesus proclaimed her services as an anointing for his burial and prophetically declared the fame of her name to the end of time in these memorable words "Verily I say unto you, Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her." (Mark 14:9.)

It is certainly no small fame to have one's name linked with that of the Savior "wheresoever this gospel shall be preached."

No such promise was made to the woman who entered the house of Simon, the Pharisee, one who was a sinner, took an alabaster box and "weeping began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment." (Luke 7:36-38.)

The Lord recognized all that this woman did as prompted by the spirit of gratitude, and her compensation was the assurance from Him that her sins were forgiven.

The chapter under the caption, "In the House of Simon the Leper" *Jesus the Christ*, by Talmage, page 510, will prove of interest to our readers.

Questions and Problems

1. Prove by a comparison of the proceedings at the meal served at the home of Simon, the Pharisee, and the entertainment at the home of Simon, the leper, that Mary of Bethany was not the woman spoken of as a sinner.

2. Correlate the first commandment of the decalogue with the lesson on values given by the Savior to Martha.

3. Discuss the desirability of having Mary and Martha in one individual.

LESSON II

Work and Business

(Second Week in May)

TEACHERS' TOPIC FOR MAY—CIVIC PRIDE

Improving outside of houses, churches, school houses;
repairing, painting, etc.

- I. Repair doors, screens, windows, fences, gates, porches, floors, foot-bridges, etc. A survey of your own premises may reveal many needs. (A school teacher recently called at a home where as a boy, he delivered milk. He was surprised to find the same horse-shoe nail holding the door knob, which as a boy he dreaded as he frequently hurt his hand upon the nail. The proper screw could have replaced the horse-shoe nail at the cost of one penny.)
- II. Renew exterior of buildings with suitable paints and kalsomines. (Paint protects wood, lengthens its life, and reduces fire hazard. It also beautifies the buildings.)

The following summary of work done by one community deserves special recognition. It shows strikingly the many lines of activity that entered into the campaign:

1. Number of days of organized clean-up work	20
2. Number of people out to work	436
3. Number of old buildings removed	11
4. Number of towns improving source of water supply.....	1
5. Number of towns improving method of sewage disposal.....	1
6. Number of public buildings painted	14
7. Number of public buildings removed	17
8. Number of public buildings inspected for fire.....	6
9. Number of business buildings painted	16
10. Number of business buildings renovated	18
11. Number of business buildings inspected for fire.....	3
12. Number of public grounds beautified	12
13. Number of private grounds beautified	109
14. Number of vacant lots cleaned up	11
15. Number of new roads built	4
16. Number of new bridges built	35
17. Number of new homes built	8
18. Number of homes improving source of water.....	15
19. Number of homes improving sewage disposal	8
20. Number of homes painted	42
21. Number of fences painted	10
22. Number of homes screened against flies	33
23. Number of loads of old manure removed	400
24. Number of loads of garbage hauled on clean-up days.....	145
25. Number of new barns built	6
26. Number of old barns torn down	7
27. Number of new lawns made	16
28. Number of persons who planted trees and shrubs.....	58
29. Number who planted flower gardens	278
30. Number who cleaned up the front yards.....	568
31. Number who cleaned up back yards.....	490
32. Number of side walks built	10
33. Number of new fences built	17
34. Number of new gates built	33

LESSON III

Literature

(Third Week in May)

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

Charlotte Perkins Gilman is rightly regarded one of the foremost women of America at the present time. She was born July 3, 1860, in Hartford, Connecticut, and is now making her home in the state of her nativity. Mr. Gilman is her second husband. Her first marriage was to Mr. Stetson by whom she had one child, a daughter.

She is well known among the groups of women who have made a struggle for larger freedom and a fuller life for women. Her name is found among those who led the fight for suffrage. Practically all the votes that have been taken, in recent years, in an effort to determine who are the ten or twelve outstanding women in America have contained her name.

She is a philosopher, and does much of her thinking in what might be called philosophic terms. The Germans early discovered this trait in her writing, consequently she was a welcome guest in their midst. When she visited the International Council of Women, held in Berlin, they made very good use of her. She would address a group of people that entirely filled the hall, and as soon as they had gone, another group would take the place of the one gone. This was repeated four or five times each day.

She is a natural reformer. She stopped a young man in one of our Utah towns who was riding a bicycle on the sidewalk and asked him why he did it when it was against the city ordinance. She noticed a natural embankment that was being destroyed and made unsightly through carelessness and lack of civic pride, and remarked, "If that unsightly bridge were removed the bank following the natural course of this stream could be made a spot of exceptional beauty." I am sorry that Mrs. Gilman has not been able to visit the place in recent years and observe that the old, tumbled-down bridge has been removed and that the embankment is now made beautiful with ornamental shrubbery.

Mrs. Gilman is a thinker. She turns things over in her mind, asking the why and wherefore of it all. If there is not good and sufficient reason why old forms should be adhered to, then she is perfectly willing to discard them and put in their place new things. Her mind is exceedingly active, she is always analyzing and examining.

There are very few women on the platform as brilliant and as clever as she. For years she has visited university centers,

and other places of culture, and delivered lectures. She is equal to any audience. She is one of the best examples I have ever known of a person whose prestige is born of a clear brain and a clever tongue. She is medium-sized and of a very slight figure, with dark, snapping eyes. While she is comely enough she is in no way a woman who would be styled beautiful, and yet there is that in the brilliance of her mind, and the extreme cleverness of her speech, that holds her audiences spellbound.

She has also invaded the field of child welfare. Many years ago Mrs. Gilman pointed to the fact that homes are built for grown-ups and not for children. She told us that the steps of a house are made for the adults as are practically all the pieces of furniture that are to be found in the home. Today we are living in a period when educators are demanding that places be built and furnished to meet the little people's needs. Out of this theory, and another which is receiving great emphasis, which is that the early years are the years in the child's life that are of immense importance, many persons are becoming very prominent in educational circles.

In the field of letters she is versatile. She once published a little magazine for which she did all the writing. The poetry, the story, the philosophic articles and the editorials were all her own. She comes by her literary gifts honestly, for she is of the Beecher family, counting among her relatives the great preacher, Henry Ward Beecher, and the novelist, Harriet Beecher Stowe.

There are about twelve books to her credit, her best works being: *Women and Economics* (1898), and *Human Work* (1904). Her volume of verse, *In This Our World* (1898), to use the words of Untermeyer "hurls many a shaft of ironic wit." Her poem "A Conservative" is an attack on the type of person who stands in the way of progress. Mr. Untermeyer says that it is "a sub-acid satire not easily forgotten."

A CONSERVATIVE

The garden beds I wandered by
 One bright and cheerful morn,
 When I found a new-fledged butterfly,
 A-sitting on a thorn,
 A black and crimson butterfly
 All doleful and forlorn.

I thought that life could have no sting
 To infant butterflies,
 So I gazed on this unhappy thing
 With wonder and surprise,
 While sadly with his waving wing
 He wiped his weeping eyes.

Said I, "What can the matter be?
 Why weepest thou so sore?
 With garden fair and sunlight free
 And flowers in goodly store,"—
 But he only turned away from me
 And burst into a roar.

Cried he, "My legs are thin and few
 Where once I had a swarm!
 Soft fuzzy fur—a joy to view—
 Once kept my body warm,
 Before these flapping wing-things grew,
 To hamper and deform!"

At that outrageous bug I shot
 The fury of mine eye;
 Said I, in scorn all burning hot,
 In rage and anger high,
 "You ignominious idiot!
 Those wings are made to fly!"

"I do not want to fly," said he,
 "I only want to squirm!"
 And he drooped his wings dejectedly,
 But still his voice was firm:
 "I do not want to be a fly!
 I want to be a worm!"

O yesterday of unknown lack,
 To-day of unknown bliss!
 I left my fool in red and black;
 The last I saw was this,—
 The creature madly climbing back
 Into his chrysalis.

A poem full of stimulating and suggestive thought is that entitled "If a Man May Not Eat Neither Can He Work." We include it:

IF A MAN MAY NOT EAT NEITHER CAN HE WORK

How can he work? He never has been taught
 The free use of what faculties he had.
 Why should he work? Who ever yet has thought
 To give a love of working to the lad.

How can he work? His life has felt the lack
 Of all that makes us work; the proud, the free,
 Each saying to the world, "I give you back
 Part of the glory you have given me!"

Why should he work? He has no honor high,
 Born of great trust and wealth and sense of power;
 Honor, that makes us yearn before we die
 To add our labor to the world's rich dower.

How can he work? He has no inner strength
 Urging him on to action, no desire
 To strain and wrestle, to achieve at length,
 Burning in all his veins,—a hidden fire.

Why should he work? There is no debt behind
 That man's nobility most longs to pay;
 No claim upon him,—only the one blind
 Brute instinct that his dinner lies that way.

And that is not enough. Who may not eat
 Freely at life's full table all his youth,
 Can never work in power and joy complete,
 In fulness, and in honor, and in truth.

“His Own Labor” is a stimulating poem, particularly in view of recent discussion in Congress on the McNary-Haugen Bill.

HIS OWN LABOR

Let every man be given what he earns!
 We cry, and call it justice. Let him have
 The product of his labor—and no more!
 Well, then, let us begin with life's first needs,
 And give him of the earth what he can make;
 As much of air and light as he can make,
 As much of ocean, and sweet wind and rain,
 And flowers, and grass, and fruit, as he can make.
 But no, we answer this is mockery:
 No man makes these things. But of human wealth
 Let every man be given what he makes,
 The product of his labor, and no more.
 Ah, well! So to the farmer let us give
 Corn, and still corn, and only corn at last.
 So to the grazier, meat; the fisher, fish;
 Cloth to the weaver; to the mason, walls;
 And let the writer sit and read his books—
 The product of his labor—and naught else!
 But no, we answer! Still you laugh at us.
 We mean not his own labor in that sense,
 But his share in the work of other men.
 As much of what they make as he can buy
 In fair exchange for labor of his own.
 So let it be. As much of life's rich fruit—

The product of the labor of the world—
As he can equal with his own two hands,
His own supply of energy and skill!
As much of Shakespeare, Homer, Socrates,
As much of Wagner, Beethoven and Bach,
As much of Franklin, Morse, and Edison,
As much of Watt, and Stephenson and Bell,
Of Euclid, Aristotle, Angelo,
Columbus, Raleigh, and George Washington,
Of all the learning of our patient years,
Of all the peace and smoothness we have won,
Of all the heaped up sciences and arts,
And luxuries that man has ever made,—
He is to have what his own toil can match!
Or, passing even this, giving no thought
To this our heritage, our vast bequest,
Condemn him to no more of human help
From living men than he can give to them!
Toil of the soldiers on the western plains,
Toil of the hardened sailors on the sea,
Toil of the sweating ploughman in the field,
The engine-driver, digger in the mine,
And weary weaver in the roaring mill.
Of all the hands and brains and hearts that toil
To fill the world with riches day by day,
Shall he have naught of this but what one man
Can give return for from his own supply?
Brother—There is no payment in the world!
We work and pour our labor at the feet
Of those who are around us and to come.
We live and take our living at the hands
Of those who are around us and have been.
No one is paid. No person can have more
Than he can hold. And none can do beyond
The power that's in him. To each child that's born
Belongs as much of all our human good
As he can take and use to make him strong.
And from each man, debtor to all the world,
Is due the fullest fruit of all his powers,
His whole life's labor, proudly rendered up,
Not as return—can moments pay an age?
But as the simple duty of a man.
Can he do less—receiving everything?

“Hardly A Pleasure” is a bit of contrast work that is characteristic of some of the things that Mrs. Gilman does:

HARDLY A PLEASURE

She had found it dull in her city;
 So had they, in a different mob.
 She traveled to look for amusement;
 They traveled to look for a job.

She was loaded with fruit and candy,
 And her section piled with flowers,
 With magazines, novels, and papers
 To shorten the weary hours.

Her friends came down in a body
 With farewells merry and sweet,
 And left her with laughter and kisses,
 On the broad plush-cushioned seat.

She was bored before she started,
 And the journey was dull and far.
 "Traveling's hardly a pleasure!"
 Said the girl in the palace car.

Then they skulked out in the darkness
 And crawled under the cars,
 To ride on the trucks as best they might,
 To hang by the chains and bars.

None came to see their starting,
 And their friendliest look that day
 Was that of a green young brakeman,
 Who looked the other way.

They were hungry before they started,
 With the hunger that turns to pain—
 "Traveling's hardly a pleasure,"
 Said the three men under the train.

She complained of the smoke and cinders,
 She complained of the noise and heat,
 She complained of the table service,
 She complained of the things to eat.

She said it was so expensive,
 In spite of one's utmost care;
 That feeing the porters and waiters
 Cost as much as a third-class fare.

That the seats were dirty and stuffy,
 That the berths were worse by far.
 "Traveling's hardly a pleasure!"
 Said the girl in the palace car.

They hung on in desperate silence,
 For a word was a tell-tale shout;
 Their foul hats low on their bloodshot eyes,
 To keep the cinders out.

The dirt beat hard on their faces,
 The noise beat hard on their ears,
 And a moment's rest to a straining limb
 Meant the worst of human fears.

They clutched and clung in the darkness
 While the stiffness turned to pain.
 "Traveling's hardly a pleasure,"
 Said the three men under the train.

She stepped airily out in the morning,
 When the porter had brushed her awhile.
 She gave him a silver dollar;
 He gave her an ivory smile.

She complained to her friends that morning
 Of a most distressing dream:
 "I thought I heard in the darkness
 A sort of a jolting scream!

"I thought I felt in the darkness
 The great wheels joggle and swing;
 Traveling's hardly a pleasure
 When you dream such a horrible thing!"

They crept shuddering out in the morning,
 Red spots with the coal's black stain.
 "Traveling's hardly a pleasure!"
 Said the two men under the train.

Questions and Problems

1. What message does Mrs. Gilman put over in her poem "If A Man May Not Eat Neither Can He Work?" Do you think her philosophy sound in this poem? If so, why? If not, why?
2. Discuss the poem "His Own Labor," and see how many helpful thoughts you can bring into the discussion.
3. What purpose had Mrs. Gilman in writing "Hardly a Pleasure?"
4. Do you think persons who have many blessings are prone to complain at trifles? If so, what do you think of the ethics of such behavior?
5. Point to some lines in "A Conservative" that justify Mr. Untermeyer's observation concerning "sub-acid satire."

LESSON IV

Social Service

(Fourth Week in May)

SOCIAL PROBLEMS OF CHILDHOOD

The past discussions have indicated that the development of an individual is affected by his physical condition, by the degree of his mentality, and by his emotional experiences. This lesson and subsequent ones will deal with yet another set of factors that control the development and behavior of an individual. A child may be perfectly well physically, may have normal intelligence, and have no serious emotional problems, and yet be doomed to failure and unhappiness. The barriers that keep him from growth and expression are not to be found within his personality, but in the environment in which he finds himself placed. The problems, created by the environment, may prove so serious that his development may be frustrated and affect his physical and mental well-being, and his emotional stability.

The environment must be considered the world outside the individual, including his family, his home, his neighborhood, his city, his nation and the universe. Every person is a part of these various groups, and his life is affected by the nature of his contact with the social world.

The child's first social contacts are in his own home. If his home presents problems of poverty, ignorance, alcoholism, domestic infelicity, desertion, and divorce, his development and his attitudes will be affected by this environment. His schooling may be limited, he may be forced to enter industry early, he may run away from home, or develop hates and fears because of the unpleasant home life.

A neighborhood also colors the life of an individual. A child who plays in his own orderly yard, or in a supervised playground, with other agreeable, pleasant children, has a different set of experiences from one who has only a dirty, crowded street in which to spend his leisure. Deprived of normal play, the children spend time on the streets, hearing and admiring the neighborhood loafers and gangsters. An unsavory neighborhood may be the beginning of unwholesome habits and attitudes.

The civic life of a city and state is also an important part of a child's environment. Such matters as control disease, school attendance, child labor, community recreation, supervision of public amusements, are city and state responsibilities. Failure of civic bodies to appropriate necessary funds for important educational and welfare programs results in lowered standards of

health, education, economic independence, character and citizenship of the community.

The politics and policies of a nation are also part of an individual's social world. The industrial condition, the feeling between capital and labor, the condition of war or peace are all factors affecting numbers of individuals.

The universe including all physical phenomena, and man's struggle with nature and with other races of men, are also external forces that affect individuals. In man's struggle to protect himself and his tribe from enemies and to dominate nature, he has developed systems that give him strength. Civic bodies, industry, militarism, penal systems, etc., are parts of the machinery developed by man to give him power. From these institutions certain traditions and customs have developed, which are as much a part of man's environment as the concrete world. The traditions and beliefs of a group, known as its mores may be the cause of individual unhappiness, rebellion, and social ostracism.

With environment and civilization, as complex as it is in these times, it is apparent that many conflicts must occur between man and his social world. In some cases he can overcome the limitations set by his environment. In other cases he can learn to adjust to his sphere in life, and still find opportunity for expression and happiness. But in many instances he is helpless and defeated by the external world, and the only solution to his problem would be a changed environment. In the social problems of childhood that are presented in the text, the maladjustments are not the inherent weaknesses of the child, but are the effects of social ills and conditions of which he is a victim.

Because the environment includes not only the individual home, but all the other social forces that the individual meets in life, it is obvious that social problems are not confined in any one economic group. Social problems are not found only among persons of limited income, but are found in all classes of society. The rich child may be the victim of a broken home, of an alcoholic father, or of conditions that promote crime, or of preventable disease. He, too, may suffer if he opposes systems of government or is a pacifist during times of war.

It is true, however, that social problems are more acute and more difficult to modify when accompanied by poverty. A child of a broken home of rich parents may be deprived of a normal home life, but he is perhaps sent to a pleasant boarding school. The child of a broken home of poor parents may have his education ended early, and will enter industry prematurely. If the rich and poor boy both have conflicts with school or the law, the rich one may be protected by influence, and the poor boy may be sent to a reformatory. Poverty and ignorance are not the

only social problems, but their existence makes the treatment of other problems more difficult.

As many of the social problems defy individual treatment, the hope for improvement must be a modified environment. How can a family combat poverty and its train of other evils—poor living quarters, ill-health, discouragement resulting in delinquency—if there is a serious unemployment condition in the community, or if the man's job does not pay a living wage? The solution to unemployment situations, to insufficient wages, to undesirable living conditions, and other such problems that affect whole groups of persons, must be treated by larger preventive measures. Social research is being directed into the causes of poverty, ignorance and preventable disease, and through group effort a better general social environment may be evolved.

Education and cultivation of more tolerant attitudes may in time remove many of the social conflicts that cause unhappiness. Freedom of expression, on subjects of group custom, of government, of capital and labor conflicts, of militarism, of pacifism, should be the privilege of every individual. Children come into serious conflict with their elders, and individuals with the community, because of differences of opinion. Free expression and serious search for truth may do much to improve, not only the intellectual and spiritual world, but the concrete, external world where poverty, disease, exploitation, and war still victimize great numbers. Reference—*Challenge of Childhood*, Dr. Ira S. Wile—Social Problems, Introduction, pages 231-237.

Questions and Problems

1. What is meant by environment?
2. What social problems in the home may have undesirable effects on a child?
3. How can a neighborhood influence an individual?
4. What responsibilities do the city and state have for a wholesome environment?
5. How do customs and traditions and beliefs influence a person?
6. What social problems affect both rich and poor?
7. Why is it impossible for the individual to overcome such problems as unemployment and poverty?
8. What improvements are needed in the environment of your community?

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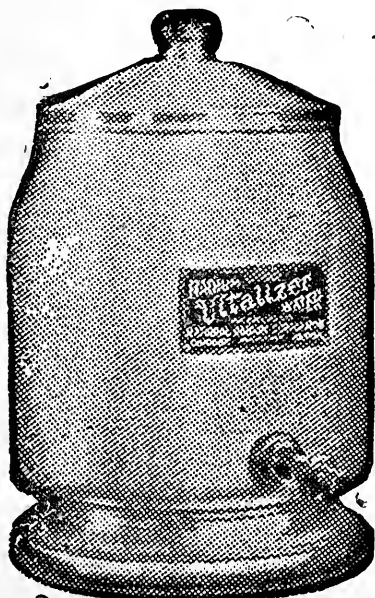
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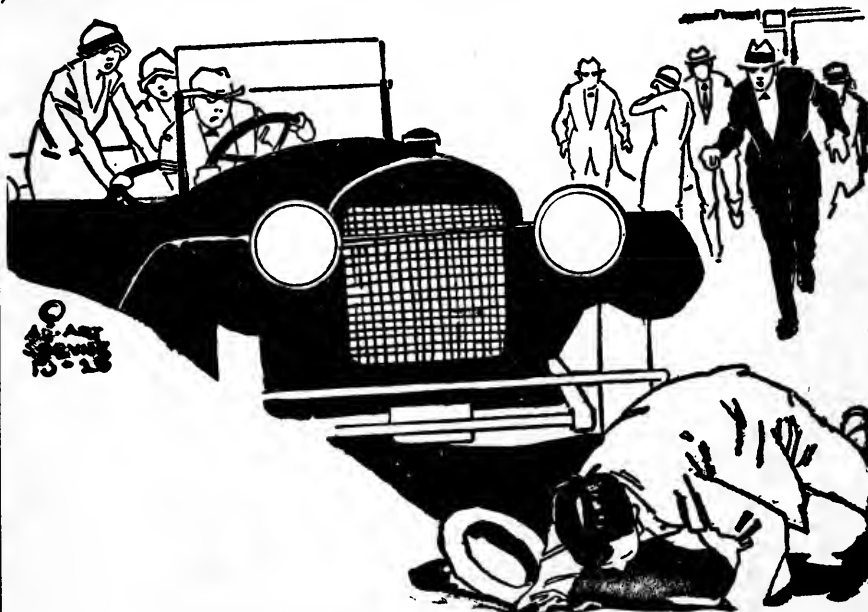
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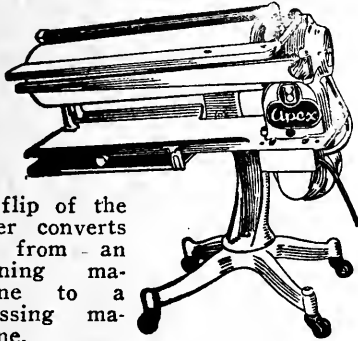
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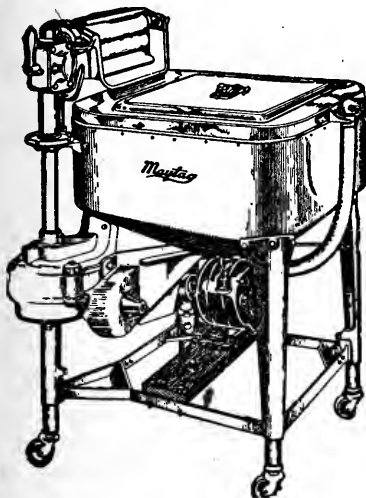
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Vol. XIV

APRIL, 1927

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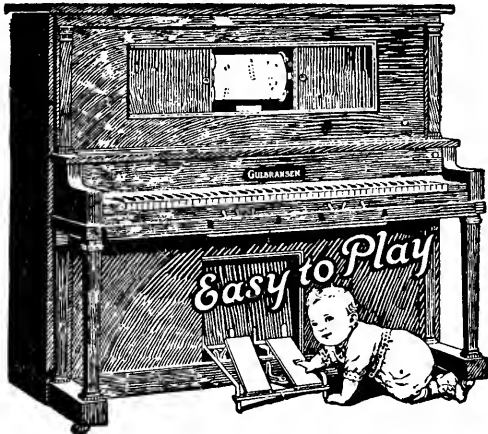
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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH



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Echoes of Spring

By Mrs. J. M. Green

Did you ever lay your ear
Upon the baby grass,
And hear the fairy footsteps
Rustling as they pass?

And have you heard the zephyrs
Whispering to the trees
Of opening bud and flowers
And birds and honey bees?

And have you seen the robin
Under Springtime's mystic spell
Mate and seek a cozy corner
Where his family may dwell?

And caught the merry twinkle
On lazy, leafy trees,
As the leaves are tossed and tumbled
By every passing breeze?

Have you heard the brooklet ripple
As it answers to the call
Of, "Come and have a frolic
Down the merry waterfall"?

Ah, yes we've known them all, one day,
Though be it long ago.
And every Spring we live again
The things we used to know.



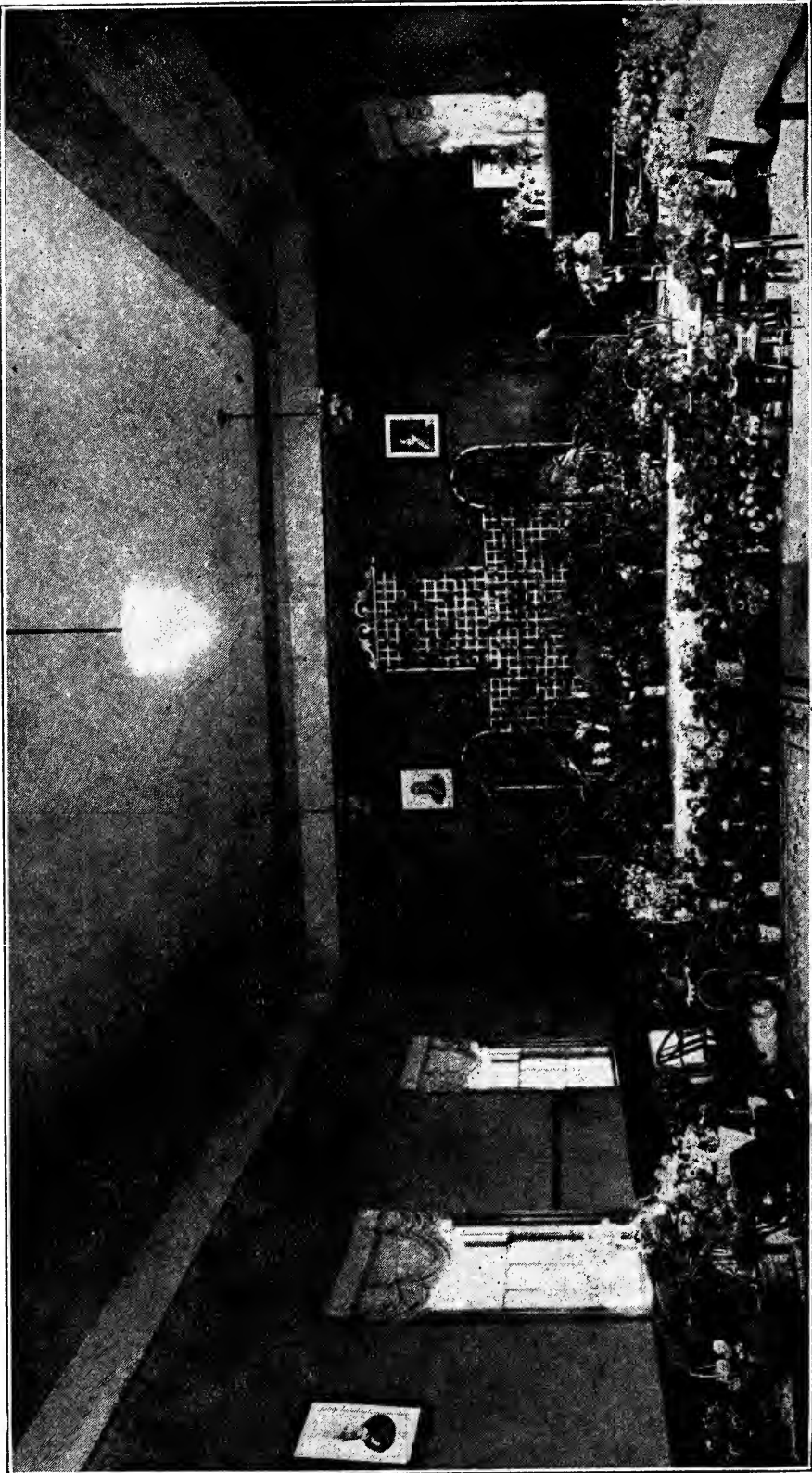
LOGAN STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY FLOWER SHOW

Spring Days

(Dedicated to Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells)

By Nina W. Kerrick

Dear Spring days, how sweet, how fair
Twittering birds sing everywhere,
And, sunbeams kiss the fragrant air
Neath skies of blue ;
The mountains in their grandeur stand
And smile upon the sloping land
And make me wish for you ;
That we might wander far away
And ramble on this bright Spring day
Where lovely nature holds her sway
And there forget
The care and toil that morn will bring,
And drink the pleasures of sweet Spring
Before they vanish on the wing
Of sad Regret.



LOGAN STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY FLOWER SHOW

THE Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XIV

APRIL, 1927

No. 4

Place of the Individual

In City Beautification, or Beautiful Were Her Gates

By Phelina Fletcher Homer, Ph.D

Civic improvement begins with the individual. Someone in the community must become enthusiastic with the desire to make his town a better place in which to live, and must communicate that enthusiasm to others before there can be any real progress made towards bettering the conditions in that particular community. Personal leadership is the starting point of all civic improvement.

It may be your enthusiasm, your leadership, your secretly cherished plan that the community is waiting for. You may be the one through whom will come the awakening of the intelligent interest in the community and its needs which is necessary to all plans for community improvement. Another name for this intelligent interest is civic consciousness.

Man or woman, young or old, rich or poor, one cannot be a good citizen without this sense of individual responsibility towards the conditions in the community in which one lives, and a definite desire to help in a concrete way to make one's own town a better place.

It is not enough to delegate one's interest to the city officials or the town's civic organizations or to a committee. No public work worth while can be accomplished unless it has behind it the momentum of the individuals of the community. Delegated interest is barren of results without the cooperation of the constituency.

In any campaign for city beautification the individual is responsible:

First, For the appearance and improvement of his own property.

Second, for helping to create a healthy public interest in the needs of the town.

Third, for his or her support of civic improvement projects.

Each city, town or rural community has its own problems. Some need better public buildings. In others, the building of sidewalks and the improvement of side streets is the crying need. It is an excellent plan for the local organization interested to make a list of the improvements most needed. A definite, organized plan should be adopted and the greatest publicity given. People are interested in the things which they know and understand.

Projects, such as a swimming pool and a new playground to be opened, should be decided upon and the energies of all devoted to accomplish these definite things. The next year something else, talked over until it is thoroughly understood, should be worked upon until it is completed. Civic improvement differs from reform in that the movement is continuous and should extend over a period of years.

Whatever the planning, it should be suited to the community. It should be approved by enough representative citizens to insure its success, or it should be of such a nature that enthusiasm concerning it can be caused by a systematic campaign and publicity, either planned or in process of completion.

Outside of the public buildings and properties, and the municipal parks, playgrounds and streets, a city or town is nothing but a collection of private properties, the beautification of which rests entirely upon the property owner. The street, the district, the city or town is exactly what a majority of its residents choose to make it.

The first step in city beautification is to make that part of the city for which you are directly responsible beautiful. The home need not be costly, nor the grounds pretentious, in order to be beautiful.

One of the neatest and most attractive back yards was only the kitchen garden of a German boarding house in Lindenhurst, Long Island, but the neatly painted out-buildings, the gravel-covered walks, the perfectly planned garden, laid out in symmetrical plots, many of them edged with a tiny row of some small ornamental plant, made a charming picture which has remained in the memory as a thing of beauty, though thirty years went by.

A most interesting back yard was a plot of ground down in the western part of the city, as wide as the tiny house and but little longer, the garden of a Hungarian emigrant. Every possible inch of space had been utilized for the growing of vegetables but the neatness of the arrangement, the walks marked by narrow boards and edged with low growing flow-

ers, the symmetrical beds of vegetables, were far more attractive than the majority of the back yards of a city, and it was all the work of one woman.

One other case. Not long ago a community offered prizes for various phases of city beautification. Among others there was a prize for the best kept, most attractive home grounds. The prize was given to a small plot surrounding a small frame house. The whole property was probably not worth over \$1,000 yet, so perfect and harmonious was the arrangement of lawn, flower beds, shrubbery and vegetable garden that the committee unanimously awarded the first prize to this humble home.

The first responsibility of the individual, then, is to make the most of his own property, whether it be his own home or business place or a rented one.

It is quite as important to keep up the parking in front of a rented store as to keep your own lawn in good condition. Often an otherwise handsome street is spoiled by the two or three business places which fail to keep the lawn or parking in good order.

Some of the things which one can do with a very little expenditure of money is to see that your own lot has a good lawn, appropriately placed flower beds and, if possible, a small vegetable garden. Shrubbery should hide the foundation walls of the house and any walks or much used portions of the yard which are not in lawn or cement should be gravelled.

Mud around the house and in the yard during the rainy portion of the year is one of the worst problems which confronts the housewife and which detracts immeasurably from the attractiveness of the community.

The same thing is true of back yards allowed to grow up to weeds, half hiding broken fences and tumble down out-buildings. There is nothing quite so desolate as such a place in winter on the wet, dreary days when we need all the beauty there is in orderliness to keep our spirits up until the flowers bloom and the green comes again to cover ugliness with its soft, green mantle.

There are several well organized national movements for city beautification in which the individual may participate. Among the best known of these are the spring Clean-Up and Paint-Up campaigns which are now observed in almost every town in the United States, National Garden week, sponsored by the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and Arbor Day which in many places is observed as a city beautification day as well as a tree planting day.

The Better Homes movement includes the beautification of the home grounds, in its campaign for better living conditions.

The Playground and Recreational Association of America has been carrying on a nation-wide campaign of education and publicity to encourage the establishment of playgrounds and recreational centers for both children and adults.

The Harmon foundation, established by William E. Harmon of New York City, to provide playgrounds for the children of the crowded tenement districts, has interested itself in the playgrounds of the nation and is working with the Recreational Association in awakening the interest of public spirited citizens to the need of such centers in their own town. In 1924, over five thousand outdoor playgrounds had been established in the United States and many others were being planned.

One can usually find an outlet for his or her civic energies through organizations which already exist in the community. Clubs sponsor particular objects for the beautification of the city or its environs. Most village improvements, not municipal in their character, have been brought about in this manner.

Such a place as Rotary Park in City Creek Canyon, Salt Lake City, is beautiful. The Rotarians secured a spot famed for its natural scenery in one of the canyons controlled by the city. Here, year after year, they added conveniences for those who wished to spend the day in the open, stone fireplaces, tables and benches, natural fountains, and cleared away rubbish and underbrush to provide parking places for automobiles along the road. Each year something new is accomplished and eventually the whole canyon, for a stretch of about eight miles, with the cooperation of the city will be made into a natural park.

Such charming spots occur near many towns; and, as the ground is unfitted for agricultural purposes, it can be acquired at a nominal cost and fitted up as a recreation ground for the community.

First, the rubbish should be cleared away, suitable places provided for the disposal of garbage, and adequate sanitary accommodations provided. Benches, tables, and other conveniences may then be added, and in a few years the people will have a wonderful place for outings.

There is a special type of improvement society whose usefulness, while limited as to location, often accomplishes much more than the larger organization. This is the Neighborhood improvement society. While many of these organizations exist for the purpose of carrying out some special project, or securing some improvement which is to be financed by public funds, such as a bridge, the parking or paving of a street, the establishment of a park or a playground in their neighborhood, and go out of active service as soon as their

object is accomplished, there is much to be gained by having such an informal organization in every district which has similar needs and ideals.

These may unite for the purpose of securing uniform planting of trees along certain streets, to protect trees already planted from disfigurement, mutilation and unwise removal.

On an unpaved street in a small town, they may keep the road in good condition by dragging it after every rain, and if it is in bad condition during wet weather, they may unite in gravelling it if there are not public funds available.

A street, block or district which is united into such a Neighborhood improvement society soon leads the town in civic pride and becomes noted for its well kept streets, lawns, parkings and back yards.

Like great bungalow apartment houses, our towns and cities are house living communities. Like them there is the great courtyard—our larger parks—the common exits and entrances, the sections of residential purposes, and the uglier but no less necessary utilitarian parts which contain the store-rooms, the heating plant and the garage.

Like the great apartment house that it is, the approach to it should be beautiful and dignified. Beautiful are her gates! How many of our American poets could sing this of the city of their birth?

The main approaches of the town should be an index to the character of the town, especially the streets carrying the electric lines and the automobile traffic.

Our western towns especially, which are in the process of growth and which are spending thousands of dollars in advertising the community, can put out no better advertisement than an attractive street leading into the town. The road in, the main road out, and a few of the crowded business streets are often all the tourist sees of a town, and we should make sure that in this glimpse he carries away with him the impression which we want him to have.

Too often the main approach to a town leads not through the front door but through the back yard and departs the same way, and the back yard is too often neither beautiful nor in order.

This matter of the approach to our community dwelling house concerns the owners; that is, every soul in the community. Civic pride should be strong enough to insure that the front door is in harmony with the rest of the structure.

Of what avail is a magnificent town hall, an expensive federal building, if you approach them over an ill-paved, dreary stretch of road flanked on either side with dilapidated fences upon which old tin signs in all stages of disintegration flap drearily in the wind?

In Germany many of the main roads coming into a town follow the banks of a river and several cities have beautified the roadside by making their recreational playgrounds along the river.

Ornamental plantings and a narrow park form one side of the road and the riverside has a long, concrete amusement pier and promenade built out over the waters' edge.

What a contrast to the city whose approach is along one of the least interesting and poorest kept streets in town, the roadside covered with debris, weed-covered ditch banks, in the latter part of the summer a mass of dry and ugly weeds or blackened burned-over spaces, a fitting foreground for the weed and rubbish-covered vacant lots behind.

The unkept roadsides, the vacant lot, and the neglected banks of a stream are the three prize winners in the great annual contest to see what will be the ugliest spot in the town.

The vacant, uncared for, lot is one of the great eyesores of our modern western towns. It is the spawn of the building-lots' booms where lovely, cultivated fields were seized upon by the subdivider and cut up into lots. Here and there a house or a group of houses, trim, new, beautiful, spick and span, on either side the vacant lot, covered with weeds spoiling even the most beautiful of streets.

The old towns in the East did not have to contend so much with this problem. The growth of the community was slow. There was no boom and most of the land around the houses was used as gardens or grass plots until it was sold for building purposes.

As soon as the land values begin to rise, however, we get the absentee owner; the corner held for years by some Trust Company awaiting a rise in values or the settlement of an estate.

What can we do with them?

Some of them can be converted into playgrounds for the children. Various communities have secured the aid of the Boy Scouts, and at very little expense have made baseball fields during the Summer months and football practice fields in the Autumn. Wherever the vacant lots can be utilized in this manner we have gained two points in our contest for a better community in which to live. An ugly, untidy place has been cleaned up and a safe place has been provided for boys to play.

Since the advent of the automobile, the street is no longer a ball ground or a roller skating rink. Even in a small town the children must have some place in which to play. The formal parks are unsuitable for this purpose for they must be maintained in good condition and the rough play of boys would soon make a havoc of the turf. Moreover the play

grounds should be within easy walking distance so when a boy has an hour or two he can run out and play marbles or baseball.

The vacant lot seems to offer such a playground, and it is well worth the while of some organization, or even the school board, to see that enough of these lots may be secured to form easily accessible play areas.

Some towns have found it a good plan to put play equipment in such lots which could be easily moved and was not easily destroyed or broken.

Permission, of course, must be secured from the owners.

Where Boy Scouts are not available to clean up such a lot and keep it in condition throughout the season, the boys of the neighborhood might form a club and secure a vacant lot for a playground, keeping it clean and free from weeds for the use of it.

The third winner in the ugliest spot in town contest is a stream or canal flowing through a town. Except where it is confined in a conduit or walled in with masonry, it and its banks are usually entirely neglected. Even in a good residential neighborhood, the stream is left to itself. In it lie the potentialities of surpassing beauty, but it remains the example of neglect, and often abuse, when it becomes the dumping place for refuse.

Even in the large cities such a place is rarely cared for, either by the municipality or by the property owners whose holdings abut the stream. Sometimes the banks of such a stream belong to the city, and there is a general feeling that such a place would cost too much to beautify.

But would it?

Imagine the banks of such a stream, and there is one in nearly every town, gay with native or hardy flowering shrubs, the lovely yellow rose that thrives without any care, lilacs donated from the nearby garden, soft clusters of pussy willows, the graceful tamarach, sumacs, hawthorne and mountain ash from the neighboring hillsides.

Sow hollyhocks and the feathery garden asparagus, and batchelor buttons, and let them self-sow, year after year, instead of cockle burrs and burdocks and thistles.

Plant out a few pieces of the lovely varieties of iris and the cheerful golden glow. All of these will flourish wherever a noxious weed will grow.

Imagine the banks of such a stream gay with narcissus and tulips. If the hundreds of thousands of bulbs which are planted out in our parks and thrown away could be naturalized in places like that where they could be allowed to grow undisturbed what a wealth of beauty we might have.

Let some organization take up such a project and plant

a few rods each year. The start of flowers donated from private gardens, an afternoon's work in cleaning and planting, and two or three times during the summer the clearing of the weeds around the young plants, until they are large enough to hold their own, and the work is done.

To a Poplar Tree

By J. Collard Baker

Who pointed thy trembling fingers to the far
 Bewildering azure of the star spattered sky?
 Celestial artist dipping brush within the jar,
 And Lo! a splash of silver mid the green doth lie.
 A hand of Wizard filched from alien hills
 The sleeping germs of life in slender wands
 Dropping them on the banks of desert rills
 Till the dry earth and the crusted lands,
 Stretched hungry arms to grip the roots, and now
 From whitening flakes, where fiery sunbeam dances
 Stood up the Regal Poplar, flaunting his bough
 Against the liquid clouds, with haughty glances.

On the whisper of the sparrow, song of a jay or black bird,
 From out the cloak of green draping the giant tree,
 The whistle of the meadow lark, is oft triumph heard
 Pouring untutored sweetness out in maddening ecstasy.
 Or sometimes the "Cloud King" in his lofty flight
 Lets fall a feathered quill upon thine emerald crest;
 To write heroic story of his mystery and might,
 Upon the velvet green that billows o'er thy breast.
 Or oft a sudden wind, with fury and with rush
 Will bend thy leaves till fearfully they touch
 The fragrant breast of Earth, and tenderly she'll hush
 Thy roar, lifting thee skyward on her scented breath.

Sometimes he leaves his image mid confusion of his foes
 Or in the slime of sewer drops the bruised heart of a rose.
 Or he lifts a broken lily from a cluttered bed of stone
 Or in the Soul of Wanton does His pardon find a home.
 And so in the Alpine Ices an Eidelweiss takes form,
 From the sands of the crusted Desert, is the Giant Poplar born.

Clean-up Time

Help Make Utah Shine

By L. H. Male, Sanitary Engineer, Utah Board of Health

The purpose and scope of the State-wide Clean Home Clean Town Campaign are so closely tied up with our daily life that it would be difficult to find a phase or an activity of our individual or community life that would not be affected by such a campaign. First, it is an annual campaign, not a clean-up day or a clean-up week, but a campaign involving careful organization and preparation for work to be carried on throughout the year. Second, it is state-wide in its aim, embracing every community and home in the state.

It is difficult to plan and to carry to successful completion any civic enterprise without the co-operation of the women. The American Woman is the queen of the home. The Clean-Up and Paint-Up Campaign is a movement which appeals with great force to all women.

Every woman dreads disease, and nearly all know that disease germs breed in dirt and filth. A community that is continuously dirty and disorderly reflects a very low standard of community life.

Any one organization working alone will not get very far in cleaning up the community, but the initiative and cooperation of all the various organizations cannot fail to revolutionize sanitary conditions and conserve the public health.

'Clean-Up' also means 'Paint-Up,' and everything that pertains to the improvement of the appearance of homes.

Individuals and cities are alike in many respects. A clean community enjoys better health than a dirty one and shows it. In a clean city flies, mosquitoes and other enemies to health and comfort cannot thrive. Good health depends to a great extent upon the removal of rubbish and filth and the destruction of breeding places for disease-carrying insects. One breeder of flies can furnish the whole community with flies throughout the season. A clean community advertises to the world that its citizens are interested in the public health.

Community pride, cheer, contentment, health and thrift are valuable assets to every community and to every individual. A clean-up campaign is a good business proposition.

Those who visit a clean city always will say good things about it, but a dirty town invites unfavorable comment and keeps strangers away. The best way to boost your community is to clean-up, paint-up and keep-it-up.

Make your first and greatest appeal for a Clean-Up and Paint-Up Campaign with the slogan, "Dirt breeds disease. Let's clean-up, paint-up and live longer."

By cleaning-up and painting-up your city you will turn the knockers into boosters. No longer will you hear anyone say, "Our town is the dirtiest place on the map."

An effective clean-up program requires the cooperation and continued interest of all individuals and groups in the community.

Don't make the mistake of heaping upon one willing and patient enthusiast all the details and responsibility. If you do, he or she will be completely overwhelmed while the rest of you will be thinking of a hundred things the chairman ought to do. There should be committees to do specific work, and chairmen who will think and work and inspire the members of their committees.

Here are some of the things a campaign does:

It develops community spirit.

All learn how to work and play together.

Streets and alleys are cleaned-up, repaired, and thereafter kept in good condition.

The accumulations of waste and rubbish are removed, thereby eliminating the causes of many destructive fires.

Vacant lots are improved and converted into playgrounds or gardens.

Homes are beautified.

Shrubbery is trimmed. Trees are planted. Lawns are mowed and raked. Backyards are cleaned-up. Homes are thoroughly cleaned inside and out from cellar to garret and then are dedicated to continued cleanliness by the ministrations of the painter.

Breeding places for disease are rooted up and destroyed. Mosquitoes, flies, rats, roaches and other pests are obliterated. Thus the campaign saves human lives.

Many communities have shown a more rapid growth in population after a campaign was inaugurated than they ever hoped to enjoy.

Such a campaign will be of inestimable value to the state. First, to improve sanitary conditions with a view of promoting the public health; and, second, beautification of communities with an aim to making our surroundings more attractive and comfortable.

A spirit of civic pride is promoted which animates the various communities to friendly competition. Many team owners will donate their services in hauling away rubbish and bringing back a load of crushed stone and gravel. Public-

spirited individuals will volunteer their services in repairing streets in their neighborhood. There should be developed a pride in gaining the distinction of having the cleanest home and the cleanest town.

In every community there are boys who are going to dominate your civic business interests in the future. They will be the most loyal supporters of your community, if you will only give them the proper encouragement and responsibility.

Give the old fence a coat of whitewash. Get a few Huckleberry Finns busy on the job. A coat of whitewash will greatly improve its appearance.

Hint on whitewashing: Use plenty of good lime and add one quart of salt to each 5 gallons to keep whitewash from rubbing off.

Your future citizens are in the school room. A prominent member of the Big Brother Association, of St. Louis, recently declared that if the boys and girls were allowed to participate in practical community development and were properly encouraged in this work, our juvenile courts would soon be a thing of the past.

When you enlist the cooperation of the boys and girls in this campaign you are capitalizing their energy. You are giving them an opportunity to learn what it means to be builders of a bigger and better community, and you give them practical training in useful citizenship. Give the school children a chance to help make this campaign a big success. It will pay your chairman to talk to the principal of each school personally, and to have representative pupils from each school at your first meeting.

Abraham Lincoln said: "I like to see a man proud of the place he lives in." So do your neighbors.

CLEAN-UP—FIX-UP—PAINT-UP.

The series of houses showing the growth of shubbery from year to year is included in our magazine through the courtesy of the Extension Division of the Brigham Young University. They are part of an article on Home and Community Beautification by Laval S. Morris, Assistant Professor of Horticulture, Brigham Young University. The pictures are loaned by J. B. Pilkington.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Editor	CLARISSA SMITH WILLIAMS
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Room 28, Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah

Magazine entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah

Vol. XIV

APRIL, 1927

No. 4

EDITORIAL

The Clean-up and Beautification Campaign

The most gratifying reports are reaching us from stakes all over the Church in relation to the Beautification and Clean-Up Campaign. Relief Societies in some of the cities are co-operating with the civic organizations of the community, and are formulating plans looking forward to comprehensive programs.

There are few of our cities that are not ideally located because our mountains provide such unique sites for cities. But there are many of them that have too few trees, and others which have permitted beautiful trees to be hacked and made unsightly, a thing that detracts materially from the good looks of the town as well as the possibility of obtaining adequate shade in the Summer. There are other cities and towns where the weeds and the burrs so infest the thoroughfares that they are not only unsightly but are really destructive to clothing, particularly at this time when the hosiery women wear is so frail that a burr can easily destroy a pair of hose in a moment.

Some of the cities have carried on very successful cam-

paigns in the past, and as a result these cities are greatly improved in appearance. What we need is more of this same good work, and to this end the Relief Society is seeking earnestly to stimulate civic pride, that our cities, towns and hamlets may be more healthful and beautiful places in which to live. With this thought in mind we are emphasizing in this issue of the *Magazine* the teachers topic of this year, which is Civic Pride.



The Modern Crusader

From the National Clean-Up and Paint-Up Campaign Bureau we have considerable literature that is telling the story. The cut which we are using in this *Magazine* gives us a picture of the Modern Crusader whom we imagine with his foot on the Crusader of the past. It is faithful to conditions. The Crusader of the past with his eye on an impractical ideal went forth in search of the sacred places of the Holy Land. After much sacrifice and suffering he succeeded in building a church on the spot where it is supposed by some Christian people that Christ was crucified, although the identity of the

spot is very doubtful. But one thing that is not doubtful is that this church is in the midst of undesirable conditions where civic pride and ideas of sanitation are almost unknown, and where conditions are death-dealing and unsightly!

At the very side of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is an old arch that has been there for years. It has no meaning and is merely there because nobody has taken the trouble to tear it down. Dirt, dust, filth, decay, vermin, insects, ugliness and untidiness are apparent on every side. It is the last place in the world where the love of Christ is exemplified. The Greek Catholics, the Roman Catholics and the Armenians who have occupied this church have never been able to get along, and a Mohammedan officer has had to be stationed at the door of the church to keep them from fighting and at times killing one another. They will not let a Jew enter even as a visitor. The idea that was carried forth with such vigor in the middle ages seems to be barren of results. We do not claim that it is entirely barren, yet judged by its fruits it has certainly proved a losing game.

Our Modern Crusader is a man who goes forth in the public service on behalf of beautiful and healthy surroundings. He goes forth not to destroy his fellow-man no matter what his race, religion or nationality may be, but to drive from the earth filth, rot, disease, vermin, insects, untidiness and ugliness. Surely none of us will hesitate to enlist in his service, for he goes forth to save life rather than to destroy it, to use a scriptural phrase, in all things "to overcome evil with good."

The picture of the crusader of the past is lost, but we are publishing a cut of the Modern Crusader. We are relying on the imagination of our readers to see the Crusader of olden times.

Writers and Editors' Dinner

A feature of the recent Leadership Week at the Brigham Young University was a writers' and editors' dinner sponsored by Harrison R. Merrill of the English Department, who is a well known contributor to the magazines of the state. This dinner brought together Editors Edward H. Anderson of the *Improvement Era*, Clarissa Beesley and Mary C. Kimball of the *Young Woman's Journal*, and Alice L. Reynolds of the *Relief Society Magazine*. There were also artists and musicians in the group. Ten or more persons were present who have written continuously for the *Relief Society Magazine* and who have been constant contributors to other Church magazines. All three editors felt that the luncheon gave

them an unusual opportunity to express their appreciation to writers whose work has done so much in the past to make the Church magazines successful.

Editor Edward H. Anderson was at the head of the table and made the first address, which had to do with up-to-date effective writing. Practically all persons at the dinner expressed themselves as very much pleased that the group had been brought together. A motion for a permanent organization was entertained and carried with the hope that the group may be able to stimulate creative work in the West that will make use of western material.

Mary

By Lula Greene Richards

Mary, beautiful Mary! Gentle and pure and good,
Truest and most blessed type of perfect Motherhood.
With utmost fervency, we fail those gifts to all define
Wherein the worth and excellence of heaven and earth combine.
They far transcend the fluency of mortal tongue or pen,
Or highest waves of thoughts conceived by women or by men.
Mary, beautiful Mary! The favored, chosen one
To be the Mother of the Christ, God's well beloved Son.

Mary, beautiful Mary! Most ardently we trace
The sacred records noting such loveliness and grace.
The wonder of her faultless life our inmost love inspires—
To reach that perfect standard—our strongest, best desires.
And we can strive more earnestly perfection to obtain
Through studying that peerless life—our hopes cannot be vain.
For we may follow closely the humble path she trod.
Mary, beautiful Mother of Christ, the Son of God.





February
1913



August
1913



August
1915



August
1917

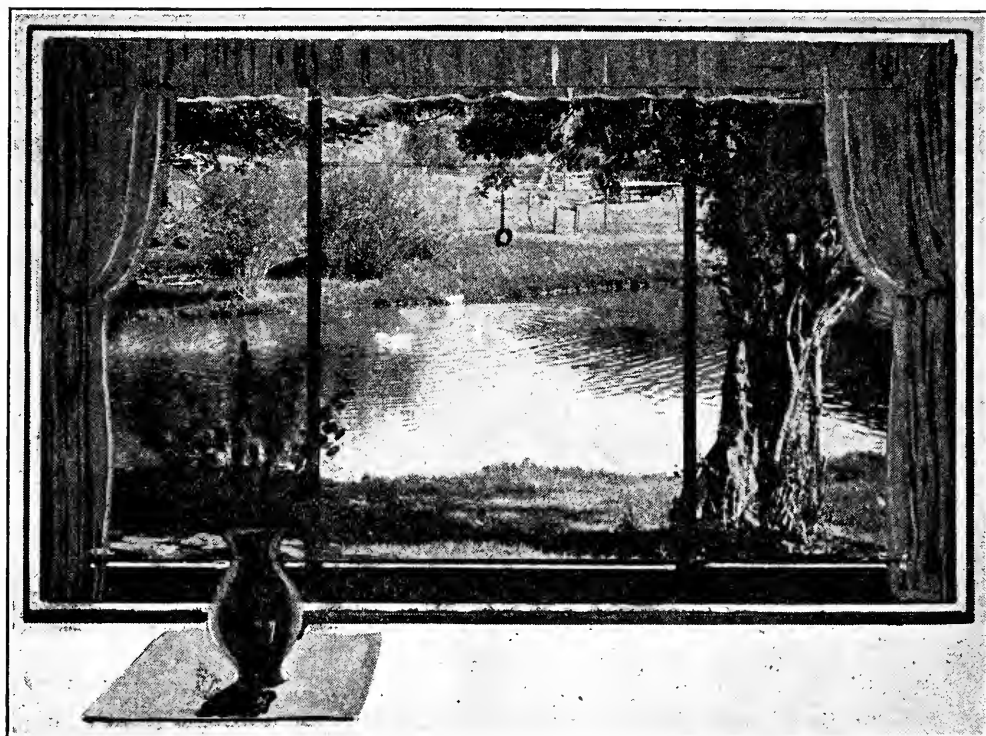
The growth of the home-landscape. Each year it becomes more beautiful when properly planted.
(Pictures loaned by J. B. Pilkington)



HOME BEAUTIFICATION



OLD FENCES SHOULD BE SCREENED FROM VIEW WITH PLANT MATERIALS



A SCENE FROM A WINDOW



HOME BEAUTIFICATION

Activities of Relief Society

As Noted in the Public Press

SEVIER RELIEF SOCIETY STARTS CLEAN-TOWN DRIVE

Richfield, 1927.

The Sevier stake Relief Society board initiated a clean-home—clean-town campaign, embracing Richfield, Venice, Glenwood and Koosharem, beginning March 1. The various town organizations and county commissioners were being solicited for prizes in connection with the campaign. The Relief Society teachers took up the subjects in their regular visits.

The following projects were emphasized during March: Kill flies, remove manure, remove old buildings, build fences, gates and bridges, and prune trees.

A central committee consisting of Mrs. E. W. Poulson, Mrs. F. M. Ogden, Daniel Peterson, W. L. Warner, Dr. H. A. Dewey, and County Agent S. R. Boswell, were appointed to direct the campaign.

LEHI

A Relief Society teachers' conference of the five wards of Lehi was held in the Second ward chapel one Tuesday afternoon to initiate the clean-up campaign, a project assumed by the Relief Societies of the community. Mrs. Annie C. Hindley of Salt Lake emphasized the importance of beautifying the home and its surroundings. Two demonstrations were given, one illustrative of undesirable home conditions and the other of the clean home, within and without.

PURPOSE OF PLAY PRAISED

Mayor and City Commission Endorse Relief Society Production

"Let your light be set on a hill, that others may see your good works."

Provo has for a long time been sleeping on her rights in not following this injunction. We have the most wonderful opportunity of any city anywhere to "find a place in the sun." This can be done without expending much money. Just by a little united labor, intelligently directed along the lines of city beautification. Let it be known that we stand for this thing definitely, and that we are going to reach our ideal.

Commission is Pleased

The city commission is pleased with the pledges we hear from various organizations to the effect that city beautification will be sponsored by them. We need not tell you that we stand ready to back up any such seriously contemplated movement. To put this program over, however, it will take work; not just talk. To get this work under way the Utah stake Relief Society is first in the field. They are presenting a play, "Seven Chances," at the high school auditorium, Wednesday, at 8 p. m. The proceeds from this play will be used to assist in this worthy civic movement.

We endorse this play, not only as a fine amusement, but also for its purpose. Let us all get back of this movement and show the world that Provo is alive, and is willing to write her name high as a clean, modern and beautiful city.

Everyone should do his bit.—*Mayor O. K. Hansen.*

The following report reaches us from Ogden:

This month, at our officers meeting, we had as our speaker, Mr. Hansen of the Agricultural College, whose subject was Civic Improvement. Last month, at our officers meeting, we had our Mayor, George E. Browning, speak along the same line. We asked that he suggest in what way, as a Relief Society we might aid the City Commission in having a cleaner, better city. We did this to try to enthuse our sisters and give them some idea of what might be done if we decided to take up such a program. In the meantime Sister Parry of North Weber stake had held one such meeting with Mr. Hansen as the speaker. She invited officers of the other stakes in Weber county to be present. At this meeting every stake, I think, was represented. These meetings I am sure did much good. As four stakes, we anticipate working out a program with Mr. Jensen, and expect to make our program cover at least two years.—*Almira C. Rich.*



Frank L. Stanton Goes Home

By Frank C. Steele

Frank L. Stanton, poet laureate of Georgia, has "gone home." He has gone to that eternal home of which in his later life he wrote with such profound intimacy and serenity. He died at his home in Atlanta, after seventy years of full, rich living, forty years of which he was columnist on the *Atlanta Constitution*, that great newspaper founded by Henry W. Grady, the orator and writer. For years Stanton was associated with another famous Georgian on the staff of the *Constitution*, Joel Chandler Harris, author of the Uncle Remus stories. The death of the poet removes the last of the distinguished trio—Grady, Harris and Stanton.

A newspaperman with the soul of a poet, Frank L. Stanton's column, "Just From Georgia," added everlasting lustre to the pages of the *Constitution*. Year after year, Stanton wrote his full measure of "copy" his last column appearing singularly enough on Christmas Day. He lingered on until Jan. 7, when the soul of the sweet singer of the south moved on to another sphere, perchance to write there the songs which in mortality he heard only in his dreams. Stanton once said: "I have written a few lines that are fairly good, but how far they fall below the vision."

To read Stanton's column, day after day, as did the writer during his delightful residence in Atlanta, a few years ago, was to learn to love the man and his poetry as all Georgia loved him. While he wrote of his Dixie home and its splendid, warm-hearted, happy people, his work had that tinge of universality that makes it literature. His poetry flowed from his heart like bars of music possessing a freshness, a cheeriness, a purity that at once stamped him a real poet. There was a fine philosophy of life running through his column that lifted it from the ranks of the ordinary column with its jazz, flippancy and smartness, and placed it among the classics of journalism. "Just From Georgia," a breakfast-time waft of sunshine and hope and faith in the world of mankind, became a perfect picture of the heights a newspaper column may reach when its contents are tinged with sincerity and genius. Stanton asked nothing from life except an opportunity to give expression to the kindly love that filled his soul.

There was no affectation or artificiality about Frank

Stanton. He studiously avoided applause, finding his greatest joy in his little cubbyhole in the *Constitution* office where unseen the author has watched the great poet-journalist at work. He wrote much, his best known poems being "Mighty Lak a Rose" and "Just a Wearyin' For You," two poems he sold for the paltry sum of \$300. "Mighty Lak a Rose" he published in copyright form and the first thing he knew it was being sold, set to music by that eminent American composer, Ethelbert Nevin.

"A representative of the composer's widow came to see me about it," Stanton explained; "and he was such a nice young man that I accepted his offer of \$150 for the words. Then I happened to be needing the money." The song made a fortune for the publishers.

Frank L. Stanton began his literary career as a country editor. He later worked for John Temple Graves on the Rome, Georgia, *Tribune*. It was during those early days that the future poet quaffed deeply of the soul of the soil and established that intimate connection with the lives of the common people of his beloved Georgia which later made his poetry great. His verse is as sweet and musical and simple as the hearts of the folks he wrote for. He took the little things of life and wove them into imperishable measures. His love of home and family was well known, and he probably reached his greatest heights in his poem, "Marcelle," written when the life of his little daughter, Marcelle, was despaired of. Few poems in literature have finer, nobler heart appeal. Stanton is at his best in such lines as these:

The world that we're alivin' in
Is mighty hard to beat;
You git a thorn in every rose—
But ain't the roses sweet!

He published three volumes of poems, his last, *Little Folks Down South*, appearing in 1904. In 1925 Frank L. Stanton was proclaimed poet laureate of Georgia, by Governor Clifford Walker, and while South Carolina, where he was born, and Georgia, where he became one of the south's "Immortals," may justly claim him as their "very own," the whole world has its claim on Frank L. Stanton, for his songs are sung round the world. Northern hearts are touched by the exquisite sweetness of "Mighty Lak a Rose," or his "L'il Feller," touched as deeply as are the hearts of the folks "down South" among whom Stanton moved.

That the poet knew that the end was near is clearly.

revealed in the following lines found among his papers after his death:

GOING HOME

Adieu, sweet friends—I have been waiting long
To hear the message that calls me home,
And now it comes like a low, sweet song
Of welcome over the river's foam;
And my heart shall ache and my feet shall roam
No more—no more. I am going home.

Home! Where no storm—where no tempest raves
In the light of the calm, eternal day;
Where no willows weep over lonely graves
And the tears from our eyelids are kissed away;
And my soul shall sigh and my feet shall roam
No more—no more. I am going home.

Springtime

By Vilate Roundy

Springtime, Love-time, time to banish care;
Time to hear bird-music thrill the balmy air;
Time to watch the flowers blossom, and the trees;
Time to love the murmur of the stirring bees.
Time to breathe the sunshine that dispells the rain;
Time to plant the harvest, if we'd reap the grain;
Time to drink the gladness sent from heaven above;
Time to thrill with beauty, time to live, and love!



April Fool's Day

By Ellen L. Jakeman

"Within certain well defined limits you boys may play pranks on one another and 'April-fool,' but let it be understood, right now, that I will not allow you to include me in any of your jokes, practical or otherwise; if that idea is what is making you all so hilarious this morning," remarked the lady at the head of the breakfast table.

A look, brief but significant, passed among the half dozen boys, students of the B. Y. U., and boarders at the comfortable home of Mrs. Johnson.

Byron looked up with his face arranged to resemble a very much disappointed infant, and asked:

"Why'nt you let us? Not even one little joke? That just about spoils the day for us!"

"What will you do about it," asked Niel, "if we just go ahead according to program?" and there was mischief and daring in his smile.

There were six boys at the table, all seemingly deeply interested in the conversation, and it was the last day of March.

Mrs. Johnson had tried to make her boarding house a real home for the boys who boarded with her. She fed them well, and promised them if they would live according to her rules of eating, sleeping, rest and recreation, they would always be bright for study, and come out in the spring fit; and they had been what Dickens calls—"biddable."

She had realized that there is much desirable education not found in text books, and had acquiesced in their holding mock courts, familiarizing themselves with the workings of the machinery of justice, and had once induced a real judge to preside at a murder trial the boys staged. She had suggested other excursions into fields not included in the curriculum. They were allowed to whet their wits on one another, within the lines of good nature and good taste.

The boys had made mistakes, as all boys do, and in these emergencies had found Mrs. Johnson a wise and safe counselor, and a sympathetic friend. Some of the things they blundered into were very amusing, at a safe distance; but had been a bit scary when their high spirits and investigating urge almost brought them into contact with discipline. She had helped them with their lessons till they had learned to study, and finding that some of them took more pleasure in athletics than class work she made one unbreakable rule:

"The young man who fails to pass his examinations must find another boarding house."

In vain the boys argued that if she got her money she need not care—a polite way of insinuating that it was "none of her business."

"I'll do a lot for a boy who is doing his best, but I will not waste my time cooking for a lazy student! A young man who will come here and waste his time, and the hard earned money of his parents, disappointing them and setting a bad example for younger members of the family or community, isn't worth cooking for, and can just go somewhere else." And she stuck to it.

With some grumbling the boys settled down to that, and afterward heartily approved it; but here in the Spring, and school so nearly over for the year, she found herself almost obliged to formulate a new rule, and she did not believe in rules.

She had not answered Niel, so Lewis at the foot of the table repeated the query: "What will you do about it, Mrs. Johnson?"

"I'll tell you, boys, and that's only half of it, that I am very tired. I've always deplored the liberties people take on St. Valentine's day, All Hallowe'en, and April first, to inflict pain, either mental or physical. I was the victim of some very cruel and humiliating jokes on those days when I was a child and a very young girl, and the flavor of it is with me still. Please leave me out of your nonsense. If you all enjoy it, I don't wish to spoil any innocent fun; but I am not in sympathy with it, and will not be included."

"But you have not said what you would do about it, if we just went ahead and—" George suspended his sentence and laughed delightedly.

"I had hoped you would not press me to make a threat. I would like to believe you had refrained in deference to my wishes; but since you insist, I'll tell you: I should no longer consider the person or persons my friends, and the next move for them to make is obvious." And Mrs. Johnson looked into their startled but smiling faces with no answering smile.

The gay chatter ceased. A few subdued remarks were made with regard to the school activities for the day, and one by one as they finished breakfast, they took their lunches and departed for the University rather silently.

"There," said Mrs. Johnson to herself, as she moved swiftly about getting her children ready for school and putting her house in order, "I think I was just in time to nip in the bud some perfectly gorgeous plan they were arranging to *fool me!* It was hard for them to give it up, I could see,

so it must have been something pretty *funny*, which usually means humiliation and loss of dignity for the objective party."

She felt a little indignant for she had been very good to the boys, and thought their idea of getting fun out of making her ridiculous savored of poor taste, if not ingratitude. She was sure, however, that the scheme was squashed, so in a multiplicity of duties she soon forgot about it.

March had roared in like the traditional lion, but the latter half had been warm and mild. The last vestige of snow had melted in the valleys, and everything was just right to begin gardening. Mrs. Johnson had quite a large city lot, and while considerable of the space had been given over to orchard and small fruits, there was still ample room for a big garden. It could be plowed for the most part by a careful and skillful man who would be willing to work with one horse and a small plow. Those who were up to such work were always in demand in the spring and usually very busy, and it sometimes happened that she had to get it put into condition with a spading fork, which was slow, and not nearly so effective as the deeper stirring of the soil by plowing. She spent the better part of the day calling on those who did plowing, without any success, and when she would have been glad of a man who would use a spading fork faithfully and immediately, she could find no one who would promise to work for her under two weeks.

The boys came home to dinner quite silent and it seemed to Mrs. Johnson a little chagrined; but still she felt she was right, and so dismissed the subject from her mind and the conversation.

Dinner over the boys betook themselves to their dormitory half a block away, where they also did their studying, and Mrs. Johnson went forth once more to find a plow or its equivalent. Such a Spring, following a snowy Winter meant good gardens, and Mrs. Johnson had descended from a long line of southern planters, knew all about such things, and fairly reveled in the planting and cultivating of the spot of God's earth that was her own. She also appreciated the results when the rich and luscious fruits and highly flavored vegetables found their way, day after day, into her supply room, sealed up in pure clear glass, to make winter a season of delicious plenty.

She met only excuses and refusals about the plowing, and almost discouraged she finally turned her weary steps homeward; and she had so wanted an *early* garden!

A neighbor's child stood at Mrs. Johnson's gate, who said: "Papa says, 'Please will you come over, Mother is very sick, and—'"

"Yes, tell him I will come right over," and she went into the house to tell the oldest girl where she was going, and was on her way in five minutes; for we were still a primitive community and rich people could not hire a twenty-five dollar nurse, because there were none, and poor people did not go without help because they had no money with which to hire.

It was just getting daylight when she reached her own gate the next morning. She stopped and stared! She could not believe her own eyes! Her garden, her *beloved* garden spot was spaded, raked and all laid off in furrows ready to receive into its rich dark mould the fertile seed! That was at the front. She went around the house that which set well back in the lot, and the same sight met her eyes—everything in perfect order. It seemed a little unreal that all this should have been accomplished between moon-rise and moon-set—almost impossible!

There must have been an unwonted and spontaneous joy in her tone, for it attracted the attention of a thrifty, early-rising neighbor when she laughed aloud.

He leaned over the fence and asked: "Why all this early morning hilarity, Mrs. Johnson?"

"Mr. Harrison, those blessed B. Y. U. boys who board with me have been playing an April-fool trick on me!"

"Have they? Well, the tricks I have discovered so far, that were played on me last night, don't strike me as being easily laughed off; and I have not yet called the boys who did it by the name you just applied to your boarders."

"I don't know how they managed to do so much in a single night, or where they found tools, or anything!"

"Didn't you hear them at work? Did they spade right along there by your bedroom window and you not find it out?" asked Mr. Harrison in amazement.

"I sat up last night with one of our sick neighbors, but they did not know I was gone. What a charming hoax!"

Mrs. Harrison came to the door: "William, the pig trough is on the back porch, and so wedged in that I can't open the back door. Will you please come and move it?" Then to Mrs. Johnson, "I do hope the scamps have not torn your place crazy as they have ours?"

"Certainly," Mr. Harrison said to his wife, and as he turned away remarked, "Mrs. Johnson, that's the first time I ever knew a lot of rattle headed students to do a kind and considerate thing as an April-fool, when generations of license tolerates, and even applauds, real destructive mischief."

Mrs. Johnson began to say something, but Mr. Harrison broke in with, "'Can't put young heads on old shoulders.' I

know. For if we could, the young heads that devised the mischief around here would be on some aching old shoulders so quick that the heads would swim. I know the boys who have torn up my bridges, tied my best rooster to the dog kennel, and put all the gates on top of the barn, etc. They are not mad at me. They live on the other side of the town where I came from. They are such ignorant rough-necks that they think they are showing me a social attention, and don't know there is any better way of having fun. Good boys? Yes, lots of 'em. Will make good men all right, too! Don't think much, and have had wrong teaching," and off he went with a sour smile and spent the day repairing the mischief of the night, while Mrs. Johnson fairly flew to her neglected duties.

"I wish you would tell me who did this beautiful thing for me," Mrs. Johnson asked at the breakfast table, after making suitable acknowledgments. "Of course it had to be all of you?"

"Do you call that an April-fool trick?" asked Byron. "It looks to me like a full day's work!"

"Why, yes. That is what I have been calling it. But it is surely the kindest thing I ever heard of."

Neil spoke up: "So long as you consider it an April-fool, we refuse to tell you. You pride yourself on keeping your word, and only yesterday morning you as good as threatened to send away from home anyone of us guilty of making you the party of the second part to an April-fool."

Then Lewis chipped in: "Do you think one of the boys you have been helping to educate all winter is sap-head enough to be sent away from home just for the pleasure of answering your questions? Not much!"

Mrs. Johnson smiled understandingly at the various remarks made by the other boys, when Neil, who was threatening to study law, joined in with: "Perhaps you remember, Mrs. Johnson, that when we held the first session of our mock court, and had a real judge, he told us that no witness was obliged to answer a question that would incriminate himself. We don't own it, and we don't deny it."

"You can't beguile us into any damaging admissions," George remarked, and Lewis' expressive eyes fairly danced.

"But this is not just curiosity, it is the noble spirit of investigation which men sometimes have. All right, noes have it. I won't ask you any more, but I'm a pretty good guesser, and I give you fair warning that I will get even with you."

The boys went trooping to the gate, laughing the clear frank laugh of youth, a laugh that was more than amusement or fun; it was joy over the unqualified success of their kind, benevolent and altogether delicious fooling.

That evening when the boys came home to dinner, they found several of their favorite young ladies assembled to help them enjoy a veritable thanksgiving feast, except that the place of honor usually occupied by the festive turkey was graced by a huge well-browned goose, with all the trimmings.

"There, I told you she was a woman of her word," said Byron, presenting his best imitation of a baby about to weep. "See! She's cooked our goose for us!"

Knowing how hard it is for a man to keep a secret, I am prompted to remark that they never did tell Mrs. Johnson who originated the spading scheme, or actually did the work; but she was sure they were all in it for all they were worth, and all equally "guilty."

Courage

By Mrs. C. A. Boyer

If the world seems gloomy
And friends prove untrue,
And hope and courage are fled;
If flowers lose their fragrance
And skies seem less blue,
And you look to the future with dread;
Don't sit at life's window
Where the shadows fall,
And watch with a sigh and a tear;
But open the doors
To brightness, and all
That gives the heart solace and cheer.

Should sorrows and cares
Gather round like a cloud,
Chasing the sunshine away;
And temptation and darkness
Fall like a shroud
In a mist to cover the way;
Look farther beyond—
A light will appear,
If you're careful no trouble to borrow;
The storm will soon pass,
The clouds disappear
And the sunshine be brighter tomorrow.



Notes from the Field

By Amy Brown Lyman

Minidoka Stake (Fly Campaign)

The Minidoka stake Relief Societies last year conducted a very successful campaign against flies. Cooperation was asked of every housewife to help rid the community of the pest. The newspaper gave freely of its space for publicity purposes, and the movement had the support and backing of city and county officials. Early in April, stake and ward committees were organized for this work, consisting of the stake and ward executive committee. A request was sent to the Idaho representatives, in Washington, D. C., for 500 bulletins on "The House Fly and How to Suppress It." When the pamphlets came, a house to house canvass was made, and a copy of the little booklet, together with a chart on nutrition, were left at every home in the stake. While this was being done the stake committee secured a large quantity of air-slacked lime from the Paul Sugar Factory, through the courtesy of the Sugar company's field manager, President May. Mayor Beymer, who cooperated so readily with the movement, sent trucks to haul the lime to vacant lots in Rupert and adjacent towns, there to be distributed among the people. Everybody was asked to take a sack of lime from these piles on vacant lots and use it freely in outbuildings and all places where flies would be likely to breed. The newspaper of Rupert published each week through the Summer an article about the filthy fly. These articles recommended that all homes should be properly screened, and that fly traps should be used on the outside of the homes. Following is a sample of publicity which was used:

FIGHT THE FLY

O little fly, O vermin small,
Most deadly insect of them all,
To thee I write this little verse,
Your life and habits to rehearse.

In barnyard waste you had your birth;
In rankest filth you came to earth;
For baby's milk you then took wing,
And on the food you tried to cling.
Your feet were smeared with filth and slime,
As on the table you did climb;
And then you rubbed with impish glee,
Your feet on all that you could see.
Then, after feeding on the cake,
A bath in cream you thought you'd take.
You have no teeth, no fangs, no sting,
Yet death to human lives you bring.
You are the vilest of the vile;
Our health, our life, you would defile.
O, Imp of Satan, where you tread,
Your path is filled with human dead.

—*William A. Cole.*

A most successful teachers' convention was held on October 2, with good representation. The outline furnished by the General Board was used. A blue ribbon was offered to every teacher who had made her visits 100 per cent. It was found that seven teachers had never missed making a visit. The convention covered the whole day, and consisted of a program in the morning, a luncheon at noon, and a social in the afternoon.

The stake adopted and forwarded to their representatives in the State Legislature a resolution petitioning the Legislature to build a suitable hospital at once for tuberculosis patients, the state of Idaho being the only one in the union that does not have a single tuberculosis bed.

Social Service Institutes

Very successful Social Service Institutes have been held during the winter months in the following stakes: Logan, Cache, North Sevier, Sevier, South Sevier, Franklin, Oneida, North Davis, South Davis and Blackfoot. The institutes have each covered either five or six days, with four hours class work daily, and have been conducted under the direction of the General Secretary, Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman, who has been assisted by the following social workers from the Welfare Department at Relief Society headquarters: Mrs. Annie D. Palmer, Miss Lydia Alder, Miss Anna Laura Stohl, Mrs. Amy W. Evans and Mrs. Elizabeth Williams. The classes have been made up of stake board members, ward presidents and social service aids, with bishops or counselors and supervising high councilmen. County commissioners have also been in attendance. So keen has been the inter-

est throughout, that at the close of each institute the members have universally expressed their great delight in the course, and have stated that the help and inspiration given them would form the basis and beginning of future study on social problems.

Snowflake Stake.

Following we give the aims of the stake board for 1926:

1. To plan and execute some special activity for board members each month.
2. To plan and give outlines for definite work to be put over in the wards.
3. To have each member of the board report in board meeting on her special line of work at definitely appointed times.
4. To make a special effort to secure larger contributions for charity work.
5. To have a definite written program of instructions to take to each ward upon visits.
6. Take up a special study of parliamentary rules, as a board, and put over a simple usage in the wards.
7. To visit, unannounced, each ward twice, at least, during the year; one visit on work and business day, the other as seems best fitted to need of the ward.
8. To continue effort to have more efficient teachers' work (a) by giving more thorough discussion of teachers' topic at work and business meeting; (b) by continuing to hold for 100 per cent visiting, 100 per cent preparation, 100 per cent attendance of teachers at work and business meetings, (c) by occasionally checking and comparing results for monthly visits.
9. To aid in making marked civic improvements in all the communities.
10. To convert officers and members to the need of maternity bundles.

Report of Summer's Work for 1926. Eight wards reported having taken up "Home Improvement" projects as outlined by the stake board. Only a few of them reported hours spent in work. One of the eight did not give anything definite. The total expenditure as reported by seven associations was \$13,057.40. Projects reported worked upon in these associations are as follows: kalsomining, painting, new roofs, new doors, lathing, cement work, coverings, flower beds and bulbs, screens repaired, shrubs, new floors, plastering, walks, built-in furniture, grafonolas, swings, books, magazines, musical records, rugs, draperies, washers, windmills and new houses under process of construction. During

Spring, there was conducted a contest or drive in the literary department of the stake. Wards reporting scored near 50 per cent, having read one complete work of Mark Twain's. One ward, namely Woodruff, reported 100 per cent, having read one complete work.

Malad Stake.

Mrs. Ella J. Richards, president of the Relief Societies of Malad stake, reports a very interesting visit made by herself and a fellow officer to the Washakie (Indian) branch. It was on theology day, and Mrs. Amy Timbimboo, a native sister, translated the lesson on "John the Beloved Apostle." The visitors could not understand the words but could feel the wonderful spirit accompanying the discussion. At the conclusion of the meeting Mrs. Richards was handed an envelope containing 12 beautiful handmade handkerchiefs which the young women of the association had made, as gifts for the stake board members. Mrs. Fredrickson, the state nurse, is now in Malad, where she has done excellent work among the school children. She will spend four months out of the year in Malad, and the other eight months she will give to Franklin and Bear Lake counties.

California Mission (Torrance Relief Society)



Northwestern States Mission.

On December 31, 1926, the Relief Societies of the Northwestern States mission was reorganized. Mrs. Marie Young, who has labored so faithfully and capably during her husband's presidency of the mission, was honorably released,

with deep appreciation for her excellent service. Mrs. Pearl C. Sloan, wife of President William R. Sloan, was appointed president to fill the vacancy.

Eastern States Mission.

Relief Society work in the Eastern States mission is constantly progressing. There is a commendable interest, not only among the members enrolled therein, but among the missionaries and presiding brethren as well. There is a splendid spirit of cooperation throughout. Miss Dicie W. Brimhall writes that since her appointment as president, in October, it has been her project, through a circular letter, and where possible a personal visit, to have each society provide a year-round program with the purpose of preparedness and making use of every occasion to extend Relief Society work. The presidents have responded readily to this idea, and have submitted plans that would do credit to the wards in the west, where the advantage of numbers makes auxiliary work comparatively easy. At present the societies are working to complete their bazaar projects. During November, two auxiliary conferences were held at Washington, D. C., and at Albany, New York, with the Relief Societies, Sunday schools and Mutual Improvement Associations, participating. The work done in these two branches is most gratifying.

Hawaiian Mission.

Mrs. Olivia S. Waddoups, president of the Hawaiian mission Relief Societies, writes as follows: "The Relief Society members in this mission are making a great effort to succeed in their work, and we are pleased with the efforts. Their activities among those in need and distress is commendable indeed. Our social welfare work is given good attention, and much interest is shown in the baby clinic movement here. With the help of our L. D. S. Hospital graduate nurse missionary, Sister Freda Linneback, much is being accomplished here in Honolulu, and this island. We start the new year with two new organizations in Honolulu. We have also reorganized a number of our old associations. We believe that we are now prepared to do better work in 1927 than we did in 1926. That is, at least, our ambition.

Southern States Mission.

The Relief Societies of the mission report a gratifying increase of charitable deeds for the poor and the sick, non-members, as well as members, having been included in this work of love. More money has been collected and disbursed

for the benefit of the poor this year than in previous years. The yearly report shows also that the members have spent more days in caring for the sick than heretofore. The Jacksonville, Florida, Relief Society secured a home for a baby whose parents were killed in the terrible storm which devastated the towns on the east coast of Florida, September 26. The foster mother, who took the baby into her home, is a Relief Society worker.

Effort has also been made along the lines of making the meeting houses more attractive. The Columbus, Georgia, chapel is nearing completion, and the Relief Society raised \$50 to assist in providing a baptismal font. The largest country chapel in the mission is at Axson, Georgia, and the members of this country branch carpeted the stand and the aisles. During the series of conferences held in November and December, the Relief Societies served substantial meals between the meetings to the visitors and missionaries.

Tongan Mission

The course of study in the Relief Societies of the Tongan mission last year consisted of the regular theology lessons, which were translated by the president, Mrs. Ada B. Cahoon, and a course in the laws of Tonga. There was much interest in the class work, and the members were greatly benefited thereby.

California Mission (Correction).

The note in the February *Magazine* regarding the excellent *Magazine* subscription record in San Francisco was incomplete. It should have read as follows: "The Mission Branch Relief Society of San Francisco has made a most enviable record in the matter of securing subscriptions to the *Relief Society Magazine*. There are thirty-eight members in the organization, and they have sent in fifty-eight subscriptions. The subscribers consist of 38 members, 12 L. D. S. women, non-members of the organization, and 8 non-members of the Church.



Spring in the City

By Mary Hale Woolsey

April * * * and longingly, thoughts
Turn countryward, to grassy lanes
And blossoming orchards where gay robins sing
The season's praises; where young leaves appear
On wakening boughs * * * Oh, there—
Spring is so very fair!
* * * Yet I, today,
Treading the city's busy street,
Have felt Spring's nearness * * * Oh,
Almost it seemed, I might have touched
Her silken robes—so close she stood!
She smiled * * * and sunlight danced in gold
Upon a blackened roof, and warmed
The hard stone pavement. * * * She whispered * * *
And merry breezes flew to her in answer;
Straight from a wooded hill they came,
Bearing a faint, sweet, earthy odor.
She laughed * * * and grimy gutter droplets
Sang out a greeting—I heard a song much like it,
Once, beside a sun-flecked brook! * * * A dandelion
Peeped brightly out between gray stones, and drew
A straying bee to kiss her. * * * The passersby
Lifted relaxing faces to the sky's blue dome * * *
* * * Oh, even where the city's at its busiest,
Spring found her way * * * serene and gently sure;
Bearing her gifts of loveliness and joy—
Beauty * * * and hope * * * and newly stirring life.

Guide Lessons For June

LESSON I

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in June)

THE WOMEN OF THE MESSIANIC DISPENSATION (Concluded)

Mary of Magdala; The Woman of Samaria; The Widow Who Gave Her Mite, and Tabitha.

The list is by no means complete. Perhaps more women than men became disciples of the Master. He was hated by many men because of his virtues, but enemies among women, he had none on record.

MARY OF MAGDALA

Her birthplace was Magdala, a village near the Sea of Galilee, and this accounts for the name Magdalene. She was a woman who had been afflicted with bodily infirmities of which evil spirits had taken advantage, and she had been freed from her unfortunate condition by the Savior. (See Mark 16:9.)

She was one of the witnesses of the Crucifixion, and saw what was done with the body of the Lord after it was taken from the Cross. (Mark 15:45-47.) She was perhaps among the last at the crucifixion, and certainly was the first at the resurrection of the Savior. (Mark 16:9-11; John 20:16-18.) She was the first mortal messenger sent by the resurrected Redeemer. (John 20:17.) As to whom she was not. Consult Students Cyclopaedia of the Bible.

THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA

Not so much what this woman did, but what came of her unsought acquaintance with the Master, and the lessons to be learned by and from the story of the conversation at the well.

Bruce Barton has graphically described the incident in *Collier's Magazine*, of March 27, 1926.

The simple narrative given in John 4 has been the inspiration of artists and writers for ages.

Tene sees the well curb built by Jacob and on it the central figure, the Prince of Peace, tired and thirsty, and one almost hears that request, "Give me to drink."

It is the opening of the conversational conversion. That interview was a demonstration of the truth that we shall be known as we know ourselves. There are X-rays for the

mind world as well as there are x-rays for the material world.

The power to see beyond outward appearances elevated the "Man of Sorrows" in the mind of the woman to that of the place of a Seer. (John 4:19). Then follows the woman's declaration of her sincere belief in the Church to come which was followed by his declaration of who he was: "I that speak to you am He."

The woman forgets her material interests and with the missionary spirit puts her whole self into the work of spreading the news of her discovery of the new Well; the fountain of eternal life, the new life and the more abundant life.

The result of her testimony was the acknowledging of belief in the fruits of his teachings that followed every conversion. (John 4:1-42.)

To the woman of Samaria Jesus not only revealed himself as the Christ, but he proclaimed the absolute necessity for a knowledge of God and sincerity in the worship of him. God is a spirit; an individual intelligence in whom the spiritual dominates. In this there is no denial that God has a body of flesh and bone, as his son had after his resurrection. To worship God in spirit means to worship him in sincerity and with spiritual acquaintance. To worship him in truth means to worship him in the light of truth concerning what he is, and this accords with the declaration concerning eternal life. "And this is life eternal that they might know thee, the only true God and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent."

THE WOMAN WITH THE TWO MITES.

She is called by a modern writer, "The Greatest Giver."

To appreciate her place as an outstanding character one needs to study Mark 12:38-44. From a discussion in the temple auditorium, Jesus turned to making observations as to what was going on in the contribution department. The rich put in much with pomp and display of generosity, behind which was the greed for publicity. A widow meekly put in the box two pence. It was her all, and a big heart went with her small gift. And what Jesus said made the un-named woman (widow) a person of glorious fame. Hers was a gift to the ages in the blaze of her generosity. We see our needs as givers.

TABITHA

The brief story of the life of this remarkable woman is found in Acts 9:36-42. Behind her name is the female gazelle, a creature of gentle disposition and beauty of form. (See dictionary, or cyclopedia.)

She seems to have been a lady of the Relief Society type. A "woman of good works and deeds." She became ill and died and was restored to life by a miracle.

The narrative of the event reaches its climax in the words of the Apostle Peter, "Tabitha, arise." One can scarcely study the text without feeling a faith-promoting thrill that prompts a desire to make others acquainted with the remarkable circumstances. One is led to wonder whether the spirit of the lifeless body was lingering near or whether it heard the call of the Man of God, from afar, and came with a speed greater than a radio wave.

Review Questions and Problems

1. How did Mary of Magdala get the name of Magdalene?
2. Mention three or more important events in the life of Mary of Magdala.
3. What was the most outstanding quality in the character of Mary of Magdala?
4. What do you see through the reading of Matt. 27:55-56?
5. Give a description of your picture of the woman at the well.
6. Compare the testimony of the Samaritans with the testimony of Peter. John 4:42; Matt. 16:16.
7. What is the great lesson taught by the Savior's comment on his observations of the widow's gift of two mites?
8. What sentence marks the apex of theological interest in the story of Tabitha's death and restoration to life?
9. Which woman was the nearest mortal relative of the Savior?
10. What woman did Jesus approve of in private and defend in public?
11. What are the evidences that the women of the Messianic dispensation had no worries about authority?

LESSON II

Work and Business

(Second Week in June)

TEACHERS' TOPIC FOR JUNE—CIVIC PRIDE

Improvement of church grounds, public parks, school grounds, cemeteries. This should cover sanitary conditions in and about the various buildings, including toilets, outside privies, etc.

Suggestions:

- I. Set aside a period for each of the above projects.
- II. Enlist the cooperation of City Officials, Commercial Clubs, Business Men, Boy Scouts, Bee Hive Girls, Seagull Girls, etc.

LESSON III

Literature

(Third Week in June)

GEORGE SANTAYANA

Our readers will surmise at once that George Santayana is of foreign birth because of his very foreign sounding name. He was born in Madrid, Spain, December 16, 1863. It was as a lad of nine years of age that he came to the United States. After such preparatory training as must be acquired by one who desires to do college work, he entered Harvard University where he received his college education. That he was a man of unusual ability was apparent to all who came in contact with him. It seemed inevitable that in the course of time he should become an instructor of philosophy in Harvard University, where he later received his Ph. D. This was in the year 1889. In time Santayana became one of the most noted professors that Harvard University has every listed on its faculty, as well as one of the most widely appreciated thinkers that Americans have followed. In 1914, the year of the great war, he went abroad, and ever since that time has been living in France or in England, according to his desire.

His first work was in verse, a book called *Sonnets and Poems* which appeared in 1894, *The Sense of Beauty* followed in 1896. Then came *The Life of Reason*, in 1905. In 1923 appeared a revision of his collected poems.

During the nineteenth century he was perhaps best known as a poet, but in the twentieth century he gained fame as a philosopher, so that it was with a degree of apology that he published the 1923 volume of poems. He felt, as did undoubtedly many of his readers, that he had left the realm of poetry and entered definitely the field of philosophy, so that henceforth he preferred to be known as a philosopher rather than a poet.

Our chief reason for presenting George Santayana to our readers and members of the Relief Society is because of the intense spiritual quality of his verse. He had passed through the struggles, had been tossed by the billows, and had acquired a calm and peace that passeth understanding. So that while he is a philosopher and a reasoner, he knows the value of intuition, the value of the inner life which prompts and understands and reaches far beyond the place where reason goes. Santayana advises us "to trust the soul's invincible surmise." Rittenhouse, commenting on this line, says, "it would be difficult to define intuition more succinctly." In other words, the promptings of the soul that are not always supported by logic are to be trusted. If the human heart yearns for and dreams of immortality then immortality is

no dream but is a sacred reality. Such belief Santayana would maintain is entirely reasonable and sound.

He warns us in no uncertain tones that reason is a blind guide. "It is not wisdom," he says, "to be only wise, and on the inward vision close the eyes." It is the deep spiritual intuition that drives men on to higher goals and gives them power to penetrate a world deeper and of more concern than this material world.

He undoubtedly agrees with the Savior that when Mary sought the spiritual she chose the better part. His very choice poem entitled, "O World, Thou Chooseth Not the Better Part," gives us proof of this:

O World, thou chooseth not the better part!
 It is not wisdom to be only wise,
 And on the inward vision close the eyes,
 But it is wisdom to believe the heart.
 Columbus found a world, and had no chart,
 Save one that faith deciphered in the skies;
 To trust the soul's invincible surmise
 Was all his science and his only art.
 Our knowledge is a torch of smoky pine
 That lights the pathway but one step ahead
 Across a void of mystery and dread.
 Bid, then, the tender light of faith to shine
 By which alone the mortal heart is led
 Unto the thinking of the thought divine.

This poem must ring true to Latter-day Saints who know that Columbus was led forth through faith to the discovery of the new world and that his trust in God was both "his science and his only art."

Santayana believes in the emotions that fill the soul in the thoughts of the inner being. He would shut out the ills of life with the thoughts of beauty that find their source in man's inner life. All the ugly passions, all the disconsolateness of life, all the smoke of battle and other disagreeable sights and sounds that are part of the great outside world he would shut from him and dwell in a world of his own contemplation. As evidence of this idea we include the following lines:

A wall, a wall around my garden rear,
 And hedge me in from the disconsolate hills:
 Give me but one of all the mountain rills,
 Enough of ocean in its voice I hear.
 Come no profane insatiate mortal near
 With the contagion of his passionate ills;
 The smoke of battle all the valleys fills,
 Let the eternal sunlight greet me here.

He brings to his life romantic escape by thinking of what is beautiful when what is ugly presses on his physical senses:

A thousand beauties that have never been
 Haunt me with hope and tempt me to pursue;
 The gods, methink, dwell just behind' the blue;
 The satyrs at my coming fled the green.
 The flitting shadows of the grove between
 The dryads' eyes were winking, and I knew
 The wings of sacred Eros as he flew
 And left me to the love of things not seen.
 'Tis a sad love, like an eternal prayer,
 And knows no keen delight, no faint surcease,
 Yet from the seasons hath the earth increase,
 And heaven shines as if the gods were there.
 Had Dian passed, there could no deeper peace
 Embalm the purple stretches of the air.

Mr. Rittenhouse tells us "it is no exaggeration to say that were Mr. Santayana in a cloister, or upon a mid-sea island with his books and dreams, he could scarcely be less in touch with the passing world than he is in the midst of the clamor and insistence of modern life, where he keeps the tranquility of the inner silence as if there were no voices dinning in his ears. He is subjective to the degree of transfusing himself with another's consciousness, and looking upon his own nature from an impersonal standpoint."

There we live o'er, amid angelic powers,
 Our lives without remorse, as if not ours,
 And others' lives with love, as if our own.—

Mr. Santayana has written some exquisite sonnets. He is a master of this type of verse. In one of his sonnets he is thinking of lovers who are divided in their burial. One dies among the hills of Spain and the other in a northern land where is smelled the perfume of pines, yet he says it matters not. Nothing of the heart returns to earth, and death does not separate souls bound together with immortal love.

We needs must be divided in the tomb,
 For I would die among the hills of Spain,
 And o'er the treeless, melancholy plain
 Await the coming of the final gloom.
 But thou—O pitiful!—wilt find scant room
 Among thy kindred by the northern main.

And fade into the drifting mist again,
 The hemlocks' shadow, or the pines' perfume.
 Let gallants lie beside their ladies' dust
 In one cold grave, with mortal love inured;
 Let the sea part our ashes, if it must,
 The souls fled thence which love immortal burned.
 For they were wedded without bond of lust,
 And nothing of our heart to earth returned.

Questions and Problems

1. State in your own words what you think Santayana has said about Columbus in the poem, "Thou Chooseth Not the Better Part."
2. Tell some personal experience that goes to show that feeling and intuition are oftentimes trustworthy guides and may be relied upon.
3. Show how physical barrenness is often crowded out of the life by spiritual hope.
4. Give an example of some spiritual experience that has blotted out the pain of unpleasant conditions or surroundings.

LESSON IV

Social Service

(Fourth Week in June)

Social Problems of Childhood—Paul

The social setting of an individual can either limit him so that normal happy life is impossible, or the setting may give him the exact experience he needs to express and develop his personality. There is a great range and variety of social influences in home, neighborhood, school and community life. The child who begins life in a poverty-stricken, illiterate and alcoholic home travels a different path through life from one born in a home of intelligent, affectionate parents, who can provide comfortably for the needs of the children. Between the home of squalor and debauchery at one extreme, and the home of comfort and culture at the other, there are all varieties of home and neighborhood standards. A poor home may have high standards of health and education, while a comfortable home may be lacking in these important elements.

Homes and families are all different and have their own peculiarities. This truism is mentioned here, for the story of the boy Paul, is a story of a boy made unhappy because of the nature of his foster home.

The responsibility of placing a child for adoption is a grave one. There is first the serious problem of removing the child from its own environment, which may be because of its illegitimate birth, the desertion or death of a parent, or the unwholesome character of the home. A great number of the children who are placed in foster homes are not orphans, but are children, victims of an unhappy environment. In some instances a change can be made in the child's own home, so that he can remain with his own people. This is especially true of the child born out of wedlock. When given encouragement, guidance, protection, and, perhaps, some financial help, many of the young, unfortunate mothers are spared the unnatural and inhuman ordeal of giving away their new born infants. No matter what the circumstances, it is a serious and important step to remove children permanently from their own homes, and a step that should not be taken until every effort has been made to better the home environment. The attempt to rehabilitate a home, and the final decision to remove the children, should be made by a trained expert in social problems.

A second serious responsibility is to the foster parents. Many intelligent, cultured, foster parents have opened their comfortable homes to foundlings, to learn, too late, that no happiness can come to them or the child by the association. As a safeguard to the generous persons willing to adopt a child, certain elements in the child's background should be determined. A thorough physical examination, including tests for venereal infection should be given the child. A mental examination, if the child is three or four years, can be given to avoid the danger of burdening a home with a feeble-minded child. If the child is too young to be tested, certain history of the parents will assist in determining its mental potentials and behavior traits. This important study of a child to determine whether it should be placed for adoption should be done by a trained expert in child welfare.

The chief concern, of course, is the child's development, and the most important responsibility in placing a child is to the child itself. A home that might be ideal for one child would be an unhappy environment for another. A comfortable income and the ability to provide the physical needs of the child is only one of many elements in child placing. Again, the work of finding the right home for the child can best be done by the trained expert in child welfare. Haphazard, unsupervised child-placing, done by well-intentioned friends, judges, physicians, and agencies, has caused many heartbreaks among foster parents, and many frustrated, unhappy lives among the adopted children.

Paul's placement brought unhappiness to himself and his foster parents. He was a boy of average intelligence (I. Q. 93), with good physical development. He was born in a home of

poverty, and when Paul was very young his brutal father deserted his mother. His mother had a mental upset which necessitated her confinement in an institution.

Paul was placed in a home of luxury, where every opportunity for education was given him. The foster parents employed a governess to care for the boy, so while he had every physical care and attention, he had none of the affection and personal attention that are important factors in normal child development.

When Paul was sixteen he was unhappy, restless, and untruthful. He was placed in an exclusive boarding school, where he could have special educational advantages. Before he left for school, he was told of his real position in the family, and this naturally upset him.

At school he had difficulty in competing with this selected group of students, where the academic standard was very high. There was nothing in the curriculum to give him an outlet for his ability as a craftsman or mechanic.

He became less interested in his work, and sought bad companions away from school. He defended himself with lies and his whole attitude was aggressive and rebellious. He became so upset that a mental collapse seemed imminent.

In order to avoid a breakdown the boy was permitted to leave school and find employment in a shop. He left his luxurious foster home and preferred to live with some of his relatives, who were in poor circumstances. He found peace and happiness in supporting himself and contributing to the upkeep of the humble home of his relatives.

That Paul's experience in his foster home was not a success is apparent. It should be of interest to analyze the causes of failure on the part of the foster parents that caused Paul's breakdown. The simple explanation would be that "blood will tell" and that environment could not overcome the handicaps in Paul's heredity.

But is such an explanation true? Is it not just as possible that the environment and experiences in his foster home were the real causes of his unhappiness, his lying, and his depression? Paul was given no personal attention and affection by his foster parents, and this lack of love-life and emotional expression would tend to make the boy unhappy, resentful, and bewildered at his place in hearts of persons believed to be his parents. Later, when he was told of his true status, he naturally had an unhappy reaction. He felt himself different from other persons who had normal homes and he was supersensitive to the attitude of his foster parents. He found nothing in their well-intentioned plan to support him, comfort him or to satisfy his adolescent need for home-life and real affection. He turned with gratitude to relatives, where he found a true bond of affection.

The type of school selected accentuated the boy's unhappiness. He had average intelligence and had he been better adjusted emotionally, he may have met with fair success at his school work. The formal, academic work was a little too difficult for his mental endowment, and his escape from this atmosphere to activities which suited him better, helped to give him a better mental attitude.

No generalizations can be made about the merits of certain homes in selecting them for placing children. Children must be suited to the particular home, for both child and foster home has its merits, handicaps, and its own peculiarities. The adjustment of one to the other is a difficult process at best. In fairness to both, every precaution and care should be taken, and every advantage of science and experience should be applied to avoid adoptions that can bring only unhappiness to the child and to the generous foster parents taking the stranger within their doors.

Reference—*Challenge of Childhood*, Dr. Ira S. Wile; Paul, pages 254-259.

Questions and Problems

1. What is meant by social setting or environment?
2. Why is it sometimes necessary to remove children from their homes?
3. What should be known about a child before it is placed for adoption?
4. Why is it necessary to fit a child to a particular home?
5. What were the causes of Paul's unhappiness?
6. How were his difficulties overcome?
7. Why should child-placing be the work of a trained expert in child welfare?



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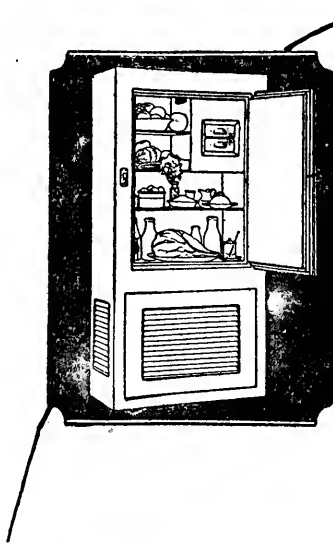
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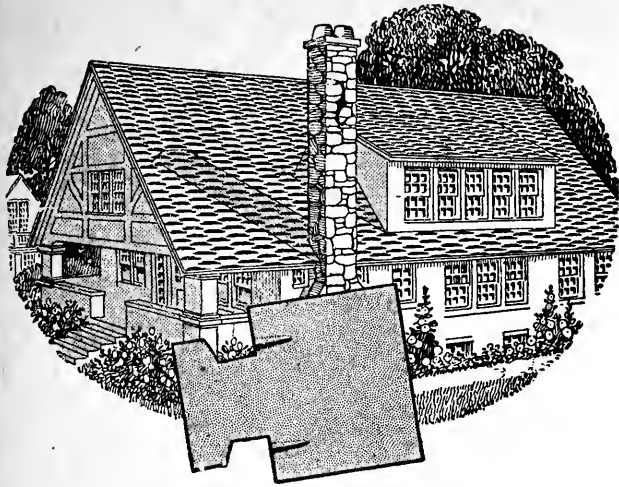
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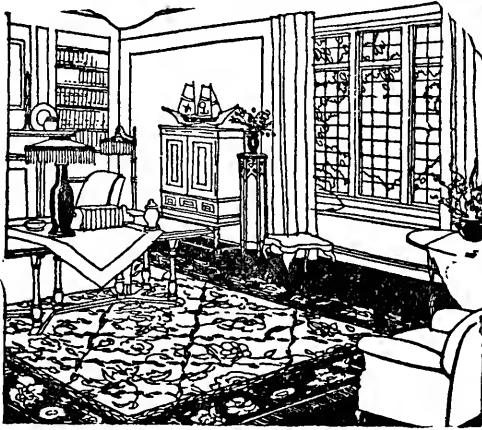
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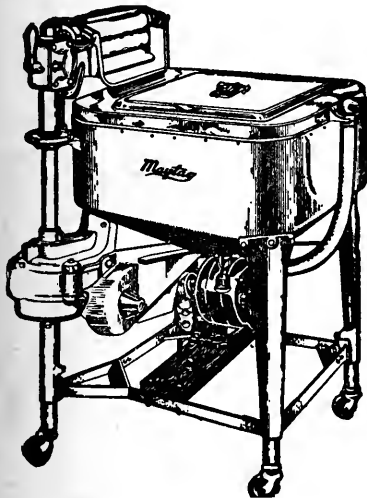
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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Vol. XIV

MAY, 1927

No. 5

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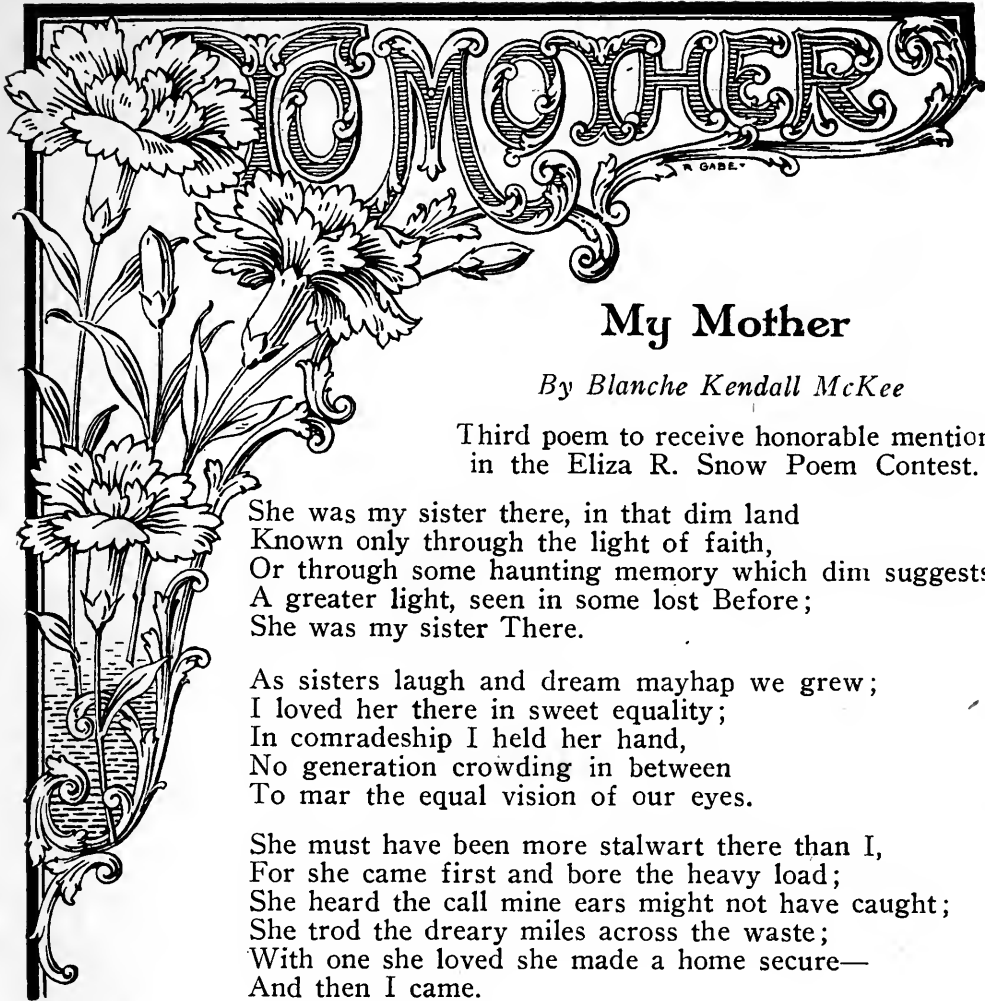
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My Mother

By *Blanche Kendall McKee*

Third poem to receive honorable mention
in the Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest.

She was my sister there, in that dim land
Known only through the light of faith,
Or through some haunting memory which dim suggests
A greater light, seen in some lost Before;
She was my sister There.

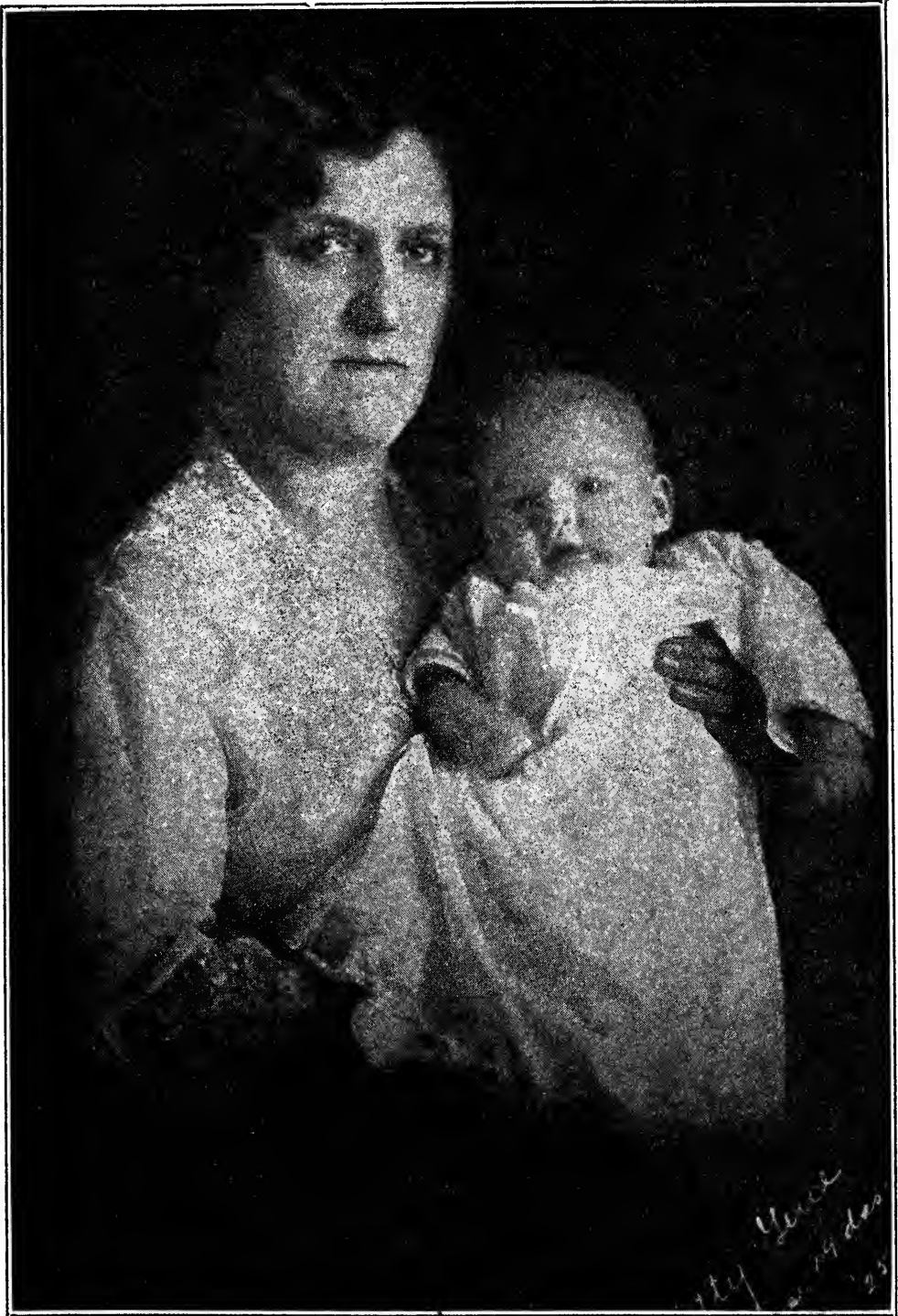
As sisters laugh and dream mayhap we grew;
I loved her there in sweet equality;
In comradeship I held her hand,
No generation crowding in between
To mar the equal vision of our eyes.

She must have been more stalwart there than I,
For she came first and bore the heavy load;
She heard the call mine ears might not have caught;
She trod the dreary miles across the waste;
With one she loved she made a home secure—
And then I came.

O heritage, how have I paid for thee?
Lapped in a thousand comforts, how do I know thy cost?
How can I count the sacrifice she made for me—
Who was her sister There?

Behold me, little mother, where I stand;
Behold me, fading eyes which always faced the light;
That dim, illusive memory of faint, far Days
I know through thee;
Your gleaming, steady glow you gave to me;
Behold me, all unworthy, where I stand
With eyes that pierce the cloudless, starbright skies,
Straining towards that light I knew before—
Even as water climbs its upward way,
Instinctive rising towards its mountain-topped source;
To thee in graitutde I'm doubly bound:
For mortal motherhood I bow my head,
And for that light which thou didst pass to me
I bend my knee.

And Lo! the music of that far, faint Day
I hear again, immortalized by love!
Why should one weep because of weakening clay?
Stalwart thou wert; stalwart still thou art—
Can I but faithful be, together we shall smile again,
With priestlike eyes, in God's great Brighter Day.



MRS. MARY E. H. COTTERELL AND BABE

The Tribute of a Mother to a Mother

In honor of Mrs. Maud Chegwidde
Who gave us her beautiful thoughts.

By Mary E. H. Cotterell

I thank thee from my heart's great store,
I'll read your words, dear, o'er and o'er.
From them a lesson I shall learn,
Your thoughts are deep—yet I discern.
I'm glad that you among us live,
That you such gems to us can give.
And I shall try to be like you
And love dear children as you do.

The Mother To Be

By Lucy Wright Snow

O, babe of mine, so close under my heart,
Thou, of my body yet even a part,
Let me but clasp thee in my loving arms!
My soul doth thrill in housing thee, and warms
My mother blood to tingle in my veins;
Thou'rt bound unto me by a thousand chains.

Oh, God! Give unto me both strength and power,
To set thee free in thine own day and hour.
Catch thou at thine appointed time, thy breath
My babe, oh, courage! Hold! This is not death.
I'll help thee, little one, for God hath smiled
On me and thee and destined thee to earth,
E'en as he hath blest me to give thee birth.
Now, hold thee still and wait but yet a while,
All will be well with us, none shall beguile,
Nor me nor thee—the promise hath been spoken,
And thou shalt be a testament and token.

THE Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XIV

MAY, 1927

No. 5

Glimpses of the Taj Mahal

By Dr. Franklin S. Harris, President Brigham Young University

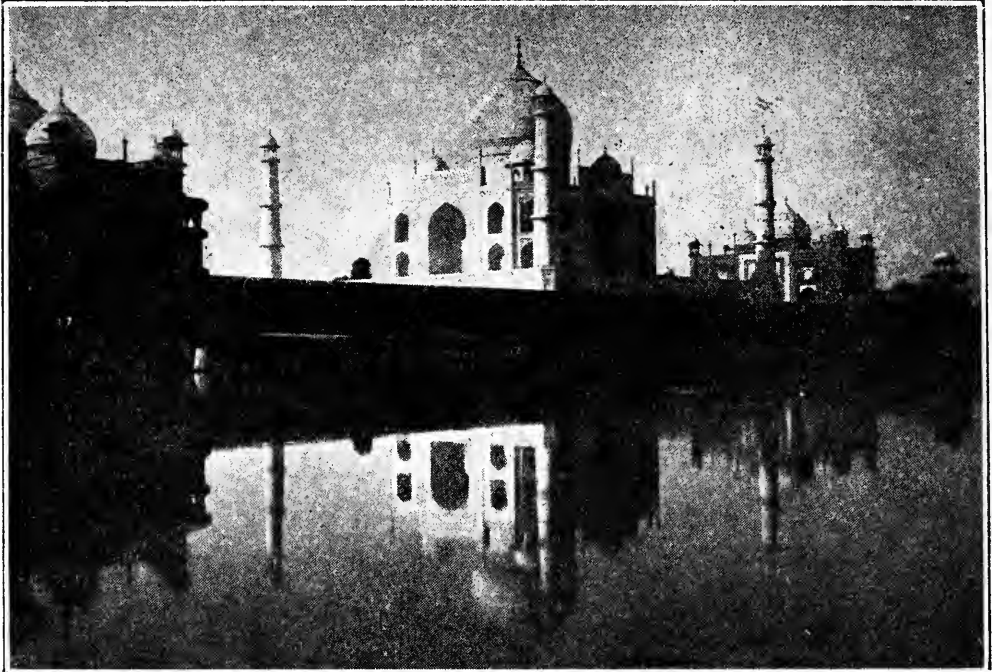
Have you ever felt like sitting down and doing a little weeping out of sheer ecstasy? I have had this feeling a number of times during the last two days, although I am sorry that there have been too many people around to permit me to enjoy the luxury without being conspicuous.

Some people are touched by beautiful music or by a poem; some are stirred at the display of the flag or by a patriotic appeal; some have their emotions aroused by the beauties of nature; some find the greatest thrill in a beautiful painting or piece of sculpture; probably all are aroused at an act of a person showing love and appreciation.

My emotions have been stirred today and yesterday by a sort of combination of these situations. The principal stimulus has come from seeing things of indescribable beauty; this has been augmented by a consciousness that these beautiful things owed their origin to the noblest of human qualities.

I am at Agra, India, where are found some of the finest works of art in the Orient, or in the entire world for that matter. For hundreds of years this has been a center of art and it has contained many of the finest structures of a certain type that have ever been erected. The Emperor Akbar, who was one of the greatest rulers who ever reigned in any country, lived here during the early part of his reign. He is responsible for some of the fine things in this region, but most of the best work was done after he died.

Of course, the outstanding structure here is the Taj Mahal, which is recognized as the most beautiful building ever erected by the hand of man. It was commenced by the Emperor Shah Jahan, in 1630 A. D., as a tomb for his wife, Arjmand Banu. It took



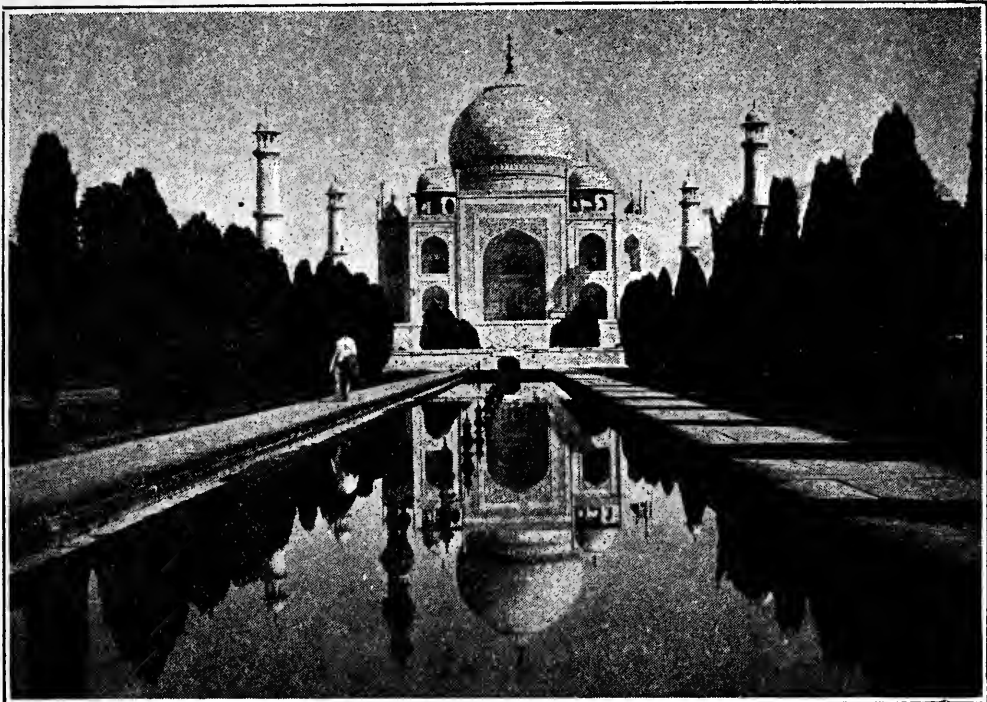
The Taj Mahal looking southwest from across the Jumna River.

more than twenty-two years to build it, and during the course of its construction thousands of men were constantly employed in the work. Not that it is so large—any good sized office building in our cities contains more material—but there is such an infinite amount of detail work which had to be done in the most painstaking manner.

It is all made of white marble which is inlaid with marble of many other colors, also with jade, cornelian, jasper and other precious and ornamental stones. In one of the flowers on the tomb I counted thirty-two separate pieces of stone which were required to give the proper shading. These were all set into the white marble with such perfect workmanship that no joints could be detected and the whole thing was left as smooth as the top of a polished table. In the various parts of the building and its supporting structures there are untold thousands of these flowers and conventional designs worked out with as much exactness as the pattern on your favorite scarf.

Not only are the details wonderful, but the entire structure is so thoroughly balanced that it gives a feeling of wonderful harmony when viewed from any direction. The individual parts which compose it are almost perfect and all of them together make a structure which cannot help but impress anyone who sees it.

This favorite queen of Shah Jahan was a real companion to him, and shared his work. She was with him on one of his



The Taj Mahal looking north from the main entrance.

campaigns, when she died at the time of the birth of her fourteenth child. Out of love for her the Emperor devoted the years following her death in building a tomb that would be worthy of her. Everything else in his life was made secondary to this supreme expression of his love for the wife of his heart.

Another of the structures here which is beautiful beyond description is the Tomb of I'timad-ud-daula, which is a structure expressing love for parents and appreciation of them. It is the mausoleum of Mirza Ghiyas Berg, a Persian, who was grandfather of the lady of the Taj. It was built by Nur Jahan in honor of her father and mother, who when they came from Persia suffered many privations for her sake. Later when she became the queen of the son of the great Akbar she built this lovely structure as a final resting place for their bodies.

Thus we have these lovely structures, one expressing the love of husband for wife, the other the love and respect of daughter for parents who had sacrificed for her.

My first near view of the Taj Mahal was had just at sunset. I went to see it in company with some friends from San Francisco. We sat at sunset and watched the effect on the great dome of the fading light of day, then we remained in the garden till the full moon melted away the sunset shadow on the east and made a softened shadow of its own on the west. As we looked at it from one angle someone would remark that it looked like ivory; again

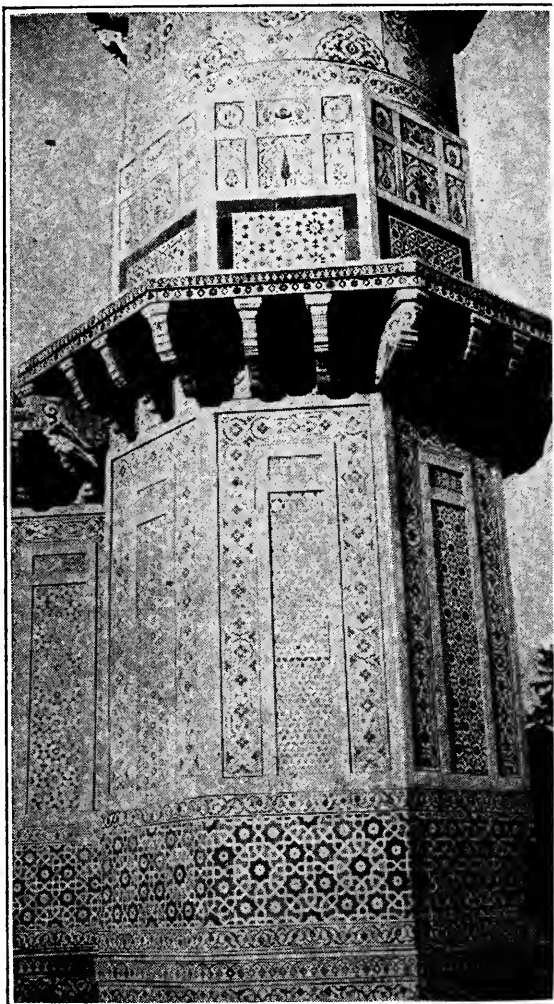


Photo by F. S. Harris

Tower of Tomb of I'timad-ud-daula Agra. Built of the same material as the Taj Mahal. The white marble of the main structure is from Jaipau, the black marble is from Tibet and the buff from Ceyton. All designs are inlaid in marble.

it would give the feeling that it was made of satin; but most often the subdued light on the rich marble reminded us of soft velvet.

I have had to go back and see it again and again, to explore its

every detail and to get new vistas of it through trees, or to see its reflection in some of the fountain ponds. This morning I arose early and went to see it in the freshness of the morning. I stood in a rose garden where roses of many hues were in bloom and around which great poinsettia plants made a brilliant fringe which connected stately cypresses with broad-spreading banyan trees. As I stood enchanted at the beauty of the scene, peacocks and small birds of many colors passed before me as if they were wanting to add their beauty to complete the picture.

From early morning till long past noon I went about as one intoxicated by the quintessence of pure loveliness which I have not the language to express; it is an intoxication which must be felt to be understood.

To the First Mother

By Linda S. Fletcher

Eve! Brave first-mother of the race of men,
 Too little honor has been done to thee,
 Greatest of all the heroines of Earth!
 Thou, clothed in beauty and the freedom sweet
 Of immortality, came with thy chosen mate
 To multiply, replenish and subdue
 At God's behest.

'Twas not the coward's part
 That made thee first partaker of that fruit
 Which would within thy fair and lovely form
 The germs of suffering and death implant.
 No! Rather 'twas thy courage, noble, high—
 Thy love for God, thy mother-heart,
 Prompted the sacrifice!

Falling, that Man might be,
 How much of reverence should we pay to thee!
 To leave the joys of Eden's garden, fair,
 To struggle on amid disharmony,
 In agony the sons of men to bear—
 Ah, where a greater Mother, Eve, than thee!
 All hail, thee, then, the Queen of all the Earth,
 Our hearts o'erflow with gratitude to thee,
 Whose brave renunciation gave us birth,
 Helped on our souls to immortality!

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth.

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Room 28, Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah

Magazine entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah

Vol. XIV

MAY, 1927

No. 5

EDITORIAL

Mother

A book that is being widely read at the present time is one entitled *You Can't Win*, by John Black. Mr. Black is one of the boys who, deprived of his mother at a very early age, ran away from home. He fell into a camp of thieves. Stealing was his business for many years. He tells a story of entering the Temple Block with a companion, having in mind stealing the silverware used for the Sacrament service. He was arrested in many states of the west, broke jail several times and served sentences in state prisons both in Canada and the United States. Finally, after concluding a six year sentence he had to answer another charge. The judge assumed a kindly attitude, sentencing him to only one year in prison when he expected many years. After this year was ended he settled down to a normal, respectable life and is now working on the staff of a library in California. He writes his story in great detail, the whole point of which is to prove that the criminal plays a losing game from practically every standpoint.

We are not particularly interested in this story for an editorial for a Mother's Day issue of the *Magazine*. What we are interested

in is the fact that the author says in his introduction that if he had had a mother he thinks he never would have "picked up" with the life he followed. He tells how deeply he has been thrilled at all times when other boys and other men have introduced him to their mothers. He says in so many words, "I do not know how it seems to the boy who says to his companion, 'John, this is my mother', but to me, having a mother seems the most worth while thing in life."

There is an old adage that good things often come in small parcels. It is equally true that the subtle influences of life are often the most potent. A mother's influence is a subtle influence. It is restraining, comforting, encouraging and ennobling. In these days when it is practically impossible to pick up a daily paper without reading of crimes of indescribable horror, it is certainly comforting to realize what a deterrent to crime the love of a good mother is. There is no work nobler or of greater importance in the world than the work of the mother. The home is the foundation of society, and a mother's place in the home, in the event of a father's death, is always the most important. It may be the most important under other circumstances, but in an ideal home she stands side by side with her husband, making her own feminine contribution that cannot be duplicated by another. In proof of this last statement, we include a poem of this year written by Theodore E. Curtis:

"What is home without a mother"—
Moulder of our destinies?
Read the answer, pensive brother,
In this group of similes:

It is like a shattered token,
Like a sky of after-glows;
Like a memory, heart-broken,
Like a June without a rose.

We trust that at this time when ideas are being turned over and examined from many angles that mothers are not undervaluing their real worth in the home. The Good Book tells us to prove all things and hold fast to that which is good. We think it needs no argument to prove that the mother's influence in the home is a good influence. Let us see to it that we hold fast to it.

Mother's Day in Vienna

Two years ago we spent Mothers' Day in the City of Vienna with the Church branch there. We call to mind that the hall was tastefully decorated for the occasion with mottos complimentary to motherhood. A pleasing program was arranged which brought

to the fore children who could sing and recite, and who, using song and verse as a medium for the expression of their love and devotion, paid tribute to the mothers of that branch. At the conclusion of the program flowers were presented to the grandmothers and mothers in the audience. It was a day filled with pleasure and one that those of us who saw the countenances of mothers and grandmothers brighten will not soon forget.

It was important because it is one of the things that mark a departure from the rule. America has enjoyed much that Vienna has contributed. The "Strauss Waltzes" that have given us the "Blue Danube," such light opera as the "Merry Widow" and the "Chocolate Soldier" had birth in that city. Now comes our turn to make a contribution. Mothers' Day is an American idea, one that we are putting over to the rest of the world and one that the Viennese Saints seemed greatly to appreciate.

Charlotte Perkins Gilman

Charlotte Perkins Gilman was the guest of Mrs. Susa Young Gates during the third week in March. On March 18, Mrs. Gates entertained for Mrs. Gilman at the home of her daughter, Lucy Gates Bowen.

We are always happy to welcome Mrs. Gilman to our state, for she is one of those dynamic characters who stirs us up and makes us think. The *Tribune*, of March 29, announces that she is to be a lecturer at the Brigham Young University during the Summer session of 1927. We are informed from the office of the president of the University of Utah that she will also be a lecturer at the Summer session of that institution. In all probability she will be included among the Summer lecturers at the State Agricultural College.

A good deal of publicity is being given to George Bernard Shaw this season because of his having reached his seventieth year. One of the things good critics say of Mr. Shaw is that his writings are first of all important because of the ideas he has contributed. We feel that the same thing is true of Mrs. Gilman. However forceful and pleasing her style may be, we value her most of all for the ideas she has given us; ideas which will go on working for the benefit of humanity when her books may no longer be read.

A Mother Book

We have on the desk a very pretty book with a spray of roses on lavender paper decorated with lavender ribbon that contains, inside of an oval ring, the word *Mother*. It is the cover to a book containing eight poems dedicated to mother by Theodore

E. Curtis, author of *Lyrics of the Westland*. The frontispiece contains a picture of Lucy Smith, mother of the Prophet Joseph, and on the last page we find a picture of Louie B. Felt, who is called by the author, "the first official mother of our 100,000 primary children, whose period of service covered nearly 50 years." Below this inscription is the sentence, "She has been mother to most of us."

In our editorial on mothers we have included from this little book the poem; "What is Home Without a Mother." We shall include one stanza from the poem, "Mothers' Day," that our readers may judge of the merit of the poems:

MOTHER'S DAY

'Tis Mothers' Day. Around it clings
 A thousand tender memories.
 And in my heart a carol rings—
 A carol sweet of love and praise.
 How oft her smiles, how oft her tears,
 Have turned the tide of thought and deed;
 For she has been, through all the years,
 My angel in the hour of need.

Awake to Spring

By Anna Rosdahl

Awake to the springtime of beauty and song,
 When the sunshine grows warm and glad days grow long;
 Awake to the stirring of new life again,
 When Nature's heart vibrates in valley and plain;
 Awake to the rhythm of sweet melodies—
 Songs of joyous delight that float on the breeze;
 Or list to the love-note of 'flute-throated bird'.
 As he sings to his mate sweetest strains ever heard:
 Catch the rich, subtle odors scenting the air,
 The fragrance of fruit bloom or hyacinth fair:
 Behold Nature's lavish and beautiful scene,
 Blooming trees and flowers, and landscapes of green!

Awake to the call of the voices of Spring;
 Let the soul be intuned to the message they bring;
 Let the heart feel the touch of the sun's warm caress
 Till it wakens desire to love and to bless;
 Let happiness triumph, let gloom fade away,
 Then pass on the joy to friends on the way.
 Awake and be glad, let the joyous heart sing
 And beat time to the pulsating heart of the Spring.



To a Gold Star Mother

By Christie Lund

Little mother, your heart was torn
By grief which you scarce could bear,
And we little wondered you should mourn
For him who gave "all" Over There.

But, faithful mother, I picture him there,
When the last dark moment came,
Longing to feel that you were near
And blessing your sacred name.

I picture him asking a God above
To give you comforting peace ;
And let you know that he felt your love
In that hour of sweet release.

I picture him smiling happily,
Forgetful of self and pain,
Gladly giving his "all," if we
Might know it was not in vain.

We know he was young, so sweetly young,
But he marches on in youth.
He still is singing as he always sung,
For he held aloft the truth.

"Mothers Always Is"

By Mrs. Bessie Alston

Martha Harmon had merely come to the door to shake her dustcloth, but the balmy air that caressed her hot cheeks lured her on to the porch. There she lingered, absorbing through every sense the joyous signs of Spring that proclaimed themselves on every hand.

A few early insects drifted lazily along in the warm air. A flicker drummed madly at the sheet iron extension on Martha's chimney, stopping every few minutes to call his sharp "wick-a-wick-a-wick," in evident protest that this promising location would not yield to his attempts at home building. The crocuses were just throwing out faint purple and yellow hints of future glory. Slender spears of green marked the spot where golden daffodils would shortly stand.

Between the houses one could catch glimpses of children at play. Their shrill voices came from every direction, triumphant shouts of welcome to the Spring. In the adjoining vacant lot a diminutive nine played the national game with noisy enthusiasm. The littler boys whose tender years excluded them from the big game were quarreling noisily over a game of 'lag-outs'. Farther up the street three little girls played at dolls, while another wielded a skipping rope to the rhythm of a wonderful chant.

As these human signs of Spring caught her attention, a look of irritation crossed Martha's pleasant face. Not that she disliked children. Far from it. Martha Harmon considered herself a real lover of little ones. Her friends all agreed that she was the most devoted mother in the world, and her two children, clean, wholesome and well-behaved, proved that the statement was not exaggerated. Since Billy came, nine years before, Martha had never willingly missed a lecture or failed to read any new authority who might help her attain more efficient motherhood. Billy and Margaret bathed, exercised, ate, or napped with a fearful regularity. Twice a year the dentist inspected their correctly brushed teeth, and when the proper time came for the ceremony, each child was relieved of tonsils and adenoids, in spite of Grandma Harmon's horrified protest that none of her ten were ever submitted to such barbarity.

Yes, indeed, Martha loved her little ones, and the children of her old school friends liked nothing better than a day at Auntie Harmon's, but loving dainty Margaret or fresh-cheeked Billy was *one* thing; while even tolerating the McSwinney's numerous offspring was another matter entirely.

It was the sight of the McSwinney brood, one or two of whom were in every playing group, that brought the frown to Martha's face.

What was wrong with the McSwinneys, you ask? In the first place Martha felt that eight children in these modern days of tiny yards and closely built houses, constitute a disturbance of the peace, or rather eight disturbances, to say the least. Mrs. McSwinney herself was undisturbed. Indeed, that worthy individual had passed through so many family upheavals, births, quarantines, broken limbs, and other excitement incident to the rearing of a large family, that she was not to be easily upset by such trifles as a bit of dirt, or a little noise. There was so much to be done that she didn't know where to begin, so she seldom began at all. Going up or down the street in a torn kimono, her hair uncombed, her shoes half laced, she was a never ending eyesore to fastidious Martha.

Only once had Martha been in the McSwinney home. Larry had cut his hand and she went in to help dress it. The piles of unwashed dishes, the swarming flies and general chaos of that kitchen had appalled her, and the memory still remained to haunt her.

The McSwinney children roamed the streets in all stages of dress, or rather undress. Apparently most of their meals were taken enroute, for one or another of them was forever passing with a huge slice of bread from which honey or molasses dripped on the sidewalk. Even though Martha admitted that they were a happy, generous, friendly lot, it annoyed her to see them squatting on her well kept lawn, and she had no desire to have her children acquire their slang or noisy ways.

Many a night Martha lay awake, wondering if it would not be best to sell the little home and move far away from the McSwinneys. But she loved the home where her children had been born, and, after all, as her husband philosophically assured her, no real estate man could furnish a pedigree for every neighbor on the block. Without a written guarantee, how could she be sure she wasn't jumping from the frying pan into the fire, unless, as he jokingly added, "we get wealthy enough to move into a swell neighborhood where kids are tabooed and everybody raises a poodle. Then, madam, what would you do with our precious infants?"

It was these thoughts that robbed the Spring day of part of its brightness. As Martha turned to go in, her little Margaret came around the house.

"Oh, mama," she pleaded, "can't I ride my tricycle up and down the block? It's so nice out doors and there isn't any mud on the pavement. See, I have my hat on."

"Yes, dear; don't go around the corner," and Martha kissed

the eager little face, and went indoors to finish her work. Twenty minutes later she looked up the street again. The tricycle stood on the sidewalk, riderless. Four tiny girls sat on the steps of the McSwinney home. Lorna McSwinney's arm was thrown lovingly around her baby's shoulder, and Martha froze with horror as she saw Margaret take something from Lorna's free hand, and cram it into her mouth, her face beaming with enjoyment.

"Margaret, come here at once!" The cry was sharp and decided. With one look at her mother's angry face the little girl jumped to her feet and hurried across the vacant lot.

"Yes, mother," she said, still munching unconsciously on the offending morsel.

"Haven't I forbidden you to eat between meals?"

"Yes, mother."

"What are you eating?" The stern voice frightened Margaret. She hung her head. The answer was almost a whisper.

"Lorna's piece of bread."

"Lorna's bread! How did you get Lorna's bread?"

"I—I—I just took it from her."

Martha's self control gave way. A wave of unreasoning anger and shame swept over her. That her child, always carefully fed, should take dirty little Lorna's bread! At the thought of the filthy kitchen where that bread was made, of the grimy little paw that had held it first, nausea swept over the shocked mother.

Snatching the frightened child by one arm she almost swung her through the house to the kitchen. Then pausing by the coal bucket she commanded, "Spit it out at once! Every crumb! Now, go and bring your tricycle around to the back. You can't go out again today. Such a naughty girl! Mother is ashamed of you."

The little girl obeyed quietly. Never had she seen her mother so angry. As she went out of the door Martha's heart smote her, for there was something so crushed in her silence, her hanging head, her dragging feet. After all it was she who was to blame. How silly that display of temper! She must talk to Margaret when she came in.

Margaret dragged the tricycle onto the back porch, then stood leaning against the door frame, a drooping, pathetic little figure.

"Margaret, honey," the mother began. At the tender tone the child looked up. As she met her mother's eyes she burst into tears. Between sobs that racked her slender body she gasped, "You've spoiled all the party. Oh, I never had so much fun in—all—my—life. It was such a lovely party."

Martha dropped into a chair and drew her little daughter upon her knee.

"What party are you talking about, dear?"

"Lorna's party. You made me spit mine out."

"Made you spit your party out?"

"Lorna had a big piece of bread and she said, 'Le's p'tend it's a party, and this is the ice cream and 'freshments.' She cut it all in little weentsy pieces, and we was havin' lots of fun."

"What was on the bread, dear?"

"Just nothin' at all. Only bread."

"Why, Margaret, you don't need to eat dry bread. Mother will give you some with jam on it, and a nice glass of milk. I'll let you take my butterfly lunch cloth and you can have a little party all yourself." Martha was eager to make amends for her sharpness.

"Don't want jam; don't want nothin' on it! 'Tisn't any fun to eat alone! It's the company and the make believe that make the party fun." And the tears came again.

Poor baby! All unconsciously she had voiced the age-old cry of the human heart for romance and companionship. The words, aided perhaps by the scents and sounds of Spring on every hand, transported Martha back through the years to her childhood days.

As the balmy breeze came in the open door she felt again the thrill her child-self had always known when Spring house-cleaning was begun. She remembered how the shabby old carpet used to be thrown over the line awaiting the beating that sent such clouds of dust over the fence and grass. How she and Maggie Birnie used to love that day. Between the dusty folds of the carpet they had a wonderful tent. There they would sit half suffocated by dust, with rivulets of perspiration trickling down their grimy faces as they munched in ecstasy on some odds and ends they had pilfered for the camping party. Ah, the thrills of that great adventure! Margaret was right. It wouldn't be a party without the company and the make believe. A sudden understanding came to the mother.

"I'm sorry, dear. I didn't understand. The party isn't over, is it?"

"No," Margaret's voice was tragic. "It only just began when I had to—had to—" sobs came again.

"You can go back and finish it, if you want to. Wouldn't you like to take some apples for your share of the party? Wipe your eyes and hurry, dear." She picked out the rosy fruit as she spoke. "There now, little daughter, have a good time. I'll call you when I need you," and she kissed the transfigured little face.

Long after Margaret had gone, Martha sat by the table, her work forgotten. Memory once aroused, brought before her a score of pictures from the days when she, too, was a little girl, eager for play and playmates. What glorious adventures she and Maggie had had in the old apple tree that could change so magically from prancing steeds to fairies' bower, from fairies' bower to

pirate ship. What new vistas Maggie's quick imagination had opened to the quiet, shy girl who had been herself. She smiled at the picture of motherless Maggie Birnie—yes, she had been as dirty as any McSwinney; her grammar was atrocious, nay, more, if occasion seemed to demand, she could even swear a bit. And yet she had never been harmed by her friendship for this generous, impulsive, playmate, for whom her own gentle mother had always had a smile and a cooky.

All at once Martha saw her own problem in a new light. All her tender care could never teach her children to stand alone as life would demand that they should stand, unless she let them learn how to glean the best from the companions of their daily life. That must be the mother's part, to love, to guide, to understand, but hardest of all to "keep hands off" at the proper time.

A tender smile came to her face and lingered on her lips as she again set about her housework. Passing the half open window she caught snatches from the party.

"Now play like this is the strawberries!" Lorna's shrill voice was joyous.

Then from Margaret: "Next time we'll have a party on my porch. I'll ask my mama to let me give the treat. My mama's the nicest mama in the world, ain't she?"

"Um-hm-m," mumbled Lorna happily. "Mine is, too. Mothers always is."

Motherhood

By Camilla W. Judd

May all earth's flowers bloom for you today,
And all the skies shine bright with heaven's love;
And every bird a throbbing tribute pay,
Oh motherwoman, called of God above—
To bear and magnify love's great behest;
Trusting the great divine Omnipotence
You suffer, triumph, live,—God does the rest—
And baby lips are your sweet recompense.

Mother

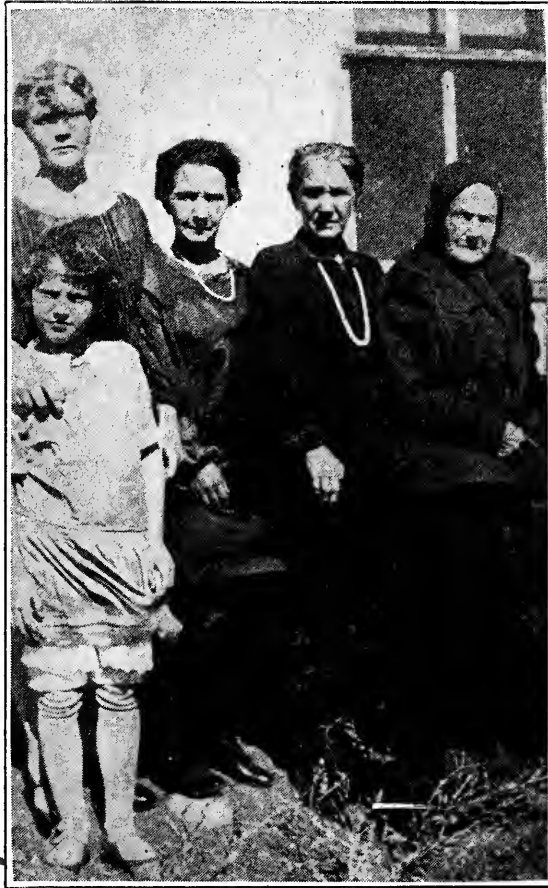
By Olive Belnap Jensen

Mother! dear mother! so noble and true,
In all time to come, can I ever pay you
For the life that you gave me; the price that you paid
When your own life for mine on the altar you laid—
That here among mortals on earth I might be—
Can I comprehend what you then did for me?

Mother! dear mother! so faithful and kind,
Where, among all others, could I ever find
One so loyal and constant; an unchanging friend
To champion my cause, all my rights to defend;
To spend years of her time in hard labor and care,
With days of devotion and long nights of prayer?

Mother! dear mother! unselfish and pure,
Your lofty ideals shall forever endure.
All the things that you taught me, while yet in my youth,
The examples you set of the gospel of truth
Are signals to guide me; are lights to my way
That lead from the gloom to the glory of day.

Mother! dear mother! so noble and true,
I cannot repay, though some things I can do.
May the body you gave me be kept clean and pure.
Over hilltop and valley with footing secure,
May I follow the light on toward the great goal,
Which you have marked out for to save my soul.



The above picture furnishes a group of mothers. The dearly beloved great-great-grandmother is Mrs. Isabell Wilson Bruce, who has reached her 86th year. The great-grandmother is Mrs. Elizabeth Bruce Kennedy, who lacks 4 years of being 3 score years and ten. Mrs. Bell Kennedy Bellman is the honored grand-mother and is 43 years of age, while the mother, Mrs. Ethel Bellman Lambourn is 26 years of age. Miss Lyeon Lambourn, who stands with her mother's arms about her, is 8 years of age.

Religious Training in the Home

By Mary E. Cutler

The fundamental thing in life is religion. Faith in the true God, hope for the future, righteousness in thought and deed, repentance of sin, forgiveness for others, these are religion, these are life at its best. Take these from man and he becomes less than man, a mere beast, even though he have a ponderous brain and a cultured intellect. Give these to man and he becomes refined in nature, beatific in soul, and divine in his possibilities. True religion is simply true life—life at its highest, noblest, grandest. Every movement, every thought, every failure and every success is simply the expression of one's religion.

Religious training should begin in the home, because that is where life begins. Religious training should begin in the home, because the real home is the most fertile soil and the best climate for the religious life. The body, the limbs, the digestion, the circulation, and the facial features of the child are given it by its physical heredity; the child's first and most lasting religious attitudes are given it just as certainly by its parents. The prejudices, the tastes, the habits, the prayers, even to the words of the parents are taken over by the child bodily. It is natural that it should be so. For the first two years of the child's life, the mother's lap and the mother's voice are his world. The greatest opportunity of life is her's at this period. At this period she is the infant's source of life as much as she was during its prenatal life. Between the time of its conception and its birth, she furnished its food, her pulsing heart supplied the life stream of its quivering protoplasm, it was through her own nostrils that she breathed into its lungs the breath of life. She stands to the embryonic child as Paul said God stands to man: In her life "it lives and moves and has its being." After birth, for a time, this is hardly less true. There is a change, however. Previously, the mother gave it the food, and the blood, and the oxygen that built its flesh and its bone. During the first months and years of its life, she gives the spiritual food, the spiritual nourishment, and the spiritual breath, out of which it is to build a spiritual life. This is the mother's great opportunity. If it is lost, all is lost. What a great responsibility! The babe is simply a bundle of possibilities. When it commences its earth life, it knows nothing of God, it knows nothing of good or evil, it has no bad habits, it knows no sin, it stands as a spotless, unblemished lamb in the sight of its Creator, with the odor and atmosphere of its celestial home still enveloping it. In a few short years all this will be

changed. The bundle of possibilities will become more and more a bundle of realities. It will develop habits. It will gain knowledge of good and evil. It will come in contact with sin. As the babe lies upon its mother's arm, she may look at its lips that know no guile, at its hands that are unstained by crime or sin. She may put her hand over its pulsating, throbbing heart that has never yet been soiled by an impure desire. As she does so she may murmur: "If I could only keep him always thus."

If the mother could always be the child's whole environment, perhaps she could feel sure of his future. But such will not be possible. The vicissitudes and circumstances of life will soon waft the barque of his storm-tossed career beyond the pale of her magnetic personality. There will come a time when the tones of her guiding voice will no longer reach his ears. There will come a time when her voice and her influence will be supplanted by the voice and the luring influence of worldly associates. It is at this point that the real value of her teaching and her training will be tested. If this training has been superficial, if it has been spasmodic, if it has been by preachment—it is not likely that it will stick and do the required execution at the time of need. Woe be unto the parent that has given this kind of religious training, for it will be as a rope of sand. No parent can teach a religion to a child until the parent lives that religion. Living a religion is the most effective teaching of a religion. It is out of such a life that all effective religious teaching must spring. But merely living one's religion is not enough. It is only the start. Jesus would not have converted many people by simple living. It was his life plus his teaching that gave Christianity to the world. Living and teaching go hand in hand. To be effective, they must be combined. The child will not take over the good habits, the good tastes, the good ideals of the parents by mere imitation, and leave the bad ones alone. Is it not true that most of us imitate the vices of the rich and the great but disregard their virtues? But the fact that the parent has the religious habits, sentiments, attitudes and experiences does prepare that parent effectively to teach them to her children. There is no other training school in this world that will give this preparation.

In my estimation, our Church is to be commended for its admirable practice of sending many of the daughters of Zion into the missions of the world. How frequently do we hear the elders come back and say, "I never knew the gospel was true until I went on my mission." The mentality of the female works much the same as that of the male. It is surprising that the mothers in Israel have been so faithful. If we could send more of them as ambassadors of the great cause of righteousness to preach the gospel of faith and repentance unto this sinful world, we

would have just that many more mothers spiritually aflame and truly prepared to teach prayer, faith, repentance, and all the rest, to their children. The mothers in Israel must be given the soul-stirring experiences that come from teaching and preaching and living the gospel in a world of persecution and opposition. If this experience cannot be gained in the mission field, it must be gained at home. Sometime in the life, the "Mormon" girl must gain a testimony of the faith that will so endear it to her soul that she would willingly die for it; that will so endear it to her that she will certainly live for it and fight for it. When this has been done, and when she has actually sacrificed for her faith, then she is prepared to bequeath this precious heritage to her offspring.

Religious training should begin in the home. Religious training should find its ultimate end in the home—in the building of a home. It is well that Christians are religious enough and self-sacrificing enough to build towering cathedrals and imposing church edifices. But the greatest church ever erected to the glory of God is a happy home, and the most sacred altar ever erected to the living God is the hearthstone about which a happy family gathers in joyous family communion. In such a Church, the father and the mother are the priest and priestess, glorying in the fact that they are cooperating with God in the greatest work that he ever undertook—the building and creating of worthy character. Successful religious training in the home necessitates, first, such a home; and, second, the giving to the children of ideals and habits that will in turn aid them to erect a home that will indeed be a Church unto God.

My Jewels

By Maggie Richards

Bracelets, beads and spangles I have naught
Nor for their lifeless beauty do I yearn.
But priceless jewels are mine; to have, to keep
Their beauty warms my heart at every turn.

Sapphires blue, two pairs, and pearls galore,
Silver smiles from lips of ruby red
* * * On diamonds from hearts of purest gold
My thirsty love is fed.

Fruits of Gratitude

By Alice Morrill

What can I do, my Mother true,
To pay the debt I owe to you?
How make returns to Heaven above
For precious gift of mother-love?

What can I say in thankfulness?
How best my gratitude express?
For all your tenderness, your prayer,
Your sympathy, your brooding care?

There is not much that I may do
To lift life's burdens, dear, for you.
Your cross of life I may not bear,
Your sacred tasks I cannot share.

But ah, thy love, so full and free,
The care you have bestowed on me,
To others I must freely give—
Help other souls to better live.

Yes, pass them on the helpful word,
The faith, which high resolve has stirred,
The comfort and the kindly cheer,
In patience given, year by year.

And so, my Mother, it must be,
For all that you have done for me;
My life, reflecting yours, must tell,
A mother, I, in Israel!

Lest Ye Regret

By Silas L. Cheney

Mrs. Van Devener reclined easily on a chaise-lounge in her smartly furnished morning room. But she was not resting as a casual observer may have thought; on the contrary, she was rather strenuously engaged with her correspondence which had been sadly neglected during the last few days owing to a variety of pressing engagements. Now, however, she was determined to make amends by giving it her entire attention for the major part of the morning. At best such a task was not pleasant and today, because of its increased volume, it promised to be absolutely tedious.

The first two letters were not of a nature to change her expectations, and she yawned disgustedly as she tossed them aside. but as she opened and read a third, her lagging interest was aroused at once and an expression of bewilderment spread over her face. It addressed her familiarly, not to say affectionately, stated that the writer had just arrived in the city and was very desirous of seeing her before leaving; hinted at by-gones, and concluded simply with, "Your old friend, Mattie."

"Now who in the world is Mattie?" ejaculated Mrs. Van Devener as she tapped her puckered brows rhythmically with her silver-mounted letter-opener.

Gradually her expression cleared, then softened as in reminiscence she was carried back over the busy, eventful years to her college days. "Mattie—Mattie O'Niel, why, of course, it was she." She wondered at herself for allowing the memory of her dearest girlhood friend to desert her so completely. It all came back to her now. The only one in college who had rivaled herself in popularity was the sprightly, vivacious, charming Mattie O'Niel who had the courage and ability to accomplish whatever she set out to do. She could have won distinction in some career had it not been for her foolish religious notions. As it was she had fallen in love and married a fellow of whom Mrs. Van Devener could not conjure up the slightest recollection, not even his name, and had then proceeded to place the seal of oblivion upon an obscure position by keeping what she termed, "One of God's greatest commandments," that of multiplying and replenishing the earth, otherwise known as rearing a large family.

"Poor, foolish Mattie," sympathized Mrs. Van Devener, as she reached out and patted "Gerty, dear," until her whimperings changed to sharp little barks of approval.

There had been times when Mrs. Van Devener had yearned for the companionship of children—her children—but, for the most

part, these yearnings had come too late to be satisfied. Her early married life had been so completely engrossed in a tireless effort to keep herself and her financially successful but socially unresponsive husband in the sphere of social recognition that there had been little time for anything else. In more recent years, if occasions for reflection perhaps convinced her that the prize she had won was not worth the price she had paid, she made no murmur, but stoically set herself to the task of vindicating the course she had taken.

Now, as she reread Mattie's letter, a gratifying opportunity suggested itself. The Woman's Welfare Club of which she was president, was about to hold a much advertised convention at which Senator Hillard, a brilliant young senator from the West, was to speak on the subject: "Woman and Her Mission." These conventions were always colorful and with the added attraction of Senator Hillard as the speaker of the day, its success in the present instance was more than assured. Now if Mattie could only be there to see it all—Mattie whom she now pictured as being drab, wrinkled, and careworn after years of hardships incident to rearing a family in a little obscure town—it would surely be interesting to contrast their positions and achievements. She could imagine her shrinking into the shadows to hide herself from the smartly dressed people of importance who would be in attendance. She could picture her amazement as she saw her old friend, Cora, presiding over such an assembly and introducing the distinguished Senator Hillard. Surely an experience so flattering to herself would be too good to let slip; therefore, she decided to extend to her friend a special invitation. Going to her desk she carefully penned a brief letter addressing it to the room of the hotel where Mattie was staying. Then she lay back well pleased with herself and the world generally.

Two days later as Mrs. Van Devener arose before a large assembly to give a short address introducing the speaker, she felt a real thrill of triumph. There was, however, one cloud on the horizon, for as yet she had failed to locate her one-time friend in the audience. Even after Senator Hillard commenced his discourse and the vast audience was paying him the profound compliment of almost breathless attention, she continued to search the sea of faces before her until convinced that such a search was fruitless. Then, and not until then, did she allow her interest to be transferred to the Senator's alluring address. But here again she was disappointed, for his remarks, particularly in closing, seemed to be aimed directly at her. He said emphatically:

"The crowning glory of any woman, the glory before which all else dims into insignificance, is motherhood. Our reason, based upon the history of the race as well as the revealed word of God, bears ample testimony of this. The one who cheerfully accepts the responsibility of bringing healthy, intelligent children

into the world, children who are given every advantage of training and education to fit them for lives of dependability and service, has done more toward the perpetuation of the race, the advancement of civilization, and the maintenance of our sacred institutions than she could possibly have done in any other way. Surely 'the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that sways the world.' Our future citizens, from high degree to low estate, are influenced by them more than any other. What a contrast between the joys and hope experienced by the real mother, on the one hand, and the woman who deliberately shirks the duty of motherhood, on the other. True, the latter, like a bubble, may float about brilliantly and self-sufficiently for a time, but in the end she leaves no one behind who is in duty-bound to perpetuate her name or enrich her memory. Not so the other who is blessed with the love and devotion of innocent children and, as they grow older, by their manly and womanly virtues and accomplishments. Her name will be held in sacred trust by her posterity down to the end of time, and the achievements of her children and her children's children will serve as an everlasting benediction to her. I say, God bless the Mothers!"

He sat down amid a roar of applause and as it continued he arose again stretching out a hand for silence. "My dear friends," he said, "you do me an honor that is not justly mine. If I have said anything that has impressed you today it has come as a result of the constant inspiration given me from childhood by one who now sits among you. Friends, I desire to present to you my mother."

A hush fell upon the listeners as he strode from the stand down the aisle to where a plainly, though neatly and fashionably dressed lady sat, cheeks aglow—eyes glistening with tears. Taking her by the arm he led her to the stand. All eyes were turned upon the proud, happy mother of so fine a son. As she came up the steps she smiled and nodded to Mrs. Van Devener who sat completely nonplused; unable to determine where she had met Mrs. Hillard and why she seemed so familiar.

A mighty applause greeted the two as they faced the audience standing side by side, and with it came the realization to Mrs. Van Devener that this cultured, refined and fashionable convention was rendering distinct honor to her old friend Mattie; one whom she had thought to impress upon this occasion with her own importance. But she did not wonder at it. The unbounded love and pride existing between this simple mother and her distinguished son was one of the most beautiful and inspiring sights she had ever seen.

"Oh for such a son!" she exclaimed almost audibly as she joined in the applause. Then unable to control her feeling longer, she covered her face with her handkerchief—and wept.

Life's Sunset

By Amy M. Rice

Dedicated to President and Mrs. Stephen L. Chipman, who have shown me that the evening of life can be most beautiful.

I stood and watched the glory of a sunset on the hills,
As the storm clouds slowly lifted one by one.
And I saw their silver lining edged with crimson and gold,
Reflecting back the glory of the sun.

So dark and drear the day had been, that I had felt oppressed,
And life seemed sad and stormy like the day.
But as I watched the wonder of that vision in the west,
My doubts and fears all seemed to fade away.

And when storms beat upon us; like the sapling we are swayed.
Sometimes we're bent and humbled in the blast.
But how strong we grow, and noble, if we've battled undismayed,
'Till the sun brings us a rainbow at the last.

Into every life comes sorrow. Into every life comes pain.
Else we'd never know the joy of peace and rest.
But there's always a tomorrow, like the sunshine after rain,
And we find it when our God may deem it best.

So I'll put the storms behind me, and I'll face the setting sun.
Onward, ever striving for the goal.
And I'll shed a happy radiance, when my day is almost done;
For I'll keep a little sunshine in my soul.

And at last in life's sweet evening, when the sun is sinking low,
And before its rays the clouds all melt away,
May they show their silver lining edged with crimson and with gold,
And reflect the glory of a perfect day.

Jeanie Duncan's Promise

Mary Allen

The setting sun stole in through the little window and lingered caressingly on the bed of the dying woman, lighting up her pale face with an almost unearthly brilliance. Quietness reigned supreme, save for the sound of the children's voices which could be heard outside in the garden.

A young woman sat at the bedside, with her mother's hand clasped firmly in her own warm one. She had sat thus for more than an hour, watching her sleeping mother, scarcely daring to breathe. Suddenly the sleeper stirred uneasily and opened her eyes.

"Eh, Jeanie," she said wearily, "I hae been dreamin' of heaven, I'll sure be there. I dinna think I'll live tae see mony mair sunsets here noo."

Jeanie remained silent and big tears rolled down her cheeks. "Dinna greet lassie," began the sick woman, "I'm wearyin' tae be awa, if you only kent the pain I hae suffered this lang time, bit that's naething tae the thochts that worries me what's tae come ower your faither and the bairns when I'm taen awa an' you mairret tae Bob Laidlaw. Jeanie," she went on pleadingly, "maybe I'm selfish an' I ken it micht be gey hard for you, but I wad like you tae mak me a promise, wad you no pit aff your marriage for about three years, and look after them a' you ken yersel your faither's no very strong at times, an by that time Kate'll be able tae manage. You'll only be about twenty-three by then; time enough tae enter the cares o' the world."

"Mak your mind easy mother," replied Jeanie, "I hae been thinkin' about a' thae things. 'll promise you no ta leave faither or the bairns for mony a lang day, my duty will be tae them God helpin' me."

"Thank God for thae words, lassie. God'll help you. He never forsakes them that dae their duty. You'll find that oot by and by."

Shortly afterwards Mrs. Duncan passed away, surrounded by her family, comforted and re-assured that her eldest daughter would look after them when she was gone.

Glenraig, where the scenes of the story are laid, was an old-fashioned Scottish village, nestling in the heart of the Perthshire hills. The Duncan's cottage was one of a half a dozen which stood in one of the little streets leading off the main road. Each one boasted of a most luxuriant little garden and pathway which led up to the house.

It was a warm July evening, about a month after Mrs. Duncan's death. The air was heavy with the scent of roses and other flowers. Jeanie stood at the door of the cottage, her eyes full of

unshed tears, entreating her lover, Bob Laidlaw, a handsome fair-haired young man, to come into the house.

"No, I winnar, Jeanie," he said stubbornly, "if that's tae be your answer I'm no comin' in we hae kent yin anither lang enough without waitin' anither three years."

"Well, I hae telt you Bob, that I canna mairry you afore that, I geid mother my promise, I would look efter them a'. I'll no brak it for you nor naebody," she replied firmly.

"Three years is a guid slice oot o' a man's life."

"No, when folk's as young as we are," insisted Jeanie.

"Kate's auld enough toe keep the hoose an your faither nicht mairry again. Whaur'll you be then?" he asked.

"Kate's no able toe manage them a', an as for faither mairryin' again, that will never be I ken whit mither wis tae him," she concluded with a break in her voice.

Bob muttered something under his breath "about the selfishness o' some folk."

"Well Bob," said Jeanie, "I think you should be the last tae speak aboot folk bein' selfish; an if that's what you think, you can hae this back," pulling off her engagement ring, and handing it towards him. "Maybe in Glesca you'll get some ither lassie tae suit you better."

"Keep the ring, Jeanie, you'll maybe change your mind yet."

"That is impossible," she replied, "Dinna build your hopes on that. You'd better tak it back as the sicht o't wad only bring back memories."

He took it rather unwillingly and slipped it into his vest pocket.

"You'll maybe rue this an' get a' your thanks in ae day."

"I'll risk it," she replied, quietly, "Folk dinna rue doin' their duty, and mine's here meantime. Sae I'll bid you good-bye Bob," and she held out her hand.

He took her hand rather reluctantly, an imploring look in his eyes. "If you think better aboot this matter, let's ken."

Jeanie watched him as he walked down the pathway to the gate, which he opened and shut, never once glancing back to his erstwhile sweetheart. Entering the cozy little kitchen, she sat down in a chair and burst into tears. Her disappointment was keen. She had never entertained a moment's doubt but that Bob would be willing to wait for her. They had been lovers ever since their schooldays, and had looked forward to the time when they would be together for life. Now all these plans were altered by the death of her mother.

Bob, who was a grocer, had recently got a good situation in a large store in Glasgow, and was at the present time spending his Summer holidays in his native village. They were to have been married at the new year, and, no doubt, thought Jeanie, he had good reason to be hurt and disappointed, but she had

imagined that if he had the love he professed for her, he would have approved of her decision. After all they were both very young. She recalled a favorite verse of her own in the Bible, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." These words were like a benediction to her, a message from God, and so she dried her tears and rose to prepare the evening meal.

A low tap came to the door, and she opened it to admit a tall, rather ungainly young man who ambled rather than walked into the middle of the kitchen floor. He took off his cap and stood nervously twisting it in his hands.

"Jeanie," he commenced, falteringly, "I hae come tae bid you good-bye, and I am off the morn tae Glesca, and sail on Saturday for America tae work on my uncle's farm."

"I hope you get on weel, Donald, it's no likely we'll see you here again," she replied.

"Jeanie," he said rather hesitatingly and coming nearer to her, "I hope you winna be offendit at what I am goin' tae say, but I met Bob Laidlaw no long ago, and he told me it was a' up between you an him, he said you wanted him tae wait three years afore you wad mairry him, and he wadna do it. Jeanie," he went on and laid his hand on her shoulder, "I wasna goin tae say anything when I kent you were engaged tae Bob, but I hae aye cared for you, and I wad wait twenty years for you if you just said the word."

"Thank you, Donald," she answered quietly, "Mairriage is no for me an' I wadna tie nae man down noo, pit a thochts o' me oot o' your heed, and when you are in America you will get some nice lassie tae mairry you."

"Never, Jeanie," and drawing himself up, "I'll come back for you in twenty years as shair as my name is Donald Grant."

Jeanie smiled as she held out her hand to bid him good-bye. "Weel hae it your ain way; time will tell." With a warm handshake he said, "You hae my promise, anyway," and took his departure.

By and by, her father, wearied with a hard day's work, came in and all the children. After their supper, the boys had to be helped with their lessons, and the youngest of them all, a bright fair-haired toddler had to be bathed, and as she snuggled in Jeanie's arms and lisped her prayer, a great peace stole into her heart and she felt indeed that her duty lay amongst them. That night after all the children were in bed, Jeanie told her father about Bob Laidlaw, but forebore to tell him of Donald Grant's offer and all the answer he vouchsafed was, "You were faur ower guid for him onyway. Sometimes thae things happen for the best, although we dinna see it at the time."

Summer and Autumn passed, and at the New Year word came to GlenCraig that Bob Laidlaw had married a Glasgow girl. In the privacy of her own room Jeanie shed bitter tears. She

had loved him dearly and had hoped against hope that he would return and wait for her, but she resolutely turned down that page of her life. Time rolled on. Ten years had passed away, and Jeanie's father, who had never been the same since the death of his wife, contracted a lingering illness, which proved fatal. His daughter nursed him faithfully, and with his last breath he blessed and thanked her for her goodness to him.

Kate had married and gone to live in Edinburgh, and the two boys were working and helping to keep the home together. Jeanie had no regrets. She had fulfilled her promise to her dying mother, and was quite happy and contented. Another ten years elapsed. Her two brothers had emigrated to Canada, and were doing well; while Elsie, her baby sister, had got recently married, and now she was left alone.

It was in the month of June, and Jeanie was standing in the little garden, just the same riot of flowers and perfumes as it was twenty years ago, and her eyes grew moist as she watched the setting sun creeping behind the surrounding heather-covered hills. She, like the psalmist of old, had lifted her eyes to the hills and found there strength and endurance when the daily cares of her life threatened to overwhelm her.

Time had dealt kindly with her. Her face was perhaps a little less rounded, but her dark eyes had not lost their sparkle, nor her hair its bright sheen. Her face appeared to be even sweeter than of yore, and her figure was still as lithesome. For this was Jeanie's last night in Glenraig. She had given up the little cottage and sold nearly all the furniture to the incoming tenant. Her own belongings were all packed and ready for removal on the morrow. She was going to take up her abode in Edinburgh beside her sister Kate for a time. Her two brothers had offered her a home in Canada, and she resolved that she would go there in the future.

Her thoughts wandered back to that night many years ago, when she had parted from two lovers. Bob Laidlaw she had only seen once since, just a chance meeting on the street, when they hardly recognized each other. If report spoke truly, he had taken very much to drink and neglected his wife who had died recently and left him with a family.

Jeanie passed into the house, and looked around the kitchen where she had spent all her life. Every corner, every article of furniture was dear to her. There was her father's easy chair, and her mother's kitchen dresser, and now they all belonged to strangers. No wonder she felt sad.

Glancing out at the little window she saw a stout heavily built man walk up the little path towards the house. She opened the door, and to her surprise beheld her old lover, Bob Laidlaw.

"It's me, Jeanie Lass," holding out his hand which she took rather reluctantly. "As sure as I kent you were leavin' here, I came frae Glesca tae see you afore you left."

"Come in," she said wondering greatly.

He lumbered in and sank heavily into the chair which she pointed to.

"I'll stay a wee while, Jeanie, I hae something special toe say, eh, Jeanie," he went on as he gazed admiringly at her, "You're no looking a bit aulder since you were a wee lassie, you hae kept your age weel."

Jeanie looked critically at him before replying, could she ever have been in love with this coarse heavy dissipated-looking man, and she shuddered inwardly.

"The time for compliments frae you, Bob Laidlaw, was past long ago," she returned coldly.

"Wuman, you dinna need tae be sae high and mighty nae doot you wad hear I lost my wife nine months ago, and I hae come tae ask you tae mairry me and gaw back to Glesca and help tae bring the bairns up."

The man's coolness fairly took her breath away.

"Indeed," she replied indignantly, "dae you no think I hae had my share o' bringing up bairns, and as for tae be your wife, never. That was a ower lang ago."

"What for no'?" he asked trying to catch hold of her hand, which she withdrew quickly.

"Weel, in the first place I dinna care for you, and in the second I'm no goin' to make a slave o' mysel' a' my days."

"You'd better think twice afore you refuse. Offers like mine dinna grow on berry bushes, especially for auld maids like yoursel'," he added insultingly.

"Auld maids, indeed!" retorted Jeanie hotly, "hoo daur you insult me?" Going to the door she opened it, saying, "I dinna send for you, Bob Laidlaw, and if you hae a spark o' manliness left in you, which I much doot, leave this hoose without ony mair adoe."

He saw the look of determination on her face and realized that he had overstepped the mark this time, and as he rose slowly from the chair, he remarked sullenly, "What a temper you've got, Jeanie," and when he reached the door, as a parting shot he added: "It's maybe as weel I dinna get you."

Jeanie made no reply, but shut the door and sitting down on the easy chair gave herself up to reflections. After all her years of self-sacrifice and toil, she was termed an "Auld maid." That was how the world regarded her. Up to the present, in spite of the difficulties, she had to pay her way and keep the rest respectable, her life had been a sheltered one. Only twice in her lifetime had she been in a large town, when she visited her sister Kate in Edinburgh, and she recalled how glad she had been when she had arrived home again, and it suddenly dawned upon her how wholly untried and unfitted she was at forty years of age to begin to battle with the outside world. Then her thoughts took a new turn. She was a little girl once more, playing with the other

children, and had scratched her hand with the prickly bushes which grew at the side of the road. It had started to bleed and Donald Grant, a little barefooted boy had drawn a dirty ragged handkerchief from his pocket and made a rough attempt to bind the wound. Again, on another occasion when they were on their way homewards from school, there had been a considerable rainfall, and one part of the road resembled a pool. Donald had lifted her up bodily and waded through the water, until he found a place of safety for her. How she had laughed at the time, she remembered; her feet were dry while the other children had to take off their boots and stockings before they could wade across.

Strange that tonight memories of Donald Grant obtruded themselves on her mind. Never once since she had parted from him so long ago had she ever given him a thought. He had completely passed out of her life, and no news as to how he had fared ever reached her. He was an orphan, and the relative who brought him up, died shortly after he left the village. Thus musing, Jeanie fell asleep and began to dream. She dreamed that she was with Donald again, but quite a different Donald from the shy awkward lad of her youth. She was clinging to his arm and the countryside was different from the one at home. Wilder and grander. They seemed to be in the midst of hills, majestic and noble-looking, and he was pointing to a large farmhouse in the distance saying, "That is your home and mine, Jeanie, to be together for all time."

A sound of knocking at the door and someone entering the room awoke her, and she sat up and rubbed her eyes. Had she been dreaming? For there in the middle of the floor stood a man gazing at her. The self-same man of her dreams—Donald. For a few minutes she regarded him silently, and thoughts chased rapidly through her brain. Yes, it was Donald, sure enough, but changed. His former awkwardness had vanished, and he was now a tall, well-built, muscular man, and his face betokened the look of a man who had fought his way valiantly through life and won. There was still the same steadfast gaze in his grey eyes, Jeanie noticed, and he had taken off his hat, and his hair which was still abundant was brushed neatly back over his head. Altogether a most attractive looking man was her unspoken thought. He waited for her to speak, and then he broke the silence.

"Have you no welcome for me?" he said as he held out his hand.

She rose and gave him her hand which he gripped firmly as he went on, "You remember twenty years ago in this very spot I said I would wait for you, Jeanie, that time is now up, and I have kept my promise."

The mists seemed to clear from her brain, and a thrill shot

through her, and she realized what a tower of strength this man would be.

"Welcome, Donald," she said at last, "When you gaid awa that time I never thought I wad see you again. I had sae mony cares tae tak up my attention."

"Listen, Jeanie," he began, still holding her hand, "your cares are all over now. After I had been in America for four years my uncle died and left me his farm which I sold as I did not like the place. I wandered about looking for a suitable place and I landed in a valley which lay in the heart of the rocky mountains. I bought a small ranch, which now extends many miles, and I have prospered exceedingly well, and, Jeanie, you have been my lodestar. Perhaps," he went on, "you were not aware that I left a friend in the village who kept me informed about your welfare, and when news of Elsie's marriage reached me, I hurried off and came here as quick as boat and train could bring me, as I knew you would be alone, and Jeanie, I now dwell amongst a people who are good and true and have high and noble ideals of life, whose religion I have adopted, and there you, too, will find friends and a welcome awaiting you. What is your answer to be?" he asked. For a minute or two Jeanie bent her head and was silent, and the verse in the Bible which had comforted her so much in recent years, flashed across her mind. "Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." As before, she regarded this as a message from above. She lifted her eyes up to Donald's face, a happy smile stealing over her countenance, and he read his answer in her eyes, and drew her unresisting form close to his heart.

* * * *

Jeanie is perfectly happy in her mountain home, and with the love and friendship of the kindly people, with whom her lot in life is now cast, and has never regretted her years of self-sacrifice and toil for others. She has realized to the fullest extent that God never forsakes those who love Him, and do His will and keep His commandments.

His Mother's Sermon

By Ian Maclaren

He was an ingenuous lad, with the callow simplicity of a theological college still untouched, and had arrived on the preceding Monday at the Free Kirk manse with four cartloads of furniture and a maiden aunt. For three days he roamed from room to room in the excitement of householding, and made suggestions which were received with hilarious contempt; then he shut himself up in his study to prepare the great sermon, and his aunt went about on tiptoe. During meals on Friday he explained casually that his own wish was to preach a simple sermon, and

that he would have done so had he been a private individual, but as he had held the MacWhammel scholarship a deliverance was expected by the country. He would be careful and say nothing rash, but it was due to himself to state the present position of theological thought, and he might have to quote once or twice from Ewald.

His aunt was a saint, with that firm grasp of truth, and tender mysticism, whose combination is the charm of Scottish piety, and her face was troubled. While the minister was speaking in his boyish complacency, her thoughts were in a room where they had both stood, five years before, by the death-bed of his mother.

He was broken that day, and his sobs shook the bed, for he was his mother's only son and fatherless; and his mother, brave and faithful to the last, was bidding him farewell.

"Dinna greet like that, John, nor break yir hert for it's the will o' God, and that's aye best.

"Here's my watch and chain," placing them beside her son, who could not touch them, nor would lift his head, "and when ye feel the chain about yir neck it will mind ye o' yir mother's arms.

"Ye'll no forget me, John, I ken that weel, and I'll never forget you. I've loved ye here, and I'll love ye yonder. Th'ill no be an 'oor when I'll no pray for ye, and I'll ken better what to ask than I did here, sae dinna be comfortless."

Then she felt for his head and stroked it once more, but he could not look nor speak.

"Ye'll follow Christ, and gin He offers ye His cross, ye'll no refuse it, for He aye carries the heavy end Himself. He's guided yir mother a' thae years, and been as guid as a husband since yir father's death, and He'll hold me fast tae the end. He'll keep ye, too, and, John, I'll be watchin' for ye. Ye'll no fail me," and her poor cold hand that had tended him all his days tightened on his head.

But he could not speak, and her voice was failing fast.

"I canna see ye noo, John, but I know yir there, and I've just one other wish. If God calls ye to the ministry, ye'll no refuse, an' the first day ye preach in yir kirk, speak a gude word for Jesus Christ, and', John, I'll hear ye that day, though ye'll no see me, and I'll be satisfied."

A minute after she whispered, "Pray for me," and he cried, "My mother, my mother!"

It was a full prayer, and left nothing unasked of Mary's Son.

"John," said his aunt, "your mother is with the Lord," and he saw death for the first time, but it was beautiful with the peace that passeth all understanding.

Five years had passed, crowded with thought and work, and

his aunt wondered whether he remembered that last request, or indeed had heard it in his sorrow.

"What are you thinking about, aunt? Are you afraid of my theology?"

"No, John, it's no that, laddie, for I ken ye'll say what ye believe to be true without fear o' man," and she hesitated.

"Come, out with it, auntie: you're my only mother now, you know," and the minister put his arm around her, "as well as the kindest, bonniest, goodest auntie ever man had."

Below his student self-conceit he was a good lad, and sound of heart.

"Shame on you, John, to make a fule o' an auld dune body, bue ye'll no come round me wi' yir flattery. I ken ower weel," and as she caught the likeness in his face, her eyes filled suddenly.

"What's the matter, auntie? Will ye no tell me?"

"Dinna be anry wi' me, John, but a'm concerned about Sabbath, for a've been praying ever syne ye were called to Drumtochty that it micht be a great day, and that I mich see ye comin' tae yir people, laddie, wi' the beauty o' the Lord upon ye, accordin' tae the auld prophecy: 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace,'" and again she stopped.

"Go on, auntie, go on," he whispered; "say all that's in yir mind."

"It's no for me tae advise ye, who am only a simple auld woman, who ken's naethin' but her Bible and the Catechism, and it's no that a' mfeared for the new views, or about yir faith, for aye mind that there's mony things the Speerit hes still tae teach us, and I ken weel the man that follows Christ will never lose his way in ony thicket. But it's the fouk, John, a'm anxious about; the flock o' sheep the Lord hes given ye tae feed for Him.

She could not see his face, but she felt him gently press her hand and took courage.

"Ye maun mind, laddie, that they're no clever and learned like ye are, but just plain country fouk, ilka ane wi' his ain temptation, an' a' sair trachled wi' mony cares o' this world. They'll need a clear word tae comfort their herts and show them the way ever lasting. Ye'll say what's richt, nae doot o' that, and a'body 'ill be pleased wi' ye, and, oh, laddie, be sure ye say a gude word for Jesus Christ."

The minister's face whitened, and his arm relaxed. He rose hastily and went to the door, but in going out he gave his aunt an understanding look, such as passes between people who have stood together in a sorrow. The son had not forgotten his mother's request.

The manse garden lies toward the west, and as the minister

paced its little square of turf, sheltered by fir hedges, the sun was going down behind the Grampians. Black, mossy clouds had begun to gather in the evening and threatened to obscure the sunset, which was the finest sight a Drumtochty man was ever likely to see, and a means of grace to every sensible heart in the glen. But the sun had beat back the clouds on either side, and shot them through with glory, and now between piled billows of light he went along a shining pathway into the Gates of the West. The minister stood still before that spectacle, his face bathed in the golden glory, and then, before his eyes, the gold deepened into an awful red, and the red passed into shades of violet and green, beyond the painter's hand or the imagination of man. It seemed to him as if a victorious saint had entered through the gates into the city, washed in the blood of the Lamb, and the after-glow of his mother's life fell solemnly on his soul. The last trace of sunset had faded from the hills when the minister came in, and his face was of one who had seen a vision. He asked his aunt to have worship with the servant, for he must be alone in his study.

It was a cheerful room in the daytime, with its southern window, through which the minister saw the roses touching the very glass and dwarf apple trees lining the garden walks; there was also a western window that he might watch each day close. It was a pleasant room now, when the curtains were drawn, and the light of the lamp fell on the books he loved, and which bade him welcome. One by one he arranged the hard bought treasure of student days in the little bookcase planned for himself. He had that sweetest of pleasures, an evening of desultory reading. But his books went out of mind as he looked at the sermon shining beneath the glare of the lamp and demanding judgment. He had finished its last page with honest pride that afternoon, and had declaimed it, facing the southern window, with a success that amazed himself. His hope was that he might be kept humble, and not called to Edinburgh for at least two years; and now he lifted the sheets with fear. The brilliant opening with its historical parallel, this review of modern thought reinforced by telling quotations, that trenchant criticism of old-fashioned views, would not deliver. For the audience had vanished, and left one careworn, but ever beautiful face, whose gentle eyes were waiting with a yearning look. Twice he crushed the sermon in his hands, and turned to the fire his aunt's care had kindled, and twice he repented and smoothed it out. What else could he say now to the people? and then in the stillness of the room he heard a voice, "Speak a gude word for Jesus Christ."

Next minute he was kneeling on the hearth, and pressing the *magnum opus*, that was to shak Drumtochty, into the heart of

the red fire, and he saw, half-smiling and half-weeping, the impressive word "Semitic environment" shrivel up and disappear. As the last black flake fluttered out of sight, the face looked at him again, but this time the sweet brown eyes were full of peace.

It was no masterpiece, but only the crude production of a lad who knew little of letters and nothing of the world. Very likely it would have done neither harm nor good, but it was his best, and he gave it for love's sake, and I suppose that there is nothing in a human life so precious to God, neither clever words nor famous deeds, as the sacrifice of love.

The moon flooded his bedroom with silver light, and he felt the presence of his mother. His bed stood ghostly with its white curtains, and he remembered how every night his mother knelt by its side in prayer for him. He is a boy once more and repeats the Lords prayer, then he cries again. "My mother! my mother!" and an indescribable contentment fills his heart.

His prayer next morning was very short, but afterward he stood at the window, for a space, and when he turned his aunt said:

"Ye will get yir sermon, and it will be worth hearing."

"How did ye know?"

But she only smiled, "I heard you pray."

When he shut himself into the study that Saturday morning, his aunt went into her room above, and he knew she had gone to intercede for him.

An hour afterward he was pacing the garden in such anxious thought that he crushed a rose lying on the path, and then she saw his face suddenly lighten, and he hurried to the house, but first he plucked a bunch of forget-me-nots. In the evening she found them on his sermon.

Two hours later—for still she prayed and watched in faithfulness to mother and son—she observed him come out and wander around the garden in great joy. He lifted up the soiled rose and put it in his coat; he released a butterfly caught in some mesh; he buried his face in fragrant honeysuckle. Then she understood that his heart was full of love, and was sure that it would be well on the morrow.

When the bell began to ring, the minister rose from his knees and went to his aunt's room to be robed, for this was a covenant between them.

His gown was spread out in its black silken glory, but he sat down in despair.

"Auntie, whaever shall we do, for I've forgotten the bands?"

"But I've not forgot them, John, and here are six pair wrought with my own hands, and now sit still and I'll tie them around my laddie's neck."

When she had given the last touch, and he was ready to go, a sudden seriousness fell upon them.

"Kiss me, auntie."

"For your mother, and her God be with you." And then he went through the garden and underneath the honeysuckle and into the kirk, where every Free Churchman in Drumtochty that could get out of bed, and half the Established Kirk, were waiting in expectation.

I sat with his aunt in the minister's pew, and shall always be glad that I was at that service. When winter lies heavy upon the glen I go upon my travels, and in my time have seen many religious functions. I have been in Mr. Spurgeon's tabernacle, where the people wept one minute and laughed the next, I have heard Canon Liddon in St. Paul's, and the sound of that high clear voice is still with me, "Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion;" have seen High Mass in St. Peter's, and stood in the dusk of Duomo at Florence when Padre Agostino thundred against the evils of the day. But I never realized the unseen world as I did that day in the Free Kirk of Drumtochty.

It is impossible to analyze a spiritual effect, because it is largely an atmosphere, but certain circumstances assisted. One was instantly prepossessed in favor of a young minister who gave out the second paraphrase at his first service, for it declared his filial reverence and wone for him the blessing of a cloud of witnesses. No Scottish man can ever sing,

"God of our father, be the God
Of their succeeding race."

with a dry heart. It satisfied me at once that the minister was of a fine temper when, after a brave attempt to join, he hid his face and was silent. We thought none the worse of him that he was nervous, and two or three old people who had suspected self-sufficiency took him to their hearts when the minister concluded the Lord's prayer hurriedly, having omitted two petitions. But we knew it was not nervousness which made him pause for ten seconds after praying for widows and orphans, and in the silence which fell upon us the Divine Spirit had free access. His youth commended him, since he was also modest, for every mother had come with an inarticulate prayer that the "puir laddie wud dae weel on his first day, and him only twenty-four." Text I can never remember, nor, for that matter, the words of sermons; but the subject was of Jesus Christ, and before he had spoken five minutes I was convinced, who am outside dogmas and churches, that Christ was present. The preacher faded from before one's eyes, and there rose the figure of the Nazarene, best lover of every human soul, with a face of tender patience such as Sarto gave the Master in the Church of the Annunziata, and stretching out

his hands to old folk and little children as He did, before His death, in Galilee. His voice might be heard any moment, as I have imagined it in my lonely hours by the winter fire or on the solitary hills—soft, low, and sweet, penetrating like music to the secret of the heart. “Come unto Me * * * and I will give you rest.”

During a pause in the sermon I glanced up the church and saw the same spell held the people. Donald Menzies had long ago been caught into the third heaven, and was now hearing words which it is not lawful to utter. Campbell in his watch-tower at the back had closed his eyes, and was praying. The women were weeping quietly and the rugged face of our men were subdued and softened, as when the evening sun plays on the granite stone.

But what will stand out forever in my mind was the sight of Marget Howe. Her face was as white as death, and her wonderful gray eyes were shining through a mist of tears, so that I caught the light in the manse pew. She was thinking of George, and had taken the minister to her heart.

The elders, one by one, griped the minister’s hand in the vestry, and, though plain, homely men, they were the godliest in the glen, but no man spoke save Burnbrae.

“I a’ but lost ae fairm for the Free Kirk, and I wud hae lostten tae be in the Kirk this day.”

Donald walked with me homewards, but would only say:

“There was a man sent from God whose name was John.”

At the cottage he added, “The friend of the bridegroom rejoiced greatly because of the bridegrooms voice.”

Beneath the honeysuckle at his garden gate a woman was waiting.

“My name is Marget Howe, and I’m the wife of William Howe of Whinnie Knowe. My only son was preparin’ for the ministry, but God wanted him nearly a year syne. When ye preached the Evangel o’ Jesus the day I heard his voice, and I loved you. Ye heve nae mither on earth, I hear, and I hae no son, and wantit to say that if ye ever wis tae speak to ony woman as ye wud yir mother, come tae Whinnie Knowe, an’ I’ll coont it one of the Lord’s consolations.”

His aunt could only meet him in the study, and when he looked on her his lip quivered, for his heart was wrung with one wistful regret.

“Oh, auntie, if she had only been spared to see this day, and her prayers answered.”

But his aunt flung her arms round his neck.

“Dinna be cast doon, laddie, nor be unbelievin’. Yir mither had heard every word, and is satisfied, for ye did it in remembrance of her; and yon was yir mither’s sermon.”

Notes from the Field

By Amy Brown Lyman

North Sanpete Stake: (Summer Program)

Following is the Summer, 1926, program arranged and used by the North Sanpete stake:

July 1, Testimony Meeting:

Patriotic preliminary program: song, "America"; prayer; song, "Star Spangled Banner"; patriotic reading or talk; suggested solos or quartets—"Flag Without a Stain," "Tenting Tonight"; closing hymn, "Battle Hymn of the Republic"; suggested topic for testimonies—Privileges of American Citizenship, (a) Religious Freedom; Loyalty to our Country.

July 9, Work and Business Meeting:

Each ward to arrange own preliminary program.

July 16, Recreational Meeting:

One-half hour of community singing under direction of chorister; suggested songs—"Seeing Nellie Home," "It Isn't Any Trouble Just to Smile," "Long, Long Trail," "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia," "Annie Laurie"; each president ask the ward recreational committee to outline an hour's program of games suitable for Relief Society ladies. If possible, have recreational leader come and direct the hour's work or appoint one member to meet with committee.

July 22 or 24:

All pioneers to be honored guests. Cooperate with ward Daughters of Pioneers and arrange pioneer program. In larger towns of more than one ward, wards might join together in celebration. It is left to the different wards whether refreshments are served or not.

July 29:

Visiting the "shut-ins," sick and aged. Program and lunch.

August 5, Testimony Meeting:

Topic, "Honor Your Mission of Parenthood." Reading, *Road to Happiness*, by D. Charles Barber, found in *May Era*, 1924.

August 12, Book Review:

Suggested books: *Americanization of Edward Bok; Including Mother; Added Upon; Life of Christ—Papini. The Dim Lantern; Main Street.*

August 19, Automobile ride for "Shut-ins."

August 26, A rousing enlistment social for season's work.

California Mission.

Some time ago an apartment was finished in the Oakland



RELIEF SOCIETY AT BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

chapel for the missionaries. The Berkeley Relief Society furnished the kitchen by giving a kitchen shower. There was a wonderful response. During the party the two boys who were first to occupy the home appeared dressed as the bride and groom. The missionary girls were the brides-maids and the branch presidency came to join in the fun. The Berkeley Society was organized last October, and since that time the members have made 13 quilts, two layettes and other articles.

Benson Stake.

Mrs. Annie G. Miles, who recently resigned as president of the Smithfield 1st ward Relief Society, had served in this capacity for twelve years. She has been a most capable leader, and there was universal regret that she found it necessary to give up the work. Mrs. Miles and her counselors and secretary were given a testimonial consisting of an interesting program and refreshments. Appreciation was expressed for their excellent services rendered, and each of the guests of honor was presented with a token of appreciation.

Blaine Stake.

The Hagerman ward Relief Society has been very actively interested in health work. They have conducted two health conferences for mothers and babies and four operating clinics for tonsils and adenoids. A total of 31 children were operated upon. A dental clinic will be held in the near future, when children recommended will have dental work done for 60% of the regular price. A special fund of \$176.25 was raised by the Society for this work.

Idaho Stake.

The year 1926 proved a very successful one for the Idaho stake Relief Society. The Society gave funds sufficient to furnish one room in the local hospital at Soda Springs. A very good demonstration was given recently showing how teachers should conduct their visits in the homes, how they should present the topic, also how the hostess should receive and assist the visiting teachers in their work. Ward conferences have been held in all the wards and each ward has been visited two or more times by the stake board members.

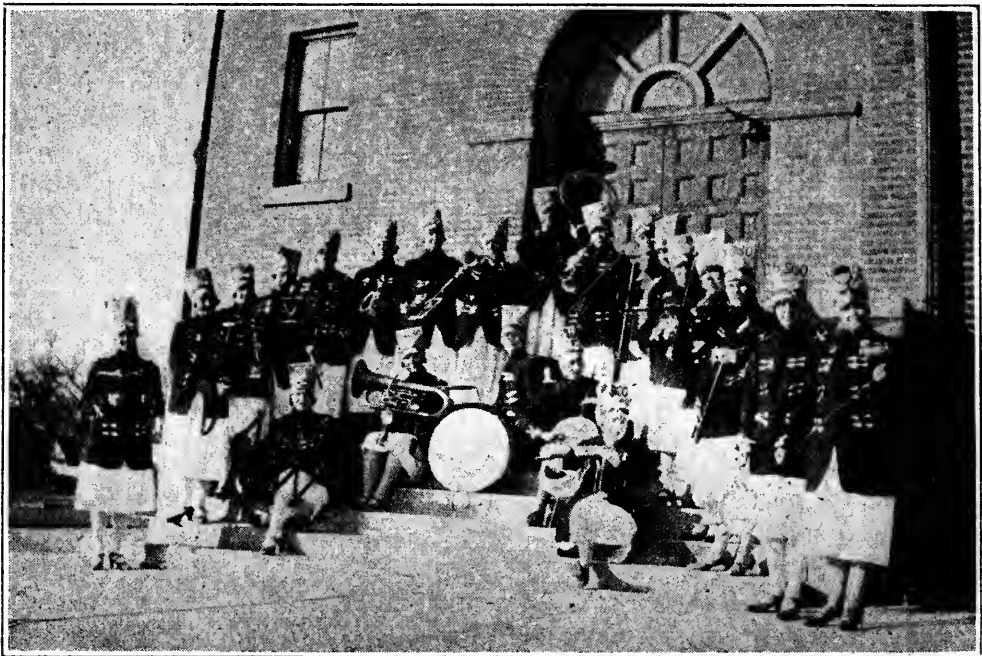
As a special activity the women cooperated with the County home demonstration in conducting a "Woman's Vacation Camp," July 21-22-23. This camp was composed almost entirely of mothers, young and old, and the Relief Society assisted in every way to make the project a success. A splendid program commencing at 6:30 in the morning and ending at 9:30 in the evening was arranged and carried out in detail every day, and proved very

interesting and beneficial. The following subjects were discussed: Purpose of the Camp; Landscape Art and the Home; Home Ideals; A Unified Program for the Home; A Vision of Health for the Mother; The Influence of Attractive Rooms; The Effects of Food on all Organs of the Body. These talks were interspersed with vocal selections, dramatic readings, Indian legends and community singing. The manager of the state natatorium extended invitations to the women to use the wonderful pools for bathing and swimming free of charge. Among the speakers were experts from the state university and other noted women speakers.

Mrs. Barbara Eliason, a member of the stake board, recently passed away. She had been a faithful worker in the Relief Society for many years, first acting as president of the Bancroft ward Relief Society, which position she held for nineteen years, when she was released to work on the stake board.

Hyrum Stake.

The three wards of Hyrum stake recently put on a carnival, the outstanding feature of which was the musical burlesque given



• THE KITCHEN CABINET SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

by the Relief Society called "The Kitchen Cabinet Symphony Orchestra." Twenty-three women took part and produced a musical burlesque, so unexpectedly amusing, entertaining and professional, that the most critically inclined were astonished at the clever execution, the mirth-provoking, yet real musical numbers were rendered upon kitchen utensils of every description. The costuming, the

songs and choruses, all were captivating and well worth the price of admission. The director with a fly-swatter for a baton was the impersonation of a "Sousa," and had her members under full leadership every minute, while the interpretation and introduction of the various selections were very cleverly conducted.

Big Horn Stake.

Mrs. Alfa Grant Showalter, a member of the Big Horn stake Relief Society board, recently passed away. Mrs. Showalter had been an interesting and efficient public worker. Although she had no children she reared to maturity three of her husband's children. She also took into her home at different times motherless and fatherless children, which she cared for as if they were her own. A short time before her death she adopted a new-born babe.

Juab Stake.

Mrs. Alice F. Belliston, chorister of the Juab stake Relief Society, recently passed away—death being caused by typhoid fever. She leaves a husband and four children besides numerous relatives and a host of friends. She will be greatly missed by Relief Society workers.

To My Mother

If I were just a tiny winged bird,
With God's glorious gift of song born in my throat,
I'd soar on high through heaven's misty blue,
And on and on above this mortal sphere,
Until I'd passed the portals of the heavenly world,
And there at the foot of God's mighty throne
I'd offer up a bursting song of thanks
For thee,
For all the joy thy love has given me.

Relief Society Annual Report

1926

Amy Brown Lyman—General Secretary

FINANCIAL ACCOUNT

Cash Receipts

Balance on hand January 1, 1926:

Charity Fund	\$ 31,833.49
General Fund	108,257.04
Wheat Trust Fund	17,846.25

Total Balance January 1..... \$157,936.78

Donations received during 1926:

Charity Fund	\$ 83,027.10
General Fund	119,442.14
Annual Dues	22,644.45
Other Receipts	63,911.22

Total Receipts

\$289,024.91

Total Balance and Receipts

\$446,961.69

Cash Disbursements:

Faid for Charitable Purposes	\$ 96,017.19
Paid for General Purposes	127,477.30
Wheat Trust Fund Remitted to Presiding Bishop's Office ...	4,324.41
Annual Dues Paid to General Board and to Stake Boards..	24,694.94
Paid for Other Purposes	34,515.80

Total Disbursements

\$287,029.64

Balance on hand December 31, 1926

Charity Fund	\$31,375.65
General Fund	115,523.80
Wheat Trust Fund	13,032.60

Total Balance, December 31..

\$159,932.05

Total Disbursements and Balance on Hand.

\$446,961.69

ASSETS AND LIABILITIES

Assets:

Balance on hand December 31, 1926:

All Funds	\$159,932.05
Wheat Trust Fund at Presiding Bishop's Office	400,796.11
Other Invested Funds	63,384.88
Value of Real Estate and Buildi..	236,664.01
Value of Furniture and Fixture..	49,948.99
Other Assets	\$ 26,331.49

Total Assets

\$937,057.53

Liabilities:

Indebtedness\$ 1,129.44
 Balance Net Assets 935,928.09

Total Liabilities and Net A. \$937,057.53

STATISTICS

Membership:

January 1, 1926:

Executive and Special Officers 10,172
 Visiting Teachers 19,457
 Members 32,063

Total Membership January 1 61,692

Increase:

Admitted to Membership During Year 8,027

Total Membership During Year..... 69,719

Decrease:

Removed or Resigned 7,340
 Died 752

Total Decrease 8,092
61,627

December 31, 1926:

Executive and Special Officers .. 10,348
 Visiting Teachers' 19,726
 Members 31,553

Total Membership December 31 61,627

The Total Membership Includes:

General Officers and Board Members..... 20
 Stake Officers and Board Members.....1,011
 Mission Presidents and Officers 63

Number of Stakes 96
 Number of Missions 26
 Number of Relief Society Ward Organizations..... 1,528
 Number of Visiting Teachers' Districts 10,148
 Number of L. D. S. Families in Wards 98,228
 Number of L. D. S. Women, Non-members, Eligible..... 30,302
 Number of *Relief Society Magazine* taken as reported..... 23,220
 Number of Magazines Mailed in Addition 1,280
 Number of Executive Officers Taking *Relief Society Magazine*... 5,386
 Number of Meetings held in Wards 53,040
 Number of Ward Conferences Held 1,057
 Average Attendance at Meetings 20,661
 Number of Visits by Relief Society Visiting Teachers..... 688,154
 Number of Families Helped 13,695
 Number of Days Spent With the Sick..... 51,249
 Number of Special Visits to Sick and Homebound..... 185,007
 Number of Days Spent in Temple Work 122,013
 Number of Bodies Prepared for Burial 2,752
 Number of Visits to Wards by Stake Officers 4,511
 Number of Stake Board Meetings Held 1,983
 Number of Stake and Ward Officers' (Union) Meetings Held..... 966

COMPARATIVE FIGURES FROM RELIEF SOCIETY REPORTS

	1924	1925	1926
Paid for charitable purposes.....	\$100,453.51	\$100,055.56	\$ 96,017.19
Total or present membership.....	59,272	61,066	61,627
No. of Relief Society Organizations..	1,486	1,463	1,528
No. of <i>Relief Society Magazine</i> taken	23,478	23,176	23,220
Days spent with sick	52,445	49,300	51,249
Special visits to sick and home bound..	366,155	178,885	185,007
Families helped	12,281	13,754	13,695
Number of visits by stake Relief Society Officers to wards.....	5,144	5,128	4,511
Number of visits by Relief Society visiting teachers	592,559	643,657	688,154
Number of days spent in temple work	114,160	119,566	122,013

DISTRIBUTION OF MEMBERSHIP OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Stakes	Missions
Arizona	Australia
California	Canada
Canada	Europe
Colorado	Hawaii
Idaho	Mexico
Mexico	New Zealand
Nevada	Samoa
Oregon	South Africa
Utah	Tahiti
Wyoming	Tonga
	United States
Total Membership in Stakes	Total Membership in Missions
50,167	11,460
Total Membership in Stakes and Missions	61,627

(Note: In the foregoing report, all funds are held and disbursed in the various wards, with the exception of the annual membership dues.)



LESSON II

Work and Business

TEACHERS' TOPIC FOR JULY

(Second Week in July)
(Second Week in August)

CIVIC PRIDE

Attention to and care of recreation places, including canyons, parks, playgrounds, etc.

Suggestions:

- I. Attention to sanitary conditions—water supply; disposal of garbage and other refuse, etc.
- II. Attention to useless litter. Communities should supply proper receptacles for papers, rubbish, etc., and enforce their use. The condition of public grounds after holidays and special celebrations is often an evidence of extreme carelessness.
- III. Teach respect for trees, grass, shrubs, and public and private property. (Beauty spots of nature are often marred by careless vacationists who carve names on benches and trees, and wantonly destroy the latter; who rob the hillsides and meadows of the beautiful native flowers which they soon tire of and cast aside.
- IV. Discussion of local conditions.

To Dr. Ellis R. Shipp

On Her Eightieth Birthday

Thursday, Jan. 20, 1927

When the great scheme of existence
For mortals on this earth
Was forecast in the council of the Gods,
Superior intelligences were among the spirits found—
And, Sister Ellis, you were one of them.
And we, your friends and sisters
Are favored ones to know
And labor with, and love, you here below.

The eighty years which have expired
Since you on earth were born
Has been part of one of the greatest eras
The world has ever known.
And the fine, superior portion of the work
Which you have done,
Eternal life and blessedness
For your bright soul has won.

With memories strengthened and renewed
In our first, eternal home,
To which, as called, we are gathering—
What circles we shall form!
Like children pure and innocent
We will laugh and sing with glee,
As we carry on our work of love—
Dear Ellis, *you and we.*

*Lula Greene Richards,
Persis L. Y. Richards,
Alma E. W. Felt,
Zina Y. Card,
Minerva R. Knowlton,
Maria Y. Dougall.*

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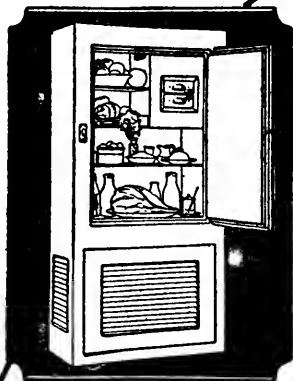
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Monday, June 13.

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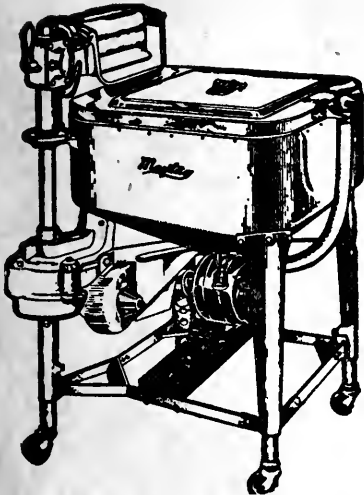
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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Vol. XIV

JUNE, 1927

No. 6

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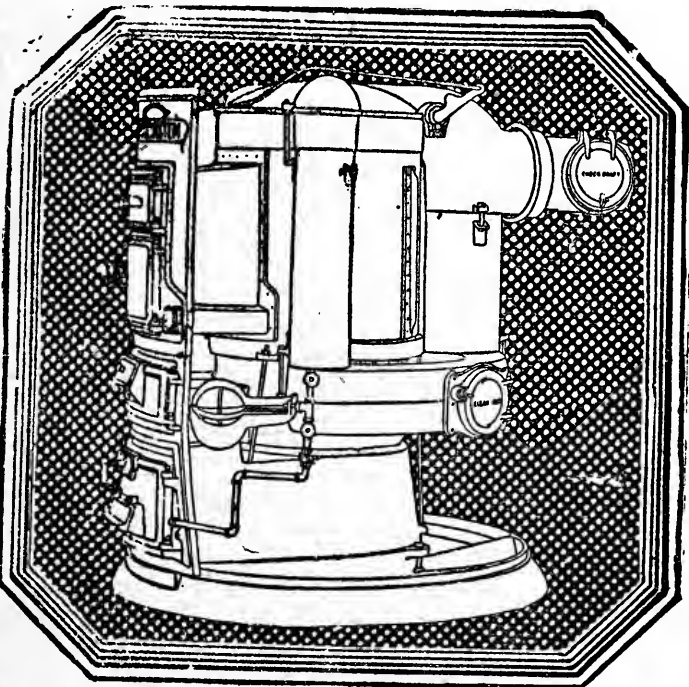
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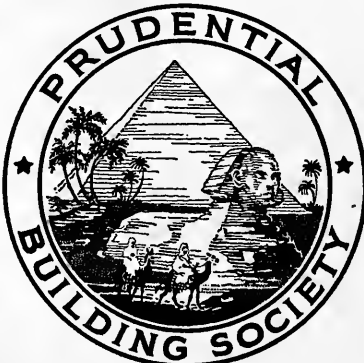


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Sunset

By Josephine Spencer

The giant hills stood in the distance proud—
On each white brow a dusky fold of clouds;
Some coldly gray, some of an amber hue,
Some with dark purple fading into blue;
And one that blushed with a faint crimson yet—
A sunset memory, tinged with cloud regret.
Close to my feet the soft leaf shadows stirred.
I listened vainly, for they moved unheard—
Trembled unconsciously; the languid air
Crept to the rose's lips, and perished there,
It was an hour of such repose as steals
Into the heart when it most deeply feels.



JOSEPHINE SMITH

Daughter Louie E. Shurtliff and Joseph Fielding Smith, great-granddaughter of the Patriarch Hyrum Smith. Miss Smith unveiled the monument of the three witnesses, of the Book of Mormon, at the close of the Relief Society Conference, April 2, 1927.

THE Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XIV

JUNE, 1927

No. 5

Relief Society Conference

Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman, General Secretary

The Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints held annual conference April 1 and 2, 1927, in Salt Lake City. President Clarissa S. Williams was in charge, presiding over all of the sessions of the conference.

The meetings were five in number, as follows: two officers' meetings for general and stake officers, held in the Bishop's Building; a presidents' meeting, which this year was a breakfast session with the General Board as hostess and which was held at the Hotel Utah; and two general sessions for the public, held in the Salt Lake Assembly Hall.

On the evening of the closing day, an entertainment, consisting of two short plays, a musical number, and a reception, was given by the General Board for the stake officers, in the Bishop's Building.

The attendance at the conference was especially good, as this is the official conference of the year. Ninety-five of the ninety-six stakes answered to roll call. The representation was as follows: General Board members, 19; stake and mission workers, 407, including 79 stake presidents, 89 counselors, 40 secretary-treasurers, and 195 other board members; 4 mission presidents; 4 special visitors, total 430. Each of the two general sessions filled the Assembly Hall, with many standing during the afternoon session.

Ushers, very kindly furnished by the Granite stake, gave excellent service in handling the large number in attendance, and in properly seating them.

One of the outstanding features of the conference was the music, with Mrs. Lizzie Thomas Edward, director, and Miss Edna Coray, organist. The numbers by the Relief Society choir were excellent. The closing anthem, "Unfold, Ye Portals," by the choir, assisted by the violin pupils of Prof. George Skelton, was a fitting climax to the whole conference. The solo numbers were

also warmly appreciated. They consisted of a duet by Mrs. Retta Burnham and Mrs. Eva Aird; contralto solo, Miss Claire Thomas; tenor solo, Dr. W. R. Worley; soprano solo, Mrs. Laurinda Brewerton; soprano solo, Mrs. Bessie S. Rex. At the evening entertainment, Miss Margaret Lyman played a group of selections on the cello, and Miss Margaret Anderson, soprano, rendered several numbers.

Officers' Meeting

(Morning Session)

PRESIDENT CLARISSA, S. WILLIAMS

My dear sisters: I am happy—more happy than I can tell, to be with you this morning, to look into your smiling faces, and to greet you. I have nothing but words of commendation for the work which you have accomplished during the past year. I wonder, sometimes, how it is that we are enabled to go on, day by day, carrying the burdens which we have to carry in our homes and yet are able to carry on the work of the Relief Society. Each year we marvel at the progress which we have made, and I hope that you, in the stakes, feel as happy and as well satisfied over the progress you are making and the work you are doing, as do we of the General Board. We rejoice over the growth of the organization. Whenever a new stake is organized, or when a stake is divided and when new wards are organized, we feel that new workers are being brought into the field.

The question is so often asked, how can we increase our membership? It seems to me that you are answering that question yourselves. You are pondering over ways and means to increase your membership and to increase your attendance. You are giving such earnest thought to the subject that you are solving the problem to a very great extent. It seems to me that if we approach people in the right way we cannot fail to interest them. Our diversified work should have something of interest in it for everybody.

We are sometimes told that it is difficult to interest the older members of the Relief Society. A few weeks ago a report came to us that a woman in a certain locality had asked regarding the advisability of organizing a club for the semi-elderly women who have found that there isn't anything in the Relief Society for them—that they had been lost sight of in the scramble to get young women into the organization. Now it has never occurred to us of the General Board that there is a lack of interesting subject matter, or a lack of interest projects, in the organization. I need not go over the work—you know what it is. You know, of

course, that some are interested in literature, some in theology, and some in this or that. We have endeavored to arrange a varied program in order that the many individuals in the organization may find at least something of interest to them. I do not object to the women having literary, or sewing, or social clubs. I belong to a club which we call a circle. It meets monthly and it is very restful and very entertaining. But I make it a point always that this pleasure afternoon shall not interfere in any way with my Relief Society or my other Church activities. It is a side issue. Now, to say that I would join something of this sort because I felt that there is nothing in the Relief Society for me, would be a reproach upon our organization. My advice to you is to endeavor with all your might to have your Relief Society organization first. I believe you do do that; in fact, I know you do. Endeavor to make your meetings so interesting that they will entertain any woman who is a resident in your stake or ward. As for taking part on the program, my understanding has been that there are more opportunities than there have been responses. There is more opportunity to take part in the discussions of the afternoon than there are women who are ready to take part in those discussions. My advice is that you will encourage all the women, both old and young, and endeavor always to bring out, if it is possible, those who are a little backward and who need a little special encouragement.

ANNUAL REPORT

Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman, General Secretary

The annual report of the Society, as read and discussed by the General Secretary, showed an increase and a development in the various activities, as well as an increase in funds. (See May issue of *Relief Society Magazine* for full report.)

The secretary took occasion to express appreciation for the excellent work done by the stake and ward secretaries in connection with their compiling of the annual report, as well as in their bookkeeping, accounting and careful business methods. One-half of the stake reports were perfectly compiled this year, and a number of the others had only slight errors, which is a commendable showing.

The secretary also expressed appreciation for the splendid cooperation between the stakes and missions and the general office. The office makes an effort to be prompt in answering letters and in getting information to the stakes and missions, and the stakes and missions in turn are very prompt in answering correspondence. There is no correspondence between the office and the wards. All letters from wards and branches (which are now

very few in number) are referred to the stakes and missions for answer.

A report of the correspondence of the general office for 1926, was given as follows: Letters from stakes and missions, 2,000; letters from other sources, 250; making a total of 2,250 letters received; letters to stakes and missions, 2,100; letters to others, 200; making a total of 2,300. This does not include the correspondence in the Welfare Department.

Reorganizations: The following reorganizations, which have occurred since last October, were reported: Ensign stake, reorganized August 24, 1926, Mrs. Irene Richards, released, Mrs. Luacine S. Clark, appointed president; Idaho Falls stake, November, 1926, Mrs. Mayme H. Laird, released, Mrs. Clara A. Brunt, appointed president; Oneida stake, March 26, 1927, Mrs. Amy C. Ballif, released, Mrs. Nellie P. Head, appointed president; Eastern States mission, Miss Elizabeth Skofield, released, Miss Dicie Brimhall, appointed president; Northwestern States mission, December 31, 1926, Mrs. Marie Young, released, Mrs. Pearl C. Sloan appointed president; South African mission, September, 1926 Mrs. Magdalene Sessions, released, Mrs. Samuel P. Martin, appointed president.

Work and Business Meeting

(Result of Survey)

Mrs. Nettie D. Bradford, Member of General Board

I suppose that most of us remember that in the group conventions and in the Relief Society conferences, in 1925, one of our topics was the "Work and Business Meeting," and that many suggestions were made as to what could be done in this meeting. In some of the stakes we found at that time that the work part of the meeting had been almost entirely done away with, many of the stakes thinking that there was no work to be done—and the members were a little tired of sewing carpet rags and making quilts. President Williams made the statement that the work and business meeting must be kept up, and that we should make it a social as well as a service day. Last year there was also a topic discussed in the group conventions and conferences on the subject of "Accomplishments of Work and Business Meeting During the Last Year," and a questionnaire was left in each stake to be filled in and returned to the general office. There were four questions asked: 1. Is Work and Business Meeting held Monthly in each of your Wards? 2. Total Number of Articles Made. 3. Kinds of Articles Made. 4. Other Service Accomplished at this Meeting, such as Sewing for Families, etc., etc.

It has been very gratifying to read the reports in the questionnaires. Sixty-one of the stakes reported that all wards held work and business meetings. Twenty stakes reported meetings held in some of the wards but not all, and fifteen stakes were not reported.

It seems that there have been thousands and thousands of articles made in the work and business meetings, not only useful articles but some that are very ornamental—articles that will help to decorate and beautify the homes. I picked out one report which I thought might be interesting to read. I do not know which stake it is from—I just picked it up at random from the questionnaires received. Following is a list of the activities of the various wards: a shower was held for a family whose home had burned; a social was held at the home of an aged couple and there was sewing for motherless families; a family was cared for three weeks, which took two persons each night and two each day; there were demonstrations on foods, on school lunches, and the canning of fruit, also upon how to remove spots of various kinds from different kinds of cloth, and on how to clean clothes; needy families were provided for; carpets were provided for the Church; lessons were given on the making and fitting of paper patterns; on the picking and carding of wool which was made into quilts; napkins for the sacrament service, maternity bundles, Christmas gifts and even caskets for the dead were also made! There was also cotton-picking, the earnings from which were contributed to the Church; nurses gave lectures and advice on the care of children; there was instruction and demonstrations on modern conveniences and how to fit up a kitchen with them; then there was the supervision of a concession at the state fair which brought \$500. That is just one of the interesting stake reports.

Not only have the stakes been working hard but they have also given public demonstrations and exhibitions. It was my privilege, along with another member of the committee, to attend one of these demonstrations—in fact, I have attended several, but this one in particular was held in a large recreation hall. The building seemed to be as large as this one and it was filled with things which had been made by the women in the work and business meetings. Each of the wards had its portion of space allotted. There were all kinds of clothing, both out of new material and old material; all kinds of cloths, fancy and crocheted and embroidered; and everything that one could think of was collected in that hall. Besides all these things there were demonstrations on the use of the electric range, on cleaning devices of various kinds, and on electric sewing machines. After the cooking demonstration on the electric range, light refreshments were served, and altogether it was a very, very profitable day. Other stakes have

had exhibitions in connection with celebrations of various kinds. One was held on March 17, when the wards brought articles so that all might see what had been done. Some of the beautiful work which was shown consisted of lamp shades, decorated candles, the polychrome work and the beautiful paper waxed flowers.

I feel that one of the very necessary things that we can do and should do on the work and business meeting day is to look after the over-worked mother. I believe we can help many of these mothers who are over-burdened, who have not means to hire help, and others in communities where it is almost impossible to get the right kind of help.

I will now read a list of the articles that were made during the year in the various stakes: Bonnets, bloomers, blouses, buffet sets, baskets, baby pillows, bed spreads, burial clothes, boys' suits, buttonholes, beadwork, bibs, baby pads, centerpieces, children's clothing, coats made over, clothes-pin bags, curtains, cushions, carpet rags, crochet work, candles decorated, clothes hangers, caskets, dresses, doilies, dresser scarfs, dolls and doll dresses, diapers, embroidery, flowers (paper, wax and silk), feather pillows, fireless cookers, frames, iceless refrigerators, knitting, layettes, lunch cloths, laundry bags, lamp shades, lace, serving meals, maternity bundles, made-over articles, napkins, nightgowns, pillow slips, piece quilt tops, petticoats, polychrome work, powder puffs, paper patterns, pajamas, quilts (also baby quilts), rag rugs, rompers, men's shirts, children's slips, sheets, sweaters, stocking bags, sacrament sets, sofa pillows, slippers and shoes, shawls (knitted), shoe trees, table cloths, table runners, tea towels, teddy bears, tied and dyed work, tatting, table mats, temple aprons, tray cloths, underwear, vanity cases, wall pockets, wool picked and carded, waists for boys, yokes for gowns.

CHARITY FUNDS

Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon, Member of General Board

I am very happy to have the privilege of meeting and discussing with you one of the subjects of our activities which to me is the most vital—the charity fund. During the summer at the auxiliary group conventions and at all of the conventions visited by the members of the General Board, one question on the questionnaire was this: Does every L. D. S. family in your stake make a regular contribution to the Relief Society? The answers were rather undecided. It was a new question and you had probably not thought of that before. Generally, the percentage was pretty high, but not 100%. We would like you to try, in your ward conferences and at other times, to teach the people

this beautiful thought, that it is more blessed to give than to receive, that when they give for the welfare work, that when they do something to keep up this work in our organization, they are themselves receiving a blessing from God. You would be surprised, I think, after hearing Sister Lyman's report and the wonderful amount of money that we have on hand, to know some figures that I might give you today regarding how little is given into the Relief Society for the charity fund. I find in a survey that has been made that there is only about 85c a year given by each L. D. S. family for charity, or $7\frac{1}{2}$ c per month; that on an average a ward has \$75.25 a year, or an average of \$6.26 per month. I would like these figures to sink in quite deeply; $7\frac{1}{2}$ c from an L. D. S. family per month to the Relief Society. One of the stakes made a survey and discovered that from each ward they had a little less than \$8 a month for charity. You have heard of the sewing done for motherless children, of help for families where homes have been burned. What could a ward Relief Society president do if she only received \$6.26 per month, in helping to rehabilitate a family or refurnish a home? It would hardly buy in these days a pair of shoes.

We have always felt that it was necessary to keep our funds separate, and yet we find that probably on account of these small contributions to the charity fund, that the general fund is used, that some wards do not have a charity fund—they put all their money into the general fund because they can draw on the general fund for charity, but they cannot draw on the charity fund for other purposes. There is quite a purpose in our minds for the charity fund not to be drawn on for anything else. There are many occasions that you may be called upon that you really do not think are necessary for the Relief Society to do; and yet you have the money, and it is called for, and you feel that you can use it and so your fund is depleted, leaving very little for welfare work. You are called upon to build a fountain, or carpet the meetinghouse, or buy a piano or sacrament set, and you take this from your general fund, and if you put all your money into the general fund, then when you need something for the welfare work, you have not anything on hand, where if you keep your funds separate you will always have something in reserve. Some stakes tell us they haven't any poor and haven't any need of a charity fund, that while the people in the community are not rich they are all well provided for and have no poor among them. How many of you know what may happen in a night? These are days of calamities; these are days of epidemics, and even if you do not have any great tragedy or any war or earthquake or calamity to call immediately for your relief fund, you may have a fire in your locality and have to help a family, or there may be things of which you do not know already in existence. I am reminded

of a poor laboring man who became ill, and he and his family were quite proud and did not let the neighbors know that he was ill. He lost his work and so he set up a little shop at home and the neighbors thought he was shiftless. They misjudged the man. One night he died, and then the neighbors were very much overcome with their thoughtlessness and carelessness and went into the home with their small offerings. One kind neighbor went into the pantry to put a delicacy there which she had brought, and she found it bare—bare as the cupboard of childhood lore—scarcely a thing in the house. They had not known that there was need there. Suppose that ward had had no fund to help that family? There was a funeral to pay for, there was clothing to buy for the children, there was money needed to pay on the house, there were a dozen things to do, and yet they thought they had no poor in that ward. We do not always know unless we are very diligent, unless we are very careful in our visits and unless we are awake to all things around us. We do not know the day nor the hour when we may be called upon to use this charity fund.

I would like to call to your mind the first Relief Society. You are just as familiar as I am with the history of that occasion eighty-five years ago last month (March) when the Prophet Joseph called those choice women together and organized the Society and exhorted and taught them what their duties would be. And after telling them the different things that they were to do and especially that they were to look after the poor, and the needy, the sick and the afflicted, he put his hand into his pocket and he laid a \$5 gold piece on the table with these words: "All I give to the poor I will give to this Society." The Prophet knew that you cannot carry on an organization of this kind without a fund and after he had given his \$5, Elder John Taylor gave \$2; Elder Willard Richards, who was secretary on that occasion, gave \$1; Emma Smith gave \$1; Sarah M. Cleveland, the first counselor in the Relief Society, gave 12½c; Elizabeth Ann Whitney, who was the second counselor, gave 50c; and Sarah M. Kimball gave \$1. There was \$10.62½—the first fund in the Relief Society organization, and I believe the first beginning of a fund for organized charity in the world. Today our Relief Society, as you have been told by Sister Lyman, is worth close to a million dollars, all starting from that \$10.62½ donated by those persons eighty-five years ago. As we have increased in membership and increased in wealth, we have increased in well-doing. We hope the occasion won't arise when you need more and more all the time, because with your fine charity work, your constructive work, you are building up families and making them more self-supporting, but the Savior has said, "The poor ye have always with you," and we urge you to try to increase this fund and to teach the people to be liberal and to be kind and generous in their donations. It has become

something of a habit with some of us to give, probably when we had very little to give, 10c or 15c, and as time went on and our wealth increased, we have not increased the amount of our contribution, but think, "I will give just the same as I always have." Even the wealthy people have not increased their donation to the Relief Society. We do need to increase our charity fund. We do need to keep it separate from our general fund and to keep it a sacred trust fund for the particular work for which it is given, that we can claim truthfully what we have always said, "that anyone who gives to the Relief Society for the poor may feel that that money is going to be expended for the poor." The Lord has said that pure religion, undefiled before God and the Father, is to visit the fatherless in their distress and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world. Let us remember that and let us try to live that pure religion, I pray in the name of Jesus. Amen.

SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS

President Clarissa S. Williams

Correspondence (Stakes Should Address Correspondence to General Office—not to Various Members of the Board): All Relief Society letters should be addressed to the office of the General Secretary, where all correspondence is answered through the secretary's office. A year ago a letter came from a stake addressed to a board member and was handed to another individual, and finally referred to me. The stake which wished the information was very much upset because the information was not forthcoming in time, whereas, if she had written direct for that information to the office, she would have had her answer almost by return mail. I am not referring to private correspondence, but to Relief Society correspondence, and I would ask you to remember that all questions on Relief Society business are answered through the secretary's office, and it is suggested that all such letters be sent there.

Wheat Trust Fund and Wheat Interest: Most of the wards in the Church having a wheat trust fund have it all deposited with the Presiding Bishop's Office. There are some, however, which still hold their fund, or a portion of it, locally. Some wards report that their fund is loaned to individuals. The General Board feels very anxious about wheat money loaned to individuals and recommends that it be gathered in at once. There have been cases in the past, and we heard of one only recently, where Relief Society wheat money was loaned to individuals without proper security. We also hear of cases where individuals have the loan but neglect to pay interest. We ask that ward Relief Society officers take this matter up at once and collect all outstanding wheat accounts.

It has been recommended by the General Authorities of the

Church, and by the General Board, that the entire wheat trust fund be deposited with the Presiding Bishop's Office, and we hope it will not be long before this is accomplished.

It is the recommendation of the General Board, that the wheat interest be set aside for health and maternity work, including child welfare work. Our reports show that in some instances this money is being used for general purposes. In fifty stakes, in one or more wards, this interest is used for other purposes. We recommend that the wheat interest, even where the fund is small, be held for health work. A fund on hand is always available, and none of us know when a health problem will arise in our community. It is not recommended that the wheat interest be returned to the Presiding Bishop's Office to be added to the principal, but that it be held in the wards for use.

The wheat fund does not belong to you; it does not belong to the bishop; it is a sacred trust gathered by your mothers and grandmothers for a special purpose, and in order that that purpose may be carried out and that your money need not lie useless for generations, we have been accorded the privilege of using the interest—not of re-depositing it to get more money on, but of using it and using it for the good of the women and children in your communities—not to make fences, not to buy carpets, not to fix up your Relief Society rooms, but for health purposes. Look about you and see if there are any little boys whose eyes are in such a condition that they cannot study their lessons; see if there are little cripples who are not able to walk and who by a little effort on your part might be provided with artificial limbs; see if there are little girls who are not clothed, and expectant mothers who are not being provided for as mothers should be in order to bring forth healthy offspring. These needs appeal to me. I have heard such heart-rending cases of neglect recently. It looks as if Relief Society women in any community, if their eyes are open, need not allow such conditions to exist, and upon you is placed this sacred trust. Remember that you are the mothers of the community in which you live, and that you are responsible for conditions, at least among Latter-day Saint families. I cannot understand why anyone should desire that the interest on the wheat fund should be added to the principal and kept on deposit. What is money? What did the Lord endow us with money for? Not for our own adornment, not to hoard, but to be used for those in need, and when we have some fairy money placed in our hands let us feel that that money shall be used for the purpose that it is intended. If you cannot convert your bishop or ward president, you stake presidents write to our general office just as soon as you can. There isn't a ward president in this Church who could not convert a bishop to the right idea of

handling the wheat trust fund if she is converted herself and goes about it in the right way.

Health Committees and Units: The General Board recommends that the women of the Relief Society continue to support the health committees which are working under the direction of the State Boards of Health in the various communities; and to support the health units which have been established. We congratulate you in what you have done in the past, in this direction, and want you to know that your efforts have been appreciated by the State Health Departments and by the Children's Bureau in Washington, D. C.

Maternity Bundles: It has been reported that in one ward in a stake where charges have been made for Relief Society bundles and rental for maternity accessories, the bundles and the accessories have been generally used. Previous to this, when it seemed to be a matter of charity, the bundles and the accessories were not used to any extent.

Officers and Their Positions: For convenience and efficiency in stakes the president and secretary-treasurer should reside in the same community. It is also advisable to select for stake board members women who live close enough together for stake board meetings to be held conveniently. In one of our stakes, at one time, it was decided to choose the stake board members from each of the wards; that is, to have each ward represented on the stake board. This was a very scattered stake, and as a result it was absolutely impossible for this stake to hold stake board meetings with a satisfactory representation.

Where stake or ward officers are absent from the stake or ward for any length of time they should consult the Priesthood with regard to resigning their positions. This ruling should be observed, particularly by stake and ward presidents, upon whom great responsibility rests. Counselors are greatly handicapped in carrying on the work in the absence of the president.

Relief Society Property: It is reported, time and again, that in many cases where stakes and wards are reorganized, outgoing officers do not turn over books, circulars, etc., to the new officers. The rule, as recorded in the Relief Society record book, is as follows: "All records, books, or other supplies, purchased for the use of the Society, are the property of the Society and do not belong to any individual. * * * Whenever a reorganization is effected, all supplies and records should be turned over to the new officers at once." The records of an organization are very valuable and they are not valuable to anyone except to the organization. You ought, as stake officers, at least once or twice a year, to say to the ward presidents: Take care of your books and your records, and when you retire, see that they are turned over intact to the incoming officers.

Class Leaders: One of the qualifications of the Relief Society stake and ward class leader is membership in the Church. The class leader should hold herself responsible for all instructions given to her group during the class period. All theological lessons and all portions of these lessons, should be presented by Church members. There is no objection to having a well-qualified non-member of the Church present a lesson or a portion of a lesson in the literary or social service department, but even in these departments, the class leader herself should hold Church membership.

Duplication in Office: It is the recommendation of the General Board that duplication of office between stake and ward Relief Society officers, be avoided as far as possible. Instances have occurred where a Relief Society woman has held simultaneously the office of stake board member and ward president. This is always unsatisfactory. Outside of the most scattered communities, where membership is small, it should never be necessary to have duplication. The stake boards should not be any larger than absolutely necessary. It is not wise to tie up so much material in the stake boards that it becomes difficult to officer the wards. I would advise you to have rather fewer stake board members than to have duplication of offices. Stakes can get along better with fewer board members than they can with duplications. If you have a ward Primary counselor as a class teacher or occupying any lesser position, her allegiance must go to the organization in which she holds the highest office, and when your union meeting or group convention comes, she goes to the Primary meetings because she holds a higher office in that organization than in the Relief Society, and the Relief Society department in which she is working will be deprived of her.

Relief Society Teachers: A recent report shows that in one of our localities many of the Relief Society visiting teachers do not attend meetings regularly. They feel that after making their visits, and making their reports, they are through for the month, and it is not necessary for them to be constant attenders at meetings. The teachers cannot expect to be influential in getting others to attend meeting unless they set the example themselves. It is reported that in one ward the work of the teachers was greatly improved by taking one of the older sisters and one of the younger ones together for visiting.

Collection of Funds by Relief Society: The Relief Society, as an organization should not be used generally by other agencies for the collection of funds. Wherever the Relief Society is requested to do this, the matter should be referred to the Priesthood authorities for final decision. The General Board takes no part in raising funds for other agencies without the consent of the General Authorities of the Church, and the stakes and wards

should not undertake similar work without the consent and approval of the stake and ward Priesthood authorities. I think President Grant made use of the expression that the Relief Society is not a collection agency, and his preference generally is that the Relief Society shall not take part in the collection of funds as an organization. As individuals, the members might do so, but not as an organization, unless it is especially requested by the Priesthood authorities in the stakes where you live.

Charity Work With Transients: The question has been asked whether the Relief Society should assist non-"Mormon" transients. Our answer is that while non-"Mormon" transients are not the responsibility of the Relief Society, still they should not be allowed to suffer in our communities. They should be referred at once to the city and county authorities who are responsible and who in turn should give temporary relief and take steps to have the transients returned to their places of residence. In the meantime the needy should not suffer and should be given temporary care. Since our Relief Society presidents are familiar with relief work they may find it necessary to lead out, to organize a plan and to serve the city and county in the emergency. On the other hand, transients should not be made to feel that they can drop into communities and be cared for indefinitely or until they are ready to go on. They should be returned to their homes, where they are entitled to care. When communities become stricter in these matters the transient problem will not be so tense. Relief Society funds are not sufficient for our own needs and should be conserved for those for whom we feel responsible. Still, there should be no suffering in our communities. The rules on transportation which were given to each stake and ward president at our group conventions last year, are a guide in this matter.

Officers' Meeting

(Afternoon Session)

THE COURSE OF STUDY

(Social Service)

Mrs. Amy W. Evans, Member of General Board

"The health, happiness and efficiency of the adult man and woman depend to a very large extent upon the type of habits they acquire from their training and experiences during early life. Any information which gives the interested parent a better idea of the mental life of the child, methods that may be utilized in developing desirable habits, and suggestions for overcoming undesirable habits, may be considered well worth while."—*Douglas A. Thorn, Director of Habit Clinic, Boston.*

Owen Lovejoy, the president of the National Child Welfare Association, says: "I feel intensely that those who are devoting themselves to an effort to improve the surroundings, the conditions, the opportunities of child life, are tackling the problem of the future at its fountain head."

It was in accord with these ideas of the importance of child study and care and training, both to the individual and to society, that this subject was chosen for study in the Social Service department. Dr. Wile, who has had twenty years' experience in dealing with children, and whose book, *The Challenge of Childhood*, forms the basis of the lesson work in this department, divides the subject into four problems of childhood, the physical, the mental, the emotional, and the social. He gives examples or cases of children who have come under his supervision. Throughout the study, he carries the idea that many of the social ills, diseases and maladjustments of adult life might be avoided if these problems of physical health, mental health, and social health were properly understood and treated and rectified in childhood. He shows how these problems have been successfully treated in the cases he cites.

The general trend in the treatment of all social problems today is toward prevention. The public health programs are placing the emphasis on childhood as the best time to lay the foundation for physical health, and to prevent ill health in adult life. This is evidenced by our baby clinics, our pre-school child clinic, our school nurses, and health education in our schools.

There is at present a corresponding emphasis placed upon mental health, or mental hygiene—upon the forming of correct habits, right attitudes toward life, home, parents, school, church, etc. It is thought that much of delinquency and crime come from mental ill health; that often childhood fears, doubts, anxieties, angers and despairs, are the beginnings of unwholesome attitudes. It is the individual (child or adult) with wrong attitudes who finds it difficult to make the necessary adjustments to life.

Life is a series of adjustments which begin as soon as a child is born. He has to adjust to the physical world, to rules, to other members of the family, etc. As he grows older he is constantly meeting new conditions and situations.

Things are always changing for all of us. We all have our adjustments to make. Dr. Wile says that intelligence should be measured in terms of capacity for making adjustments to new situations. The lack of ability to adjust causes much trouble. It is more difficult for children to adjust now than when we were young. Our social life is much more complicated now. So many more desires have been created, life has taken on a swifter pace, with the telephone, auto, radio, airplane, etc., none of which existed in my childhood.

Perhaps it is this complexity of life and the difficulty in making adjustments that causes so much delinquency among the youth of today. By far the great majority of the inmates of prisons are young people. Criminologists say that too much has been spent on cure and not enough on prevention. George W. Kershway dean of criminology at the New York School of Social Work, places his hope for the future on the proper understanding of the needs and the training of childhood—that plastic and formative period when good habits are easily formed and bad ones more easily corrected.

The establishment of child guidance clinics is a modern development. These clinics are for the study and treatment of children whose behavior is out of the ordinary, who have temper tantrums and nervousness, who are cruel, extremely sensitive and seclusive, who lie and steal and who have difficulty in school, either in reaction to discipline or in making ordinary progress. These are all common examples of extraordinary behavior. Such behavior is an expression of difficulty in social adjustment; the child may be called maladjusted.

The function of the clinic is to study the physical, mental, emotional and social problems presented in these children and to prescribe treatment. The clinics are usually composed of a psychiatrist who is a specialist of nervous and mental diseases; a physician who deals with physical diseases; a psychologist who determines the child's mental abilities and educational requirements; and a social worker who considers the home and social factors involved, and who helps to carry out treatment prescribed. A complete study of the personality of the child is made from a scientific and sympathetic viewpoint.

Dr. Wile, in the *Challenge of Childhood* follows the plan of these child guidance clinics. He treats the physical problems from the viewpoint of the physician and shows that many instances of maladjustments are due to physical causes. The mental problems are taken up from the viewpoint of the psychologist and we are given an insight into the mental abilities and disabilities of children which affect their ability to adjust. The psychiatric viewpoint is given in the emotional problems of children. The social problems are given from the standpoint of the social case worker, who studies the environment and background of the individual with a view of assisting him in making his adjustments. Dr. Wile warns us that he separates these problems only for convenience. The child is a complete personality composed of its emotional, mental, physical and social make-up. The aim of this study is to give an understanding of the personality of the child to those who are trying to guide, influence and assist him to secure physical, mental, emotional and social health, or to attain a mastery of the greatest of all arts, the art of living.

SOCIAL SERVICE

Dr. W. R. Calderwood

I am not a psychiatrist. I have studied mental hygiene; I have taught it approximately ten years at the University of Utah. The mental hygiene movement began in 1908, when a man by the name of Beers who had been committed to a mental hospital came out and interested philanthropic, broad-minded men in bettering the conditions in mental hospitals. As soon as they began to see the problems they began to look for the causes, which led to an investigation of the mental hospital and prison systems, delinquency homes, the problem of prostitution and other things of that sort. The first mental hygiene society was organized in 1908, and since then mental hygiene organizations have been organized all over the world. Recently, one was organized in Utah—about a year ago. I think Mrs. Evans defined a psychiatrist well—one trained in the detection and treatment of mental disorders. A physician who has had psychiatric training, who has spent two or three years in studying the mental problems, the mental maladjustments of the more serious type, as well as minor maladjustments, is a psychiatrist.

I am delighted to know that the women of the Relief Society are taking up this problem at its beginning. We have heretofore been working on end results. We wait until we have our criminals, prostitutes, etc., and then spend vast sums of money to care for them. I do not mean that we should not continue our efforts at the present time to reclaim those who are ill and those who have been lost to society. We study the conservation of all kinds of material; for instance, the conservation of hogs, of water power, of forests, but only recently have we begun to appreciate the importance of conserving human energy. The greatest force in all the world is human energy—no other force exists which compares to it. We should be concerned with the conservation of human energy and should try to check the destruction of human energy, to guide it right by beginning in childhood.

I have read your text, Dr. Wile's *Challenge of Childhood*, as well as other books, and some very interesting problems are discussed in the book, which you have already partly covered and will no doubt complete before you take up another text. I believe that all leaders in this movement should be widely read. You are not confined in your reading to one or two books, and the more outside information you can get and bring into your class, the better effects you are going to have on the members. You should have in your home towns libraries where people who are interested in these human problems can find books and pamphlets and magazines on the subject, and you will find the young mothers

anxious to get additional information in order to better care for their children.

About 65 percent of the individuals who comes into this world are normal, about 15 to 20 per cent above normal, 10 per cent dullards, and 5 per cent feeble-minded, including idiots and imbeciles. While there are 80 or 85 per cent who are normal and above normal, there are all degrees of normality. This 65 per cent normal vary in their capacity to study different problems, but taking it for granted that 85 per cent are born with normal capacity, then what they accomplish after that depends upon environment. What we do to develop our potential powers depends absolutely upon our environment. We come into the world without any knowledge, but we have capacity to learn. So the child's capacity to learn is measured by his inheritance. What he learns depends upon his environment. How many of us live up to our capacity? Nobody reaches full capacity. The brain is a plastic organ—the only plastic organ man has. If you use it right, you will continue to grow mentally; if you do not use it, you will not grow mentally. It is susceptible of modification. You may modify your course in life, your habits and viewpoints. The problem you have to deal with in the child is the child's ability to adjust satisfactorily, and the degree in which he is able to adjust and control his mental and instinctive tendencies depends upon his environment. In early life this environment is the home. His first contact is with the mother. The mother nourishes him and cares for him—he cries for mother. He does not know mother from anybody else. Some say we have certain instinctive tendencies, while others say we have no instincts, that we are born with a mechanism which responds to stimulation. We do respond to stimulation. The child comes into contact with the mother's breast and nurses—I do not care whether you call it instinct or a response to stimulation. How a child is going to react depends upon the situation presented to him. The child's first love life is influenced by the mother more than by the father—she is his first love object—a perfect individual to the young child. Time goes on and the little boy wants to be like father, the little girl, like mother. After awhile the child begins to see other individuals who behave a little differently from what mother does, from what father does, and he wonders if mother *is* the most wonderful woman in all the world, and if father *is* the best man that ever lived. The child thinks, "I go to visit Johnny Jones and I don't see his mother scolding the children and asking them to do things they don't want to do." He doesn't see them under all circumstances, and he wonders if father and mother are just what he thought. The child is disillusioned as to what father and mother are, and he begins to build finer worlds—he day dreams and peoples his world with new parents, with new brothers and sisters, with new conditions.

The fantasy which is an important part of the child's life should be guided and directed in the development of the child. Father and mother should guide the fancies and day dreams of boys and girls. It is natural and normal and the parents ought not to try to curtail it. Children should be obliged to do a certain amount of work, in order for them to learn to adjust themselves in the home, depending upon their age; but they will day dream and they will build air-castles and they will people these homes with new individuals, and what their parents have been may determine what they are going to put into these new homes. They put in parents like their parents were to them in their infancy days.

There are two barriers to a child's progress—the barrier of reality and the barrier of authority. We abuse our authority as parents, frequently compelling the child to do things which are not, frequently, for the child's best interest, because we have not studied children.

We have to earn a living, but we have not qualified to live as we ought to live in peace and harmony with the community and adjust ourselves satisfactorily and get happiness out of life. Happiness depends upon our ability to understand our companions—you cannot be happy unless you are adjusted to those with whom you are associated. You cannot associate efficiently to the best advantage unless you have some knowledge of the reactions, the attitude, the behavior of those with whom you are associated. So the study of conduct and reasons for conduct (there is always a cause behind any maladjusted situation) is important. If 85 per cent are born with normal brain power, why do so many become maladjusted; why do we have so many nervous breakdowns, so many delinquent children, so much shellshock in the war? Because these have not sufficient ability to meet reality—it is too stern, too hard to meet. During the war, some of our men suffering from shell shock, which was really a nervous breakdown. Some of them had it before they were drafted. It was not due to the burst of a shell, but to nervous prostration, inability to meet the reality. We have life shock all along the line—people who cannot meet the situation, who cannot meet life's problems every day. Our great class of failures are those who cannot meet life's problems successfully every day. The drunkard cannot meet life's problems every day—he must drink today because it is too cold; tomorrow, because it is too hot; today, because John Jones is going away, and tomorrow, because Tom Moore is coming back.

Many problems come to the child early in his life and he should be trained to meet every day's problems every day—not to put off till tomorrow what ought to be done today. A child becomes efficient in life, is able to adjust satisfactorily, only to the extent that he learns to meet life's problems every day, and

we don't find many who are doing it. The child, when he is born into the world, utters a cry of discontent, a cry of rebellion against the change in environmental condition. Before birth, life was no exertion, there were no disturbing influences, but just as soon as he is born, disturbing influences come in—cold, air, heat, light, noise, and he rebels and cries in protest, and he continues to cry from the cradle to the grave. "Mama, you help me. Father, you do this; I don't want to"—crying out in protest against reality. The child can be trained to meet situations if we begin early in life, and teach him to meet them every day. If he slights them today, it is easier to slight them tomorrow. It is important to stress this in the home before school days, for by that time the child's habits are pretty well determined. It is not a problem of the schools, or of Religion Class, or Sunday School, or Mutual—it is a problem of the home.

Our greatest failure is in the home. Parents have not been qualified as parents. It seems to me that the sole purpose of education should be training for parenthood. We say we are training for citizenship. It is all right so far as it goes, but a good citizen may not be a good parent. He may hold important public offices and neglect his home, and you know and I know men in our communities who have done good public service, but who have been miserable failures as fathers. They have not been trained in the duties of fatherhood—they feel that they have bigger jobs—bigger problems. Have they? Have they? I do not think so. God gave us these children for a brief period of time, and we will be held responsible for our action toward them—whether they become efficient or inefficient depends upon us parents.

What is a socially efficient individual? One who can take care of his own affairs and have something left over for the welfare of the community. His own affairs include his home life—his family. The prime purpose of education is qualification for parenthood, and I believe our schools have failed and are still failing to stress preparation for parenthood. We have no parenthood class in schools, so far as I know. The young people would not want to go to them—boys and girls hesitate about admitting that they may some day be parents. But there should be work along the lines of mental hygiene, etc., which will qualify them for parenthood. I think we ought to stand for better training in our universities and colleges for parenthood. The schools will institute these courses just as soon as we want them. They are your schools, and if they are not offering courses wanted, it is because you do not ask for them. They will put in what you ask for if you ask for it unitedly.

We should have a trained psychiatrist at the University. Many students are weeded out because of their inability to adjust

satisfactorily—not because they have not sufficient gray matter. If we had a trained psychiatrist, I think a good many of these people could be kept at the University. We have such men in eastern colleges, who try to find out the reason why boys and girls cannot properly adjust to the University, and it isn't usually from lack of brain power. Your organization should use its influence to bring this situation about in order that your children may be better trained for parenthood than you were. We ought to have a trained psychiatrist in connection with our state schools. We ought to have more mental hygiene taught in our district schools. Some of our students at the University who are studying mental hygiene subjects do not know why—they register because they need the credit. I do not care how much book learning they get out of the course. It isn't book learning that qualifies people—it is viewpoint. What is your attitude toward life and life's problems?

Buildings do not make a school or a university—it is men who are inspiring, it is men who have ideals, men who are character-builders. If a person is a character-builder and is in close contact with students, in heaven's name, do not take him out of that place and make him superintendent or something where he cannot get into contact with children. There is no greater work in the world than coming into contact with children—no more ennobling work. We pay our teachers a higher salary for supervising and we take the efficient teacher away from her work and make a supervisor of her, where she does not come in contact with the children any more. If you have in your schools someone who is building characters, keep him where boys and girls come in close contact with them and learn how to live efficiently, and do not promote him.

The whole aim of education and the whole aim of mental hygiene is the same—health and ability to satisfactorily adjust, and that is all there is in living. We have to train to earn a living and while we are learning to earn a living, we should learn to live. There are two adjustments we have to make—we ought to make three. We have to adjust to society, to our potential mate, and we should adjust to affinity—to God.

We grow by contacts, we cannot grow in any other way. The child's life depends upon the contacts in the home and in the early environmental situation. He does not grow because of school work—he spends a few hours in school but the rest of the time, elsewhere. Elsewhere may not mean school. What are his environmental situations when he is elsewhere? You have learned something of the Intelligent Quotient. We frequently speak of the Development Quotient, too. How well is the child developing according to his age, physically and mentally? We have the Accomplishment Quotient, which is being developed now,

which will mean as much as the I. Q. or the Development Quotient. How much has he accomplished as compared with his ability? Has he accomplished as much as he should have accomplished along this particular line? A great deal of time is being spent in these scientific investigations. Man is scientifically studying himself today, which is a recent thing; and the greatest engineering feat of all the ages is the study of man. No other engineering feat is so complicated as that of learning why man adjusts and fails to adjust satisfactorily.

We ought to think more. We are slaves so long as we are ruled by instinct and emotion. We are free men only when we control emotions by intellect. We are studying this problem as it has never been studied before. It is the biggest problem which humanity ever had or ever can have—this problem of trying to understand man in relation to his fellowmen and in relation to God.

I should like, in passing, to name a few social needs for our state. We need a central board which will have general supervision over all of our state institutions, where human beings are housed, such as the mental hospital, state penitentiary, etc. We need an institution for our feeble-minded, where such children may be trained to some degree of efficiency. This is a big problem and we are not handling it. We need to train psychiatric social workers. We have some trained social workers, but not enough who have the psychiatric viewpoint. The Relief Society could not do better than to train such workers: We should stand for a change in the state school curriculum whereby mental hygiene will be introduced in the high schools at least, where the boys and girls can at least get the idea that there is such a problem and that it is their problem to solve. We should get young mothers interested in mental health.

You are engaged in a great cause and it deserves your very best efforts—your very best thought. Learn to solve life's problems today and do it now. We do not always do it now, and our opportunity is now. Make this a real, live, earnest effort on your part, and you will be more than gratified with the results you will obtain.

THEOLOGY

Dr. George H. Brimhall

I am to talk to you today on the theme of theology. I have a little map here of precedure, under the head of aims, appliances and activities. What are the aims of these theological lessons given by this association or society? I take it that the lesson given from the highest point of vision has two objects—major objects. One of these objects or aims is the giving of information, and the other is the stimulating of inquiry. If a lecture or a

lesson does not go over and reach these two objects, I think it has failed. If a man speaks and does not do any more than inform people, he is a teller, and not a teacher. But if he arouses an interest in further inquiry he is a teacher. So the second great aim is the stimulating of the spirit of inquiry.

We have about four ways of growing in intelligence. The child begins with his lips—he is an investigator; the second way of learning is by imitation—through example. The child learns to walk, not by being told to walk; he learns to talk, not by instruction, but by imitation entirely. Experiments have been performed with children who have been put away on islands and they learned to imitate the birds and the winds, but they did not learn to talk. So then the second avenue of intellectual growth is through imitation. Then we come to the third, which is the avenue of instruction—they are told either by mouth or by printed word. Then we come to the final method of intellectual growth, and development, which is through thinking.

I asked a class yesterday (to illustrate between being taught and thinking) which was first in the Church, the restoration of the Priesthood or the organization of the Church. There was a boy there who raised his hand instantly, and answered that the restoration of the Priesthood was first. I asked how he knew. He said, "I know because our history says the Priesthood was restored in 1829 and the Church was organized in 1830." That was instruction he had received. But there was a girl in the class who raised her hand and said, "He is right. I know because they had to have authority before they could organize the Church." She did not remember the dates, but she knew the answer through her thinking. That is an illustration of getting information through thinking. I asked a class what the Lord made of Joseph Smith before he made a seer of him. Well, several hands were up. A group of girls had their hands up and one of them replied that he made a good, obedient boy of him first. Another answer was that he made a student of him, before he made a seer of him. I asked for proof and they gave it to me. There was no question about that. Joseph Smith's teaching began with James when Joseph Smith read his words in the Bible, and so it went on, and the theological scholar preceded the seer. Scholarship, based on study preceded revelation. I am emphasizing this point because I would like to have you feel the importance of study.

It has been the aim of these lessons, so far as I know, to instruct, give information, and stimulate inquiry—and the stimulation of inquiry is not of secondary importance.

The great big aim of all the Church education is the making of Latter-day Saints. What is it to be a Latter-day Saint? It is to have all the information concerning our Father in heaven and his work—to have as broad and as wide a knowledge of the word

of God as our circumstances will permit. At this stage of the game it means to have a clear, instructive knowledge of the workings of God and the ability to think about those things. The great problem—the biggest question we have in the Church school system right now is, can we have thinking believers? I will give you an illustration. A boy discovered to his chagrin—he was heart-broken to discover who Santa Claus was. So he said, “That is the end of Santa Claus. I am going to investigate this Jesus story.” Children are inquisitive and investigative. They demand the right to think. A boy comes up and says, “We have been reading about the time when this earth is going to become as a sea of glass. I hope I won’t be here—I don’t want to live on such a slippery thing. Where are your forests, your fish ponds, your hunting grounds, your parks, where is all the beauty of the world?” The teacher says, “What is the difference between a piece of glass and a cloud, John?” He answers, “You can see through the piece of glass and you can’t see through the cloud.” “Now, John, suppose we learn all there is in the earth. Did you ever see an X-ray picture?” He tells him about the X-ray and the boy reads about the discoveries that have been made, that it is possible to see through foot after foot of solid wall. “When we discover all there is in the earth, John, what will the earth be to us?” The teacher can slip in a little thought and suggest how marvelous it was that that man away off on the Isle of Patmos could tell of the future condition of the earth, since he knew nothing about the X-ray, nothing about the engineering of today, and could forecast this condition and foresee the earth becoming as a sea of glass.

So we endeavor in these theology lessons to give you information and to stimulate inquiry, and to arouse in you and the students in your ward classes, the spirit of the student. It is pleasing to God to have people study. You read the Doctrine and Covenants and you will find as you go along that almost all of the important revelations have been preceded by an inquiry in the mind of the Prophet Joseph Smith, by Oliver Cowdery, Sidney Rigdon, and others. They went to the Lord with an attitude of inquiry.

We come next to the question of appliances. There are things you need for this theological work. You need a Bible. You need a Book of Mormon. You need a Doctrine and Covenants. You need a Pearl of Great Price. These are the four great fundamentals. But you will need something else. What kind of a Bible does a student need? A student needs a concordance Bible—a Bible with a concordance in it. I am amazed beyond expression at the reluctance with which people will spend a little money for a book. You will find people with the newest sweeper and the most up-to-date appliances, with a 50c Bible in

their homes. We need a Doctrine and Covenants with a concordance in it, and a Book of Mormon with a concordance in it. There should be within the reach of every ward association the concordance of the Book of Mormon. See how it saves time. We put out a question. I have answered a letter or two about it. The question was, Who was the one woman in the Bible that was called great? Some of you wrote about it but I suppose the most of you found it. There is that word, "great." Go to the concordance. It will point you to every place in the Bible where the word "great" is, and that word will point you to the woman that was called great, and you can turn immediately to chapter and verse. Who was she? We did not ask what her name was, but who was she? She was the woman who fed Elijah. That question was put out more to stimulate an interest in getting the right appliances than for any other purpose. It had another purpose in guiding you to that beautiful story. In addition to the above appliances, you need also, access to a student's cyclopedia for your supplemental work. Away down in Arizona, I visited a home and I found there one of the teachers of the theology in the Relief Society, and she had her student's cyclopedia of the Bible, and from it she could get a wealth of information that was not given in the text. You need the Scriptures, as the *Magazine* has to economize its space to the extent that we cannot have long references therein.

The activities of your class: An important item is the assignment of a lesson. When a lesson is assigned that means two things. It means that the class leader expects something to be done with that assignment, and the person to whom the assignment is made has a right to expect that that assignment will not suffer neglect. Expect your assignments to be filled but never neglect an assignment. Make provisions for the person to whom the assignment is made so that it may be presented. In the order of activities, we have first the presentation of the matter, second, the questions, and third, the discussion. Do with your lessons as the *Magazine* is doing. Budget the time—they budget the space. Say to the speaker who presents the lesson, you can have so much time to present the matter and if you can get through with what is in the *Magazine*, all right, but you have only so much time. Then set aside time for the questions which are there, and also for the discussion. A discussion entered into right in the midst of the lesson or the answering of questions usually results in somebody being cut out and you have not only hurt your recitation but you have hurt somebody's feelings, and the next time an assignment is made the person feels that perhaps she won't be called on at all. So present the matter, within the allotted time, and then you can cut your discussion off at any time. It is to be hoped, if I understand it, in any course of study, that a teacher is at liberty

and expected to supplement the lesson and enrich it. At the end of each lesson there might be a question put, "How can I use this lesson in my home?" I do not remember ever having a lesson that could not be applied to and put over in the homes.

I appreciate your attention to this matter, and may the Lord bless you and help you to do what you are doing, and do it better and better and go right on and widen your field of information and tone up the spirit of inquiry among you.

LITERATURE

Miss Alice L. Reynolds, Member of General Board

One of the poets said, "I am part of all that I have met." Dr. Calderwood has said the same thing this afternoon in other words. We have been studying during the past years American literature. There are more people writing good poetry in America today than ever before in its history. There are more people writing good poetry in the state of Utah today than ever before in its history. I recall a moment of real exaltation when I stood in Scotland, on the banks of the Doon, and thought of Burns' poem "Ye banks and braes of bonnie Doon." It brought to mind all the splendid scenery that we have in this state, and I looked forward to the time when somebody would interpret the beauties of our scenery even as Burns has interpreted the beauties of Scotch scenery. I think there is hope. If you will note the poetry that is being written in our state today, I believe that you will see that there are signs pointing to such a future. We sing in our national hymn, "We love thy rocks and rills, thy woods and templed hills," and this morning we opened our conference by singing "For the strength of the hills we bless thee." The hills are ever present to us in America, and particularly is that so in this section of the country. I am going to read you a poem, "Those Yonder Hills," a poem that has grown out of our environment:

THOSE YONDER HILLS

I have watched those wondrous hills
 Against the rim of sky there to the east,
 Through all the year.
 I have seen the tender Spring
 Lay verdant scarfs of vari-colored hues
 Across their barren breasts,
 And with her warm, sweet breath
 Coax waxen lilies into bloom;
 I have watched the Summer dusk
 Fill the wide canyons with a misty zone of blue,
 And touch with light, caressing fingers
 The tall crags, as Summer sunset flung
 Afar to every peak a roseate glow.
 And later, when the Autumn came with quiet tread,

Scattering her store of rich and vivid wealth,
 I've stood in worship at the shrine
 Of those great hills,
 Awed by the breathless beauty which I saw * * *
 And when the jagged summits
 Lifted high and haughty heads,
 Shaking the mantle which the Winter placed
 With patient care, to their still feet,
 I have seen the grave, chill dawn
 Arch halos of pearled platinum and yellow gold
 Above their aged crests; and tint
 With mauve and rose the scant, torn cloaks they wore.
 I have turned to those tall hills for comfort,
 Seen their lofty heights through tear-dimmed eyes,
 Which made the horizon a strange, uneven line * * *
 And, list'ning close, there, to my disquieted soul,
 The voices of those great and glorious hills
 Spoke softly of the peace they knew. * * *

 O! mighty mountains of mine own dear land—
 I love you so!

That is poetry. That poem was written by Gladys Ann Wagstaff, a Utah girl. I hope we shall have more such poems in the future.

I wish to congratulate Relief Society workers for the initiative they have shown in enriching their literary lessons. Writing for the letters of Emily Dickinson, having Ada Dwyer Russel address you on Amy Lowell, having the nurse of Eugene Field speak to you, visiting the grave of Joaquin Miller and reading the very large number of volumes of Mark Twain is all most commendable. On the seventeenth of March Professor Alfred Osmond read from his poem, *The Exiles*, to a group of Relief Society workers. The author was deeply gratified and the audience greatly pleased. That sort of thing will stimulate the writing of other poems that will cast a glamour over our past.

Today we are to listen to Mrs. Katherine B. Palm. She will present some material on Edgar Lee Masters. There are critics of the first order in America who say that Edgar Lee Masters is the greatest of our American poets. Mr. Masters visited Utah two years ago last month. When he returned home he wrote an article for *The Nation*, entitled "The American Background," in which article he said some complimentary things about Utah.

Mrs. Palm is one of the outstanding students of literature in our state. She and her husband were hosts to Mr. Masters on his late visit to Salt Lake City. In an article published in the *American Mercury* De Voto took a fling at Mr. Masters for what he had said about Utah in the *Nation*. De Voto held that "Mormon" propaganda was responsible for Mr. Masters' favorable impressions of Salt Lake and the "Mormon" people. We shall now learn Mrs. Palm's version of Mr. Masters' entertainers and

we shall have the pleasure of hearing her discuss Edgar Lee Masters, the poet.

EDGAR LEE MASTERS

By Katherine B. Palm

From the four corners of the earth great persons have come to visit Utah. Many have praised our scenery and our industry, our sculptors and our painters, our musical and our stage celebrities; for it is admitted that more natives have attained artistic renown in proportion to the state's population than has been remarked elsewhere.

Lightning did not strike any of these who came "for to see and for to admire." It was not until the famous author of *Spoon River Anthology*, Edgar Lee Masters, praised the culture of Salt Lake City residents that a bolt flashed out of the Middle West.

In his article, "The American Background," which appeared in the August 26 number of *The Nation*, 1925, Mr. Masters said:

"When the 'Mormons' were trekking across the West in search of a haven beyond the jurisdiction of the United States, the war with Mexico had come on; and the 'Mormons' were pressed into service in that war, thereby winning FOR THE UNITED STATES, the very land to which the 'Mormons' were marching in order to get away from the government. When they arrived in Utah the American eagle, having preceded them, was perching on the peaks of the Wasatchs. BUT THEY STAYED AND BUILT SALT LAKE CITY, AND MADE THE VALLEY OF THE LAKE A VAST EXPANSE OF WHEAT AND GRASS, OF FRUIT AND FLOWERS. Coming out of New England—for there both Joseph Smith and Brigham Young were born—how was it that they built a theater at once, laid at once the cornerstone of the present temple, and began to cultivate music and dancing so that today the city is excelled by none in America for intelligence and love of art? For myself, if I were cribbed and confined in some village of Tennessee, I should go to Salt Lake City rather than to Sussex or Normandy."

It was this frank appreciation from the powerful pen of a great man which generated Bernard De Voto's shocking magazine article in which he not only maligned all the past and the present citizens of the state who had had the good fortune to have been born in one-roomed log-cabins, but inferred also, that Mr. Masters had fallen into the hands of "Mormons"; had been entertained by them; and had formed his opinion of the culture in Salt Lake City from their hand-picked group.

All of which is very silly. I regret the time I must consume in telling you the truth of this matter when there is so much information about Masters' literary work which would be far more valuable to you. But a statement from Bernard De Voto, a native of Utah, and himself a descendant on the distaff side of Utah pioneers, such as was published, is misleading even to our friends.

I affirm that no Latter-day Saint entertained Mr. Masters. He came here under the auspices of the Extension Division of the University of Utah, one afternoon in March, 1925, and delivered a lecture in the Assembly Hall that same evening. Because he wished to see something of the city and its environs, he refused all invitations to speak at clubs or luncheons. Neither would he make any social engagements until he knew how much time he should need for sight-seeing. He wished to visit Bingham, Emigration Canyon, and if possible, Big Cottonwood Canyon. His knowledge of the Utah Pioneers and the subsequent events in the valley was more extensive than that of any other person I know except a professor of Western History. His knowledge was embarrassing to me, for in spite of my twenty odd years in Utah, I was not familiar enough with local history to answer Mr. Masters' intensive questioning.

Because of a very heavy snowfall, and Mr. Masters' limited time, it seemed as if the trip to Bingham might have to be abandoned. Only a very powerful automobile and a skilful driver could plow through a snow-hidden road to Highland Boy Mine at the head of Bingham Canyon and back again in one afternoon. And the only person who dared to drive sixty-five miles over a dangerous road was the sheriff. So it was the sheriff who drove Mr. Masters to Bingham and back, with a Roman Catholic and a Unitarian doing the double service of ballast and ballyhoo.

That Saturday evening Mr. Masters was our dinner guest; and I noticed that the tenderest spring lamb remained untouched on his plate. I suspected the Unitarian. I learned later that he had ordered liver and onions in a Bingham joint for the party. Like a good scout and an admirable guest, Mr. Masters had been a good trencherman there, and had no appetite left for my lamb.

When it had developed that Mr. Masters could spend the evening at our home, I hurried to the telephone and invited some University and some town friends in to meet him. Everyone I asked scrapped his engagements for the evening and begged to bring along, JUST ONE MORE. Some friend who knew MITCH MILLER, SPOON RIVER, and so on. So crowded were my living-rooms that the younger men sat on the floor while Mr. Masters, very generously, read to us. Like all really great men, he was very unaffected and kind. Everyone in the presence of the poet who could see into the graves in Spoon River had the courage to be himself, and Mr. Masters responded genially to the conversation of the group. There were women present who knew many of Mr. Masters' friends in England; there were also present some old neighbors from Springfield, Illinois. Mr. Masters was interested when I told him that about half the number of friends I had presented to him that evening were Latter-day Saints. But he did not care to know which judge, doctor, professor, engineer,

lawyer, business man social acquaintance, was 'Mormon,' Catholic, Presbyterian or Unitarian.

Sunday afternoon, in company with a young writer, I called at the Hotel Utah to take Mr. Masters to Emigration canyon. In the lobby I met a friend, Dr. Richard R. Lyman, who was going to his brother's funeral. We also chatted at the hotel with President and Mrs. Grant.

At the Pioneer Mounment, near Emigration Canyon, Mr. Masters seemed to withdraw from us; he walked about alone. My friend made me a sign for silence. We did not look at Mr. Masters for some time. To have done so, we felt, would have been like spying. Whether he was seeing that band of weary men in search of liberty to practice their religion or not, I do not know. Unless he voices his inner vision of that day in his great historical poem which he may publish under the name of "Atlantis," I shall never know. But if Edgar Lee Masters does write of that band of pioneers, he will do them justice. For he is a sifter of the hearts of men.

Sunday evening, Professor and Mrs. Frederick Reynolds gave a dinner for Mr. Masters at the University Club, at which were present: Governor and Mrs. Dern, President and Mrs. Thomas of the University of Utah and several other University men and women. On Monday, we visited the Capitol, Temple grounds, and lunched at the Alta Club with a mining engineer, his wife and a friend who knew English literary friends of Mr. Masters.

Now, if taking Mr. Masters to see the Utah Copper Company's Camp in Bingham canyon, if presenting him to a cross-section of Salt Lake City residents at an informal gathering, if showing him the Pioneer Monument, the Temple Grounds, and the Capitol constitute "Mormon" propaganda, then with these REAL FACTS, Mr. De Voto can concoct yet another magazine article, provided the editors are still so gullible.

But the very best refutation of De Voto's personal phobia is a poem by Edgar Lee Masters, published in 1924, in his *New Spoon River*. This was one year, you see, before the alleged seduction of the great poet in Salt Lake City. I shall quote a part of this poem Meredith Pyphe:

"Come now, you supercilious detractors of America
As a land of aridity, without stories and myths,
Without romance, without epic material:
Did not Brigham Young found as good a religion as Henry VIII?
And build a greater city?"

Possibly no other writer in America has had so much written about him this past year as Edgar Lee Masters. The most critical magazines, *The American Mercury*, and *The Century*, published last December long articles about him from the re-

spective pens of Benjamin De Casseres, and Carl Van Doran. The *New York Herald-Tribune*, also, in December, contained a long article by David Karstner in which he reviewed his acquaintance with Mr. Masters when he was the law partner of Clarence Darrow at the time of his publication of *Spoon River Anthology*.

This book, in 1920, had the circulation of eighty thousand copies, an unheard of success for poetry. It has been voted one of the ten greatest books in the last hundred years. Some facts about *Spoon River* will enable you to understand why Masters stands out so eminently in American Literature and why English critics rate him so highly as a great poet.

Spoon River Anthology is NOT in line of descent of any previous book, American or otherwise. It is not the story of the village, but it is the village used to make a universal picture. Through his law practice Masters grew to know types and came, through his social contacts, to compare characters. The plan of making a portrait of life everywhere in America, and through this to trace the streams of liberalism, and conservatism, democracy and aristocracy, and to show as many tragedies, or comedies of life as he had characters. *Spoon River* is his life since it came to him through what he had seen and lived."

In Benjamin De Casseres articles, in the December *Mercury*, Masters is discussed under the heading, "Five Portraits of Galvanized Iron." In this article the critic says:

"I do not know of any poetic fiction that gives me such an odor of reality, such a raw, rank taste of broken hearts and battered brains, such a sense of inexorable fatality. Masters does not describe, he creates, and his only ethic is the ethic of all great creators, pathos and irony, which are explicit in the picture he evokes like overtones between the lines.

"The formula of Masters is the formula of life itself. His creations rise from their graves as we rise out of the womb, tell their story, as we enact ours, and then return to their sleep, as we shall return to ours. * *

"*The Spoon River Anthology* is one of the most original pieces of imaginative literature that I know of. Implacable ironist and realist, Masters, Prospero of a Middle Western graveyard, struck with the wand of creation upon the lidded skeletons of the dead and made them tell, (as all things must 'out) their secrets to the world.

"Yoricks, Hamlets, and Ophelias, Hulots, Cousin Bettes and De Rastignacs, Quilps, Micawbers and Lady Deadlocks, Bovarys, Moreaus, and Saint Anthonys, Raskolnikoffs, Karamazoffs and Bazaroffs, Romeos, Don Quixotes and Long John Silvers, Lorna Doons, Becky Sharps, and Maud Mullers exist externally in flesh and blood wherever a thousand people live and weave and interweave their passions, dreams, loves and ambitions. They all live in *Spoon River* under the names that Masters has given them, and his great art consists in portraying their lives, their tragedies and comedies, and the vast inutility of it all, in the most condensed and vivid form conceivable.

"I know no man who has put so much into so little as Edgar Lee Masters has in *Spoon River Anthology*."

I am so sorry I shall not have time to read you something from both *Spoon River* and *Doomsday Book*, or to tell you of his novels of pioneer life. His novels are of especial interest to us, for he knows so well how to use historical material. His latest novel, *Kit O'Brien*, is just off the press. The cover on this book relates that it is a marvelous story of the magic boyhood and has the charm of people who have passed on.

Kit O'Brien has two distinct qualities: literary and social. The prose in this book equals that of George Moore's; and since the idiom is purely American, it is a valuable record of our own speech.

To you women the problem of the boy who stole a piece of pie will be interesting. For your society has succored a goodly number of children from the jeopardy of courts. I know, since I have obtained your aid for myself. Had I not studied the social treatment of crime in Chicago University and visited the very institutions so graphically described in the story, I should not dare to introduce this sociological phase. I might have thought it exaggerated. This novel is the best study of our own responsibilities as citizens. You should not fail to read it for its wholesomeness as literature, its profundity as sociology. Lest I frighten you with this sociological comment, I better add that you won't discover the sociology while you are reading the book because of the author's genius. It is THE STORY first, and last, and all the time that will hold you.

My favorite poems in *Spoon River* are: "Fiddler Jones," "Anne Rutledge," "The Hill," "Robert Fulton Tanner," "Editor Whedon," and "Archibald Higbie." De Voto's own experience in Harvard as he related it in his article, places him in Archibald Higbie's dilemma:

ARCHIBALD HIGBIE

I loathed you, Spoon River. I tried to rise above you,
 I was ashamed of you. I despised you
 As the place of my nativity.
 And there in Rome, among the artists,
 Speaking Italian, speaking French,
 I seemed to myself at times to be free
 Of very trace of my origin.
 I seemed to be reaching the heights of art,
 And to breathe the air that the masters breathed,
 And to see the world with their eyes.
 But still they'd pass my work and say:
 "What are you driving at, my friend?
 Sometimes the face looks like Apollo's,
 At times it had a trace of Lincoln's."
 There was no culture, you know, in Spoon River,
 And I burned with shame and held my peace.
 And what could I do, all covered over

And weighted down with western soil,
 Except aspire, and pray for another
 Birth in the world, with all of Spoon River
 Rooted out of my soul?

In the *New Spoon River*: "Meredith Phyphe," "Howard Lamson," "Angela Sanger," "Conrad Herron" and "Gottfried Fruchter."

"Silence," from *Doomsday Book* is now included in his volume of *Selected poems*, published 1925, as are selections from *Spoon River*, old and new, *Songs and Satires*, and his other various volumes of poetry. The 1926, *Selection of Best American Verse*, for that year, contains his marvelous poem, "Contentment," which, I believe, was first published in the *Mercury*.

Now if you are afraid of life, do not read Masters at all. He will not soothe you. But if you want to know what great poetry is, what irony and pathos can do for you, how you can develop your own soul, then read Masters again, and again, and yet again.

General Session

(Morning Meeting)

PRESIDENT CLARISSA S. WILLIAMS

I am sure we are very pleased indeed that our lives have been spared, that we are here to meet again to celebrate in a way the eighty-fifth anniversary of the organization of the Relief Society. There are gray-haired women here—many of them whose mothers perhaps were among the charter members of the Society, or at least who were members in Nauvoo, and young women whose grandmothers and great grandmothers have been identified with this great organization since the beginning of it. And I am sure we are just as delighted with the organization today as they were when, through the inspiration of the Prophet Joseph Smith, it was effected. We are endeavoring to carry on the sacred trust that was given to them at that time. I believe that probably we have enlarged on some of the things that the Prophet mentioned and on some of the subjects that the members themselves thought of, until, as day by day passes and as year by year passes, we are improving and advancing.

A portion of this morning's meeting will be given to the subject of Civic Pride. Mrs. Louise Y. Robison of the presidency of the Relief Society is the chairman of that committee on the General Board. You all know that in your stakes you are working with your civic authorities to make of your towns more beautiful places than they have ever been. In line with that, we have asked

some experts to come here this morning, and they have very graciously come in order that they might help you, probably, with a few hints in regard to that work.

COUNSELOR LOUISE Y. ROBISON

From all over the Church we have had the most splendid reports of the civic pride work that the women have begun in their stakes. Even before we started this as a teachers' topic, there were a few fine pioneers in the stakes who had already done a marvelous work. We are gratified that these are continuing in their work, and we welcome the stakes who are beginning to take up the work. It is not anything unusual. Your women have succeeded in this because in almost every department of civic and social uplift, women's organizations have been mainly responsible for that uplift. In the establishment of juvenile courts, in the white-slave traffic, in the laws for betterment of women in industry, in more sanitary workshops, in the establishment of homes for children—all of these have been brought about largely by the influence of organized women, so we are expecting that this new branch (if it is a new branch) will succeed.

The standards of any home are largely the standards of the women of that home. You will find an example of this out in barren places, out on the desert where there is no water to make shrubs and trees grow—you will find a woman of high standards in this desert place who cheers the passerby with fresh curtains and a well-swept yard. The women are not only the standard-bearers of the home but of the community. The Relief Society women have studied home sanitation and beautification and the majority of the homes of the Latter-day Saints are beautiful. The greatest menace of all is the person of low ideals. Six or eight homes in any community may be kept scrupulous, but if the seventh home is not kept sanitary, if there are breeding places for flies on the premises, if there are unsanitary conditions, if there is carelessness about quarantine regulations, you can see this home is a menace to all of the people, and the whole group cannot be any more beautiful or any safer than the home surrounded by these conditions. There is a line or two in Kipling's jungle verses which says, "The strength of the wolf is the pack, but the strength of the pack is the wolf." Thomas Nixon Carver in commenting on this says, it is a desirable wolf who will subdue his personal development for the good of the group. We feel in our communities it is the good citizen who works for the group as well as for the individual.

In uncivilized countries—even in our own Bible histories we have instances of people who were a menace to the community and who were cast out of the community—the leper, the mentally ill, or the criminal, were cast out; but in this day we are trying to

elevate the individual to the standards of the group. Among the instructions given to the Relief Society at the organization by the Prophet Joseph Smith, were these, that we were to assist in correcting the morals and strengthening the virtues of the community. There is no way that we can assist in correcting the morals and strengthening the virtues better than in removing the causes that produce delinquency. So there are three things that Relief Society people are called upon to see about—the beautification of the home, the sanitation or health of the community, and these two form the third one, improving the standards of the community. In a survey made not long ago in New York, the captains of the police force were called in and asked in what district of the great city of New York there was the most trouble with boys, and invariably it was in the places where these poor children had dirt and disorder and squalor. Such conditions not only cause discomfort but they breed evil thoughts, and so when we assist in cleaning up all such conditions we are improving the morals.

There is no great hardship being put upon the Relief Society by this work because in the organization it can so easily be cared for. Also in the survey in New York it was found that if children were organized, if they had recognition for their work and knew that the work they did would bring honor to their organized group, they were willing and eager to help. If they received honor for picking up rubbish and cleaning up yards, that was just as much of a stimulant to them as receiving rewards in the other ways. The trouble we have had in our organizations is that we have asked this as a form of labor of our children, instead of as a means of reward or merit. In our organizations, with our Relief Society members visiting every home in the Church, a great deal can be done by encouraging the women to plant and exchange slips, and by making a community affair of this work, and organizing the people on a street or in a given district to further the work. The boys and girls may be organized and have their own lieutenants and captains, and report conditions regularly of their certain district. If it could be competitive so that the boys and girls on the one side of the street or in one section could compete with the others, and know that their work was being recognized, it would be a very helpful thing. If boys and girls were called and organized or allowed to organize for the work themselves, or if the Primary children or the Religion Class children, under the supervision and direction of some of our fine, well-trained Mutual boys and girls could be interested, the work could be carried on without a great deal of effort. If the boys and girls work and help to beautify the ward, let them and their work be recognized before the assemblage of the Saints. That it would have a moral effect it seems to me is shown by the record of the Boy Scouts. In one eastern city where there are over fifty thousand Boy Scouts, over

a period of sixteen years only five boys out of the fifty thousand have come under the effects of the law. I was in a town in southern Idaho a few years ago where the mayor of the town had had pride enough to have one side of the street paved, but it was in the fall of the year and we could not walk on that pavement because the weeds were so high on either side they would snag our dresses. I believe that if boys would be properly organized and made to feel that there was honor in it and credit for them, that they could very easily and with great pleasure have removed those weeds.

Children must work in groups, and the thought that we want to give is that boys and girls would find just as much pleasure in taking care of a flower or a vegetable garden or removing weeds as they would have in breaking windows and branches off the trees. One is constructive organization and the other is destructive gang work. If the mothers of the community, if the Relief Society women, lead the boys into constructive work groups, it will do away largely with our destructive gangs.

There is a little book published and if you have not read it, I wish you would read it. It is called the *Land of the Blue Flower*. It is a story you can tell to your children. It was the law in this mythical land, and the king proclaimed it, that every man, woman and child should plant the seed of the blue flower. They could not cultivate a blue flower with dirt and rocks and so the people cleaned up their yards so the blue flower would have a better chance, and the whole land was made beautiful. They would talk about their blue flowers and inquire about how they were succeeding instead of idly gossiping. Every man, woman and child, even to the new-born baby (whose mother was instructed to hold its hand and plant its flower and talk to it about the flower) were required to plant the blue flower. Now, if every man and every woman and every child to the new-born babe in all of our communities would plant one flower, you see we would have beautification of homes, we would have sanitary conditions through removing all the unclean things that would detract from this, and in doing that we would improve the morals. We will save the lives of many children and grown people by having the breeding places of flies removed, and in that way we will be carrying out the instructions of the Prophet Joseph Smith that we assist in correcting the morals and strengthening the virtues of the community.

SANITATION IN OUR COMMUNITIES

Mr. L. H. Male, Sanitary Engineer, Utah State Board of Health

The Clean-Up, Paint-Up and Plant-Up Campaign offers a wonderful opportunity to improve the sanitation of every com-

munity, for it affords not only an excellent opportunity for arousing interest in community cleanliness, but builds up a wholesome community spirit. Almost every community is lacking in sanitation, upon careful examination, and this fact is being realized more and more in every community in Utah. The campaign should not be confined to the cities alone, but should include the communities in the rural sections.

It is difficult to imagine anything that is more depressing mentally, physically and spiritually than unpainted, unattractive homes. The unpainted dwelling is always an eye-sore. The unkempt yard or street has a deadening effect on even the spiritual life of a family or a community. The child who is taught to see and to have beautiful things has a nobler life before him than the child who lives amid dirty and untidy surroundings. A dirty town is a backyard town. Its influence is demoralizing upon business and upon physical and mental activities. It is well nigh impossible to create prosperity in a dirty community, just as it is well nigh impossible to develop a higher or aesthetic side of life amid dirty surroundings.

One reason why good roads and clean streets are of such vast financial benefit is that they stimulate cleanliness of homes, cleanliness of yards. It costs more to be dirty than to keep clean. Consider the toll of disease, fire and depreciation through filth, disorder and neglect. Paint a neglected back yard or vacant lot with the green of grass or shrubbery, or publicly commit it to any other useful purpose and it will not revert to its former disorderliness. Otherwise it inevitably and speedily will do so. Therein lies the reason why the clean-up week spasm has been and is being so generally superseded by these real campaigns in which each community is organized into the well-ordered conduct of a program embracing all the various phases of continued effort that makes a city not only clean but beautiful, and not only makes it clean and beautiful but keeps it so.

The era of Clean-Up Day is past, the idea of Clean-Up Week is passing, and the spirit of Clean-Up and Keep-Clean throughout the year is here. Civic pride and pride in the home demands clean, sanitary surroundings and a progressive plan for improvement and beautification of the home and community. There are two objectives of the campaign. First, to improve sanitary conditions with a view of promoting the public health; and, second, beautification of our homes and communities with an aim of making our surroundings more attractive and comfortable. Such a campaign should invite and justify the whole-hearted support of the citizenry.

Our cities and towns are growing so far as population and wealth are concerned, but these should not be the only things that concern a city. Should it not grow in beauty, in the things

that make life more worth living; in facilities for recreation, in social activities, in those things which uplift the spirit; and, especially, should it not grow in the promotion of health and the reduction of the death rate? The spirit of America is not alone for bigger things and more things, but it is especially for better things. That really is the "great unrest." The people want better things. They are not satisfied merely to see the city grow large in population and business. They want it to grow also in those things which make life more pleasant and more free from sickness and from distress caused by loss through disease and epidemic. Everywhere there is this demand for these better living conditions. Many do not realize that they can produce these conditions for themselves if they will only work together to get them. Any city or community can be healthful and beautiful and a desirable place to live in, if its citizens will pull together to make it so. What is needed is cooperation and unity of effort on the part of all, in the following of some particular and practical plan.

This plan already exists in many Utah towns. It has been worked with great success in many American cities. It can be worked successfully in every Utah community. The plan which literally transforms cities is the Clean-Up, Paint-Up and Plant-Up Campaign, which is state-wide in its scope and which this year is doing its work in thousands of cities and communities throughout the nation. It cleans the streets and alleys, cleans the back yards and basements, cuts the weeds and carts away the cans and refuse from homes and vacant lots, clears away the refuse heaps and manure piles, where the deadly house fly breeds, and the pools where the mosquitoes propagate, plants lawns and shade trees, enforces the milk and food laws, and paints up everything in nature's coloring with grass, shrubbery, flowers and trees. Flies breed in refuse. When refuse is destroyed the fly finds no happy home in which to establish a family. Likewise the mosquito breeds in every little bit of stagnant water he can find. Where there is none the mosquito crop is cut short. Tin cans and any other sort of rain receptacle in a back yard or a vacant lot make the ideal mosquito breeding places. The Clean-Up-Paint-Up Campaign removes the refuse from the back yards, cellars, alleys and vacant lots, reduces tremendously the number and activity of these disease-spreading agents. Not "swat the fly" but "remove the refuse" is the right slogan for fly extermination. This campaign creates more sanitary and healthful conditions, reduces sickness and loss of employment, adds to the joy of life because of more beautiful surroundings, increases the value of property, reduces fire losses and insurance premiums, creates new pride in the city, and a new civic spirit which will lead to further civic enterprises.

This great idea would never have proved its power but for

the women and their love of cleanliness and beauty, their public spirit and their practical energy. They appreciate the City Beautiful, for clean streets bordered by shade trees, well-kept yards with lawns and flowers appeal to them. This innate love of cleanliness and orderliness has made women the most aggressive organizers and workers. Women's clubs have supplied some of the most zealous and successful managers of campaign details. In many cities where this campaign is an established institution conducted regularly from year to year, its steady, continuous inspiration comes from the women. They hold the initiative and keep the men's organizations and the city authorities starting new features of the work. For that reason this campaign with its means for arousing community cooperation finds in them its most earnest promoters.

Women give considerable time to local civic matters and in making living conditions better in their home cities. They have sturdy organizations through which to work, and a wide comprehension of their duty to the public welfare. All these have added tremendous stimulus to the women's participation in this great campaign, and it is not the civic pride or the love of the beautiful alone which impels them in this. Even more than the men, they appreciate its sanitary and health features. It is they who have to guard the health of the little ones at home. For this reason they are more alert to the menace of the fly and the refuse heap. The protective instinct in women prompt them to take a leading part in making their community healthful as well as attractive.

Health is not the only reason for the campaign. The clean city is the beautiful city, the attractive city, and therefore the prosperous city. Just as it is necessary for an individual to keep himself clean (and his clothing looking well) if he wants to be well received and do business, so it is necessary for a city to present a clean and attractive appearance. The great idea is to get the people to go into this campaign through a spiritually awakened loyalty to their town, as much as for the benefits in health and living conditions.

"Goodbye, dirt! Goodbye, rubbish!" should be the topical song to be heard in every Utah town and community. And, to speed the parting guest, every Utah householder will have on hand the most powerful weapon—next to Mrs. Jigg's rolling pin—the Great American Broom. Soon, by the alley route, many of the unwelcome visitors will be on their way. No city or community can be considered sanitary if any part of it is in an unhealthful condition. Health, your health and your family's health, and your neighbor's and his family's health is at stake. So Clean-Up, Paint-Up and Plant-Up Utah.

We did wonderful things as a nation at the time of the late war. Probably our nation has more vigor and initiative and creative power among its people than ever before, once we look

upward. Now let's turn this great force into making living conditions better, in making life pleasant and more free from sickness and sorrow. If we put into this effort but half the zeal and determination that we devoted to making the world a "fit place to live in" we shall soon have the most beautiful, healthful communities in the world. We ought to have them, we have the intelligence, the appreciation of good things. All we need is the cooperative spirit, the ability to work together democratically for the common good. With this spirit the Clean-Up, Paint-Up and Plant-Up campaign can be made a wonderful success, the communities can be made more beautiful and prosperous, the amount of sickness and death can be appreciably reduced, and everyone can be happier in the fuller enjoyment of his life, his work and his play.

There would seem to have been, and rightly so, a somewhat strong prejudice against flies as remotely as the time of the fourth plague of Moses when there came a greivous swarm of flies into the home of Pharaoh, and into his servants' houses, and into all the land of Egypt. The land was corrupted by reason of the swarm of flies. From time to time since this date, various authorities have connected swarms of flies with epidemics of various kinds, or with unhealthy conditions. Until recently very little trouble was taken to procure definite evidence in regard to their relationship to disease. Today, information dealing with the disease-carrying possibilities of the house fly has been published, and interest in the subject has spread to all parts of the world, so that within a few years information relating to the connection between house flies and the spread of various infectious diseases will be known.

Up to the present time the following facts have been definitely ascertained: the larvae of many species of flies breed in human and animal excreta, or decaying animal and vegetable matter, and the adults frequent these substances and often feed upon them. Flies are therefore an indication of the presence of such unsanitary substances in the neighborhood of the houses in which they occur. They carry both in and on their bodies the putrefactive and fecal bacteria acquired from the substances on which they feed and also carry many of the disease-producing species.

It is scarcely necessary to point out that flies can only act as carriers of disease germs after they have come in contact with suitably infected materials. Typhoid fever, infantile diarrhea, and many other diseases, are spread by these house pests. Typhoid fever is probably the best known of these diseases. About 14,000 people die from it every year in the United States and ten times that number suffer from it but recover. It is carried by bacteria contained only in human filth and a case of typhoid fever is a

certain indication that such filth or contaminated material has been swallowed.

The importance of the fly as a carrier of disease is great. Examinations of flies have shown them to carry many kinds of pathogenic bacteria, most of which are transported on the hairs which cover the feet, legs, and body of the fly. Disease is spread largely by flies feeding or walking, when smeared with filth, on food or on dishes that later are used for holding food. It is probable that the fly, along with the open-back privy it frequents, is responsible for much of the typhoid and dysentery in our towns and cities. Probably the persons taken ill are but a fraction of those who partake of contamination through the medium of the fly, but who escape through natural resistance or for other reasons. In Utah, the typhoid death rate has been reduced from approximately fifty per hundred thousand to between four or five per hundred thousand, by increased sanitation, improvement of water supplies, and the proper disposal of bodily wastes.

We have long realized the need for proper sewerage disposal in the rural sections, and in unsewered sections of cities. The filth-borne diseases, recognized as among the important health problems of the day, thrive with unsanitary conditions and practically disappear with the proper disposal of body wastes. Sewage disposal may be reckoned as much a health necessity as a convenience, and the term should be broadened to include the disposal of human wastes in the rural sections, as well as in the cities. The difficulty of fighting these filth-borne diseases is found in the condition of country life and the absence in most rural localities of any authority to watch over the health of the community, the scarcity of money for health work, the lack of interest in sanitation and the difficulty of convincing the average individual of the value of health work.

The solution of the problem of these diseases is the sanitary disposal of our bodily wastes. It must be brought home to everyone that the cost of preventing disease is less than the cost of sickness, and that such prevention can be accomplished in regard to filth-borne diseases only by the proper means of waste disposal.

What can be done in the reduction of disease by the construction of adequate sewer substitutes, and by educating and interesting the people in sanitation has been demonstrated many times. As far back as 1909, Richmond, Virginia, installed a sanitary type of privy at every home not reached by sewers. In 1908 there were 57 deaths from typhoid fever, in 1909 there were 28 deaths, and practically every year since there has been a reduction. Any method of disposal, if it is to be effective in the reduction or elimination of disease, must prevent: a. the access of flies to the excreta, b. the access of animals to the excreta, c. the scattering of the waste over the surface of the ground causing soil pollution,

d. ground water pollution, or the contamination of springs, irrigation ditches, etc. The sanitary and health protective values will depend almost entirely upon compliance with above conditions.

Cooperation in warfare on rats in the campaign is particularly important and cannot be too strongly urged. A pair of rats breeding uninterruptedly and without deaths would at the end of three years (eighteen generations) be increased to 359,700,000 individuals. It destroys by polluting ten times as much as it actually eats. It causes disastrous conflagrations. It damages foundations, floors, doors, and furnishings of buildings.

BEAUTIFICATION OF COMMUNITIES

Mr. Emil Hansen, of Utah Agricultural College

Through the Agricultural College, extension division, we have a landscape department. If I understand correctly, the Agricultural College of Utah was the first institution to have a specialist in the field and I am here to tell you this, that Utah is in the lead so far as beautiful homes and beautiful communities are concerned. Utah is also known to have the best organizations in improvement work that there are in all the United States. I know what I am talking about because I visited headquarters in Washington, D. C., last summer and I have their report for it. We have sixty-four communities in eighteen counties in which we have charge of beautification, where planting is being done. When I met with people in Washington, there were some there from Kentucky and South Carolina and they asked me to say something about Utah. They wanted to know immediately how it was that Smithfield could make such a wonderful transformation in so short a time. I did not know there was anyone in Kentucky who knew there was a Smithfield in Utah at all. They asked how we could do it, especially since there is only one landscape specialist with our state college, while in some states they have three, and they had twelve demonstrations and we had one hundred ten. I told them the credit was not due to myself at all. I told them the reason is that in Utah I have a chance to work through an organization—the "Mormon" Church, that every meetinghouse throughout the state is open for me to bring my message.

No matter where we travel in this world, no matter what state we are judging, the people of the community are judged by the outside appearances. You are judging the culture and refinement of the people in every part of the country that you travel through. When you travel through this beautiful state from one end to the other, you are judging, and you will say that there are people of culture and refinement in this community or in that; or you will say there is a lack in another place, where everything

is neglected, and tin cans, etc., are not taken care of. Where a community is planted—where the homes have lawns and shrubs and flowers, you can see that they are people who are enjoying life. You judge every community by appearances, just as you judge the individual by outside appearances.

A home is an expression of the culture and refinement of the people who live therein. We are aiming to put a soul into the home when we plant it with flowers, shrubs and trees. Putting a soul into the home may be a strong way of putting it, but there is a soul to the home and there seems to be many, many homes without a soul. No matter what we have in this world so far as money is concerned (money is a cold substitute for love and comfort), no matter where we travel, our thoughts are constantly going to that one particular spot on this globe called home. No matter where your boy or husband is, his thought is of that place called home and it is the center of the universe to him. We are trying to beautify the homes which will help to create and build character in the young generation. We are trying to teach discrimination between the real and the unreal—between real art and jazz, which is taking the country all over at this time. I am out all the time doing this landscape work and I find some places where the work is easily accepted, and there are other places where it is very hard to get the people interested. I claim that the reason for this difference is the environment in which the people have grown up. In some places they have real art exhibited in the court houses, in the high schools and so on, and I can assure you that in these places you can find an open mind—children there are quicker to notice anything that is beautiful; that is stimulating. They are open for the suggestions we have, and many, many hundreds of trees and thousands of shrubs are being planted at this particular time.

As I said before, we are trying to learn to discriminate between the real and the unreal. I would like to call your attention to the fact that any time you see flowers like these you have here, it is an inspiration. If they had been a bunch of paper flowers, would it have been the same thing? Yet some of us are having paper flowers in our houses and are trying to deceive ourselves into thinking we have something that we have not. You would never take paper roses to the hospital to a sick friend. I feel the same with regard to wax fruit or anything else that is not real. Let us try to get the real things. Three real poppies in a small glass are beautiful, but a whole lot of paper poppies don't mean anything. Just a touch of the real thing counts. There isn't anything you could do for a sick friend better than to bring a few real flowers—a token of love and friendship from you. I have been sick two or three times and nobody ever gave me flowers. I suppose it was because we had greenhouses and

flowers of our own. But I can tell you if the neighbor's children had gone out and picked some daisies on the wayside and said, "These are for you," it would have been a great thing. I happened to say that one time in a meeting and my wife was there, and for the first time in my life I got a box of roses for my birthday.

The work that is being done in the state for beautification under our direction is done through cooperation. We have real cooperation. That is exactly why people look to Utah because we have cooperation that we cannot find anywhere else in America. Due to the plans of the "Mormon" Church, the people in the farming districts settled in groups. In the east, the farms are very far apart and they can't organize as we can here where farms are in communities. Such organization in settlements has helped us wonderfully. Take Smithfield for an example: we were going to clean up the cemetery and level the ground and put in lawn, etc. The mayor declared a holiday, the bishops called out people for volunteer work. We had over five hundred men and one hundred twenty-one teams out that day. That is cooperation, isn't it? I know of no place except in the west where that can be done. A man from the east came up and asked what was going on, and I said it was a demonstration. He said he would give anything to have a moving picture of that shown in America. We have fourteen pictures of Utah work shown now in every extension service on beautification in America. The first year we hauled 4,600 loads of soil in one month, free of charge, in Smithfield. You may have noticed in the papers now that they are declaring a holiday in Hyrum to grade the ground ready for planting.

It is the women who get the work put over. It is the women who push the thing and make it possible. In Wellsville, there was talk of improvement from time to time but nothing was done until the women arranged a bazaar where they sold whatever women make to sell and raised a nice sum of money which they presented to the mayor and said, "Now make our city square right." And it was done. Wellsville is in much better condition today than it has even been before. The expense of improving is very small compared with the increase of value of the property after this is done. You know you can't plant trees for 50c or \$1.00 that you would not take \$1000 for in five or ten years from now.

Some time ago I saw in a community a little house without a soul in it, not painted, not a tree or shrub, but there were two Lombardy poplars standing about one hundred feet from the property and the family went there to get some shade. It had not occurred to them that they could plant trees near the house.

We talk about painting and repairing fences and other

property. There are many things that we do not know about our own business that the other fellow knows. Go over your property and see if the fence is broken, and when you go home at night, notice if the garage door is hanging on two hinges or one, or if the gate is straight. We see these things when they are first broken but finally we don't notice them any more; but the other fellow does—it is the first thing he sees and the last impression the stranger remembers. Let us repair and paint, and if things aren't worth painting, whitewash them. In Europe you will find whitewashed buildings all over and they look beautiful. If you will send to the college for a weather-proof whitewash formula, it will be sent to you. Those who wish to have a bulletin called "Arrangement and Planning of Home Grounds" are welcome to it, free of charge, by writing to the Utah Agricultural College, Experiment Station, Logan, Utah.

In our work for the extension division, we are aiming to take the public places first, and the Church leaders are backing this movement. One-half the expenses are being paid by the Church for any improvements made on Church grounds. Twenty years ago when I came here from Denmark, I noticed the Church houses in the country—standing just like tombstones—there was not a tree or shrub around them. Now it is different. Practically all the Church houses in the counties are being beautified. I went to the president of the college about twelve or thirteen years ago and asked him if there wasn't something that could be done to beautify the churches in our state. He said, "If you know any way, go to it. We will pay the expenses." That was the beginning of this work—today there is so much work we can hardly handle it, but if there ever comes a call from a church I never refuse it. The churches and the schools are most important and we are very much interested in seeing all the churches and schools in the country beautified. It is important, as we see it, because it is to create and stimulate a sense of beauty and refinement in the young people and helps build character in them. Sometimes you hear someone say, "I can't build character by beautifying the home or the community," but you can. It has been proved that those who are brought up under such favorable conditions are different from those who do not have these advantages. You should go down to the slaughterhouse districts in Chicago—there isn't the same character there. They can't build the same character as we can where there is beauty all around. By developing community pride which has been spoken of by others here today, you make better homes, you keep your boys and girls at home, and you create respect for the property of others.

I should like to tell you something about planting your yards. Most people are planting flowers in front of the houses. The

flowers should not be in front, they should be in the garden in the rear, or at the side. The lawn should come right up to the house, also right to the path leading into the rear. There should not be flowers along this path. The path should be laid in the lawn and not on the side of the lawn. The lawn should be on both sides and the flowers should be in the flower garden. Do not use flower beds in your lawn or use automobile tires or anything like that around the flower beds. There should be a clean-cut lawn with flower garden at the side or rear of the house. I would like to see flower boxes, however, on the porches of every home. Shrubs should be wherever the house forms a corner or by the steps, but not all over the lawn. Everything you see from the street is public property so far as looks are concerned, and the rear of the house is your private property. Plant shrubs in the rear in groups to hide the view into the back yard—that is private, the rest is public property.

I should like to read a few words from a book:

"We are beginning a new era and we have a supreme privilege in helping to bring about that era. I cannot think of any better action in order to bring a closer cooperation of the gods with our work than proclaiming the great gospel of beauty, by seeing that our cities are made beautiful, that the streets and dwellings are made beautiful. For wherever the sense of beauty permeates the people, the gods draw near. Beauty in our parks and open places, beauty in our streets—that means brotherliness and gentleness. If only we could influence our people, preach to them everywhere, that there is a great happiness in life by cherishing beauty. Then we shall have the gods coming closer to us. And so we can by our belief, by our reverence to the Gods, plan for that day when Christ will walk with man again, and heaven will be glad because of earth's beauty and goodness."

General Session

(Afternoon Meeting)

COUNSELOR JENNIE B. KNIGHT

While I am before you this afternoon, I pray that my heavenly Father will give me a portion of his holy spirit to guide what I may be directed to say. Many things have come into my mind that might be well to discuss with you at this time and it has been hard to choose just which to talk about. I would decide upon one theme and then upon another and finally I have left it to the inspiration of this afternoon to be directed upon the theme that will be best suited. You have been listening during the last two days now to instructions on how to prepare for the work that is before you in your communities, and you have heard marvelous things, and your expressions have been full of gratitude for the privilege of working in this organization. We have called

into service as you know, men and women of ability, experts in their lines, in order to give you help in your work.

I think that perhaps this afternoon I shall talk to you about your own personal lives, about some of the things that you are all searching for. When I was a young girl, just a few years after I was married, I was very despondent and disappointed in some things, and so I went to the Book of Mormon; (one of our apostles had said, "If you will read the Book of Mormon when you are discouraged, you will be encouraged," and so I took his advice.) I read this book carefully and I think the one outstanding sentence to me was, "Man is that he might have joy." It was the Prophet Nephi who was writing. So I have been looking for the things that have brought joy into the lives of people that I have been privileged to associate with, and I have found that there is no greater joy than that which comes to the woman who is blessed with a family of little children, who has the honor and privilege of rearing these children. Only last Sunday it came more forcibly to me than at any one particular time, when a little mother came to my home with her two children, and as she laid her sleeping baby on the couch, and I was saying how beautiful and wonderful it was, she said, "Yes, I was saying to Gene this morning, 'If heaven is more wonderful than this baby, I don't believe I shall be able to stand it.'" Her emotions were so deeply stirred and she was so full of happiness and gratitude! I would like you workers to impress it upon the women that you labor with—those that have large families and who sometimes feel that their burdens are more than they can bear—that no matter how heavy the burden is, no happiness can come like that of being a mother and having the privilege of rearing children.

I have recently read the life of the great singer, Schuman-Heink, whom with Sisters Lyman and Cannon I had the privilege of hearing sing at the grave of the Unknown Soldier on a Mothers' Day in Washington, D. C., and I have been impressed by the wonderful mother that she is. When I read of the devotion that she has given to her children, tears came to my eyes, and I thought that in spite of all that she has accomplished, nothing has been quite so great as the rearing of her children and the expressions she gives of the mother love she has. She tells when at one time she was filling an engagement in London, a telegram came stating that her baby was dying. She felt that she must leave the stage at once without giving any word to her manager, but she could not do that, because the audience was there, but the moment the curtain went down, she flew from the stage with the paint on her face and hurried back to Germany and saved her baby's life. It cost the opportunity of ever singing in London again, but that could not compare with the thought that she might

lose her baby. When she came home from one of her engagements, one of her babies came to her and said, "Is your name 'Mama'?" That pierced her heart, and although she had left them in good care, it was a great blow to her, which she did not forget. The point I wish to impress you with is that the gift of motherhood was implanted in her heart and she did not let anything stand in the way of rearing her children correctly.

We have mothers just as loyal and just as devoted here in our Church, and I want to say to you that there is no career that will justify any of our women in neglecting their little children. When my husband was on a mission, he and his companions were walking along the street and they saw a group of little children with dirty faces and ragged clothes, and the boys asked them where their mothers were, and one little boy answered, "They are off sewing for the poor heathens." I hope none of our women in their great anxiety to accomplish work for the benefit of the community will neglect their little children; they are not justified in doing so.

In all this great work that we have to perform, there is something that is very important for us and that is the caring for our health. None of us can be happy if we are ill. While visiting you in your conventions, when the roll is called, it is found that some are absent on account of sickness and when this is the case, I always feel very sorry for the sisters who are detained on account of sickness, and I sometimes wonder if that sickness hasn't been caused from trying to carry too big a load. As I travel from Provo to Salt Lake many times during the year, I go over those wonderful well-built roads, and at the base there is a firm foundation, and if I see a chuck in the road, I say, "Why should there be a chuck in the road and why these places that are so rough to go over?" My husband answers that heavy trucks have gone over the road and broken the foundation and it makes a bad place in the road. If we are carrying too heavy a load our health is bound to break. The health foundation that we have is broken and we are not able to carry on. I would advise the sisters that if they find they are carrying too heavy a load, to be relieved of a little of it—put it on to the shoulders of some other person who is not carrying quite such a heavy load, and do not break down your health, because you cannot find happiness if your health is gone. I want to say a word of encouragement and love to the dear sisters who are carrying on this work, who in many instances have had their worldly possessions slip through their fingers, and who have met with reverses and disappointments and yet have gone on with this work. They will get happiness from the performance of their duties. I bow my head in gratitude to my heavenly Father for the noble women laboring in this Relief Society work, whose hearts have been bowed with trouble and

sorrow, whose loved ones have been taken from them, and yet they acknowledge their heavenly Father's hand in these things, and go on in their Relief Society work and use it as an opportunity to gain happiness. To them I am very grateful. They are wonderful examples of the woman who finds joy and happiness in acquiescing in her lot.

Let us get joy and happiness out of the things that God has given to us to enjoy. Let us try and take happiness into the homes we go as teachers—let us not talk of our troubles, but remember that we must preach happiness and joy and satisfaction; that is our mission. Let us leave our own troubles behind. The great Persian writer said:

“What boots you to repeat
Our time is slipping underneath our feet,
Unborn tomorrows and dead yesterdays.
What of this? What of this, if today be sweet?”

May your days be sweet; may you have faith in our heavenly Father, and satisfaction in your mission of service.

MRS. LALENE H. HART

Member of General Board

I cannot help but make one observation in connection with the organization of the Relief Society that Sister Lyman has just given us that has impressed me so much, perhaps because in the last few weeks I have had occasion to look up some of the rights of women, and I find that at the time Joseph Smith organized the Relief Society, that it was a great question in the minds of thinkers and writers as to just what rights women should have, and as I was looking over some of the rights that women have under the law in our own state and in this Church, I can but feel that we are a blessed body of women. In this state women have all of the rights that belong to men and some more, and that is the way that the prophet interpreted the revelations that were given to him, that the women should stand side by side and shoulder to shoulder with man. When we think of the development of women since that time, we can realize that he was inspired and because of his teachings, light has come out of darkness and order out of chaos, and peace and satisfaction have come where there was trouble.

I am glad that I have the privilege of being here and living in this wonderful age—an age when there has been so much development in science and art and all of the things that have been given to us for our education and benefit. There have been so many things provided for our comfort. At anytime we can, through magazines, newspapers or radio, know what is going on

in the world and we can keep abreast of the times if we will. I am wondering while we are appreciating all of these opportunities and comforts if we are not prone to forget the Giver of all these beautiful gifts to us. I believe that all of these wonderful things that we have been successful in doing—the wonderful things that the women of our Church are doing are accomplished through faith and spirituality, and that we are stimulated by the faith and works of those who have preceded us. I believe that in all of the things that we yet have to do, the problems that we yet have to solve, and the things that are yet to be done, it will take abiding faith and spirituality for us to accomplish them. I believe that the Spirit of the Lord will be given unto us just as we live for it. I believe that we will have to make these bodies of ours fit dwelling places for the holy Spirit and I believe that we will have to educate our feelings in such a way that we will appreciate the true manhood and womanhood that we come in contact with. I believe that we will have to educate our feelings in that way that will tend to lift us to higher ideals and lift our lives to the ideal of the Church, and keep us in that spiritual line that we may develop as we should. If we look into the lives of great men and women, we find the cause that made them great has not been the superior knowledge that they have gained, or their selfishness for material things, but it has been the spiritual influence that has given them the desire to do the great things that they have done. This morning you heard of the constitution and the things that we should do to uphold it, and of the great men that helped make it, and we heard things concerning Abraham Lincoln. It was not the superior influence that Abraham Lincoln gained, or the way he carried on his administration, but the influence that his mother had on him in a spiritual way, that made mankind eulogize him in song and in history, cast him in bronze and in marble, and made him one of the immortals.

As Sister Williams told you, I shall go with my husband in the near future to the Canadian mission, where he has been appointed to preside, and I assure you that it is with mingled feelings of joy, and I was going to say sadness, that I undertake this new responsibility. I am happy because of the education and the service the work will bring, sorry because of my inability to take on the new responsibility, because I realize my own limitations. I heard one of the elders of our Church say not long ago that if any call came from the authorities at any time, that it should be considered as a call from the Lord, and that if we expect the Lord to help us and to give to us those things that we desire, we should stand ready to give to him of our time, talents, or means to help save the souls of mankind. I have been brought to appreciate during this conference, more fully the blessings of the Lord that are mine because the Lord has been good to me. It was through

his kindness and mercy that I was permitted to continue my association with the members of this board, and I want to assure you that I love them—every member, and I love you, dear sisters who are sacrificing so much in giving service to others, and I appreciate so much the generosity and the sympathy that has been extended to me in the stakes and wards that I have visited. While I shall not for a time be permitted to meet with you in board meeting or in conference, perhaps I may feel your spirit by mothering the boys and the girls that will have the privilege of going into the Canadian mission. I believe there is no greater joy that can come to a mother or a father than to have a son or a daughter perform well a mission in the world. I do not know of any greater sorrow that can come to a father or a mother than to have a boy sent into the mission field, who does not perform that mission as he should. I assure you with all my heart that I shall try to guide and protect as far as it is my duty to do, the boys and girls that come under my direction.

I would like to leave this one thought with the sisters, with all the other problems that they are to solve. I wonder if we might make our boys feel a little more the great responsibility and the sacredness of the Priesthood which they bear. I believe that is our duty, mothers, to make them feel the sacredness of the Priesthood, because it is something that they cannot regard lightly if they want the blessings of the Lord to be with them.

I humbly pray that we may have the Spirit of the Lord in all the things that we undertake to do, and I trust you may go home from this conference in peace and safety and with satisfaction in your hearts that you have gained something that will help you to carry on the work you have to carry on.



My Prodigal

By Lucy Wright Snow

My eyes are dim,
Though bright the day,
Because my boy
Has gone away.

"I don't know where!"
He said, in haste,
"But I am going!"
My boy so chaste.

"I will not mind
My father's word!"
Was all he said,
My boy so stirred.

Out in the world,
He knows not where,
Not what he'll find,
My boy so fair.

Oh, God! Let angels
Guard his path,
And oh, forgive
His childish wrath.

Teach him, while he's
Alone with thee,
Oh, teach my boy.
Humility.

A mother cannot
This impart,
But Thou, oh, God,
Can touch his heart.

When he, by sweet
Humility,
Obedience learns,
Send him to me.

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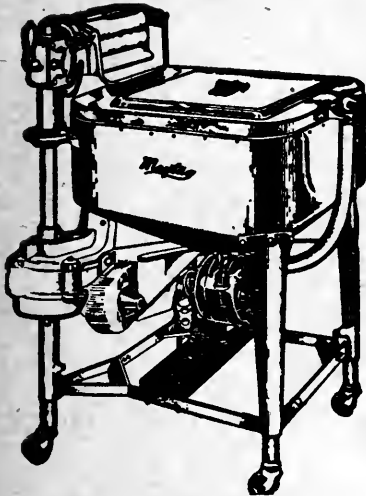
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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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JULY, 1927

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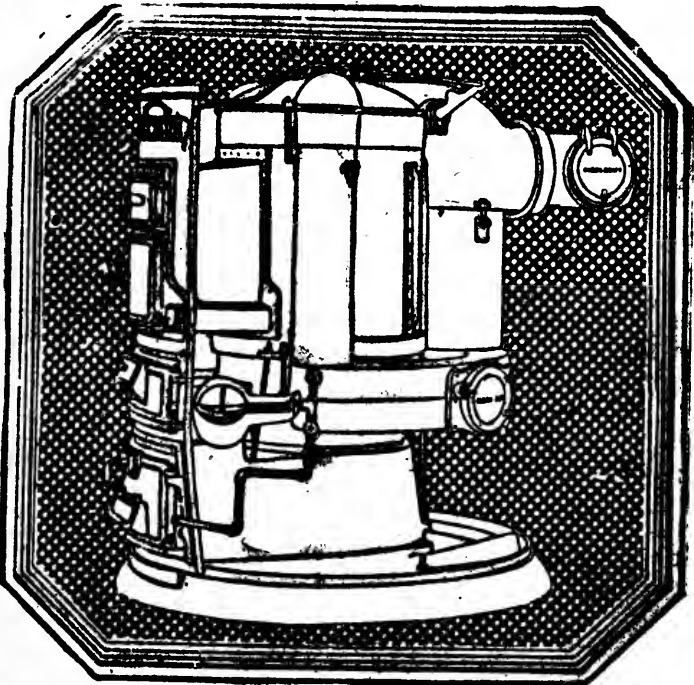
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The Pioneer Trail

By Mrs. Parley Nelson

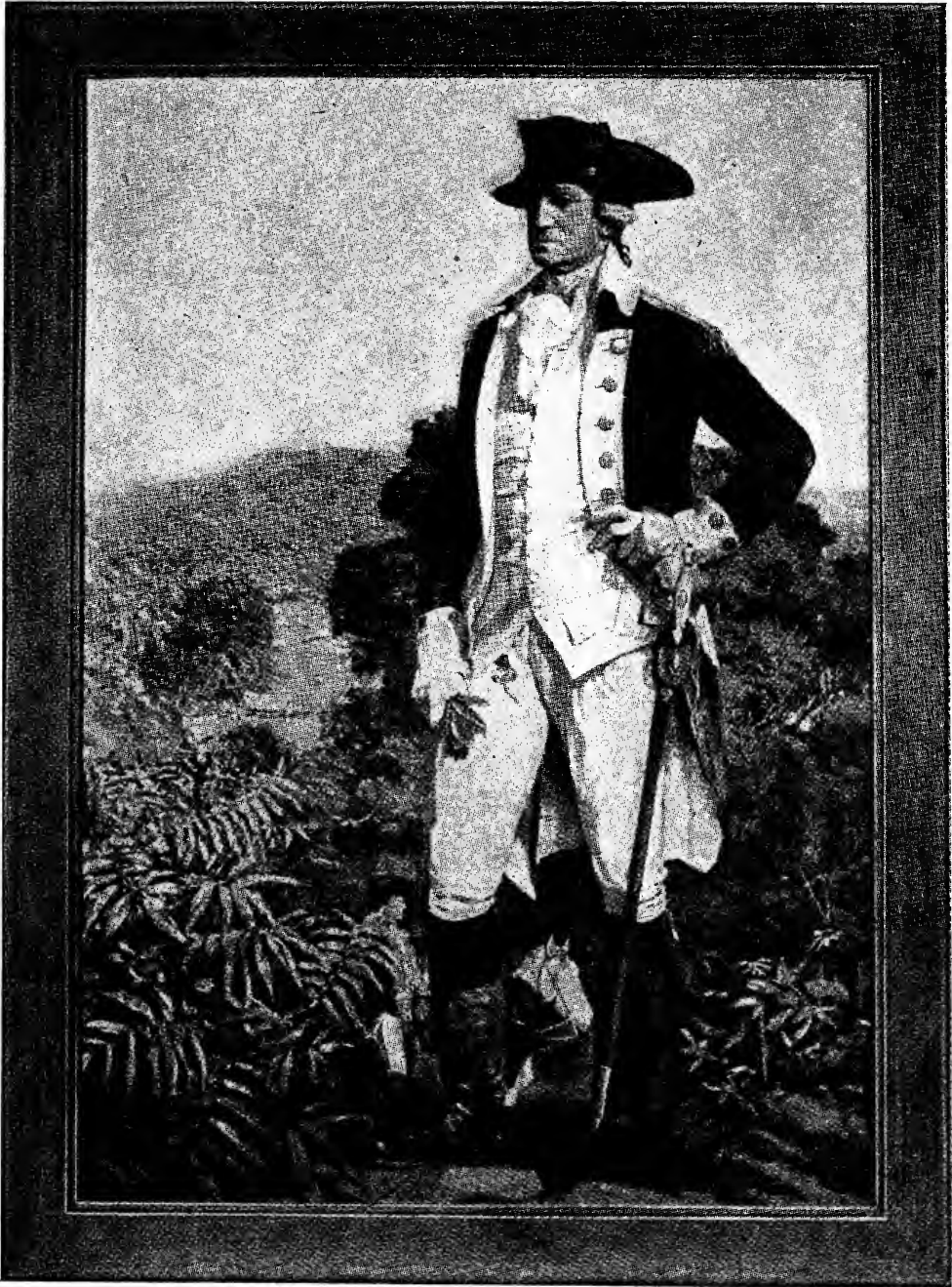
O, I am the Trail of the Pioneers,
That long, long trail of by-gone years—
The trail first trod by their weary feet,
As they trudged through the snow or the summer's heat:
I am that trail whose winding way
They followed hopefully, day after day.

I know their story of want and woe,
And the courage and faith it required to go,
With tottering sire and helpless child,
Over trackless plains to the mountains wild;
I know what heartaches o'erflowed each breast
As they journeyed to the distant West.

I seem to hear, through a mist of rain,
Their sobs of sorrow, their moans of pain,
To feel the touch of their bleeding feet
As they plodded along through the mud and sleet;
And I seem to hear an anguished prayer,
Heavenward sent through the windswept air—
A plea for wisdom and strength to save
Someone beloved from an unmarked grave.

I can never forget the songs they sang
As the campfire leapt with a flaming tongue;
'Midst hunger and cold their voices swell
In a song of courage that "All is well."
They eagerly looked toward their journey's end,
And believed that God was their staunchest friend.

O brave, undaunted Pioneers!
To you the plaudits, the praise, the cheers.
All honor to you and your leaders bold;
You left a heritage better than gold.
May your children's children follow you
And walk in the trails of the brave and true.



GEORGE WASHINGTON, BY STANLEY ARTHUR

This is known as the Sesque-Centennial Portrait of Washington. Washington will be very much in the public mind until after the celebration of the 200 anniversary of his birth. The address of President Calvin Coolidge on the 22nd of February did very much to center a new interest in George Washington.

THE Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XIV

JULY, 1927

No. 7

Americanism

Interpreted by the Church, the Constitution
and the Flag

Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund—Member of General Board

If I were to seek for a text for my address this morning, I should probably turn to Proverbs, and quote, "Remove not the ancient landmarks set up by your fathers;" and I should go further and say, Keep them ever before your eyes, cherish them in your hearts, honor them in every act of your lives! I should then interpret those landmarks to mean the great events in our country's history, and the heroic truths we have ever had taught us, as foundation principles upon which our spiritual and our national life has been reared. We have always been a loyal people; patriotism has been a part of our very being. There has never been any question as to the attitude of this Church. One cannot be a consistent Latter-day Saint in this land who is not also a devoted believer in the destiny of this great country. This is the perfectly natural development in the descendants of those who founded this commonwealth. Those men and women chosen to bring forth the gospel in this dispensation, and plant it here in the tops of the mountains, were, for the most part, sons and daughters of those who established this Republic, who made and preserved us a Nation. Senator Beveridge said upon one occasion that his hat was off to the people who went on record with the statement that the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States were drafted under the inspiration of God himself. This we have always believed, and we have believed, too, without the shadow of a doubt, the assertion contained in the *Book of Mormon* that "this is a land choice above all other lands," and that this flag should be an ensign to all the nations.

Look for a brief moment at the history of our past. In

December, 1845, during the darkest days of our Nauvoo trouble, this was the reply of the high council and the authorities of the Church to the question of our people's loyalty—"We feel the injuries that we have sustained; and are not insensible of the wrongs that we have suffered; still we are Americans." In the following Summer, when the people had in very deed become homeless in their own land, came the call from the government for the "Mormon" Battalion. We can only note in passing that this story, taken in its complete setting, gives a proof of our love and loyalty to God and country that can never fade as long as history is written.

The story of the birth of Utah is like a page of family history to most of us, and when we read that beautiful story of the prayer dedicating this land to God, and the people to his service, its parallel will come to our minds in the heroic group on the shores of New England, kneeling in prayer, and seeking divine guidance for the commonwealth they hoped to found. On the 26th day of July, 1847, President Brigham Young and some of his followers ascended the mountain above the Hot Springs to get a better view of the surrounding country. As they stood upon this point, President Young remarked that this was the spot upon which to lift up an ensign, referring, no doubt, to Isaiah's prophecy. The suggestion was carried out later, and our state was, as it were, born under the Stars and Stripes. The Church and school house arose along with the first poor dwellings. I have always felt that we could say with Webster, "Who could wish his country's beginning otherwise? Her first breath was with intelligence—her first thought the inspiration of liberty!"

In October, 1861, the telegraph line across the continent was completed, and President Young was courteously tendered the privilege of sending the first message from Salt Lake City. It was sent to the president of the Telegraph Company—Mr. J. H. Wade, as follows: "Sir: Permit me to congratulate you upon the completion of The Overland Telegraph Lines, west to this city—to commend the energy displayed by yourself and associates in the rapid and successful prosecution of a work so beneficial; and to express the wish that its use may ever tend to promote the true interests of the dwellers upon both the Atlantic and Pacific slopes of our continent. Utah has not seceded, but is firm for the constitution and laws of our once happy country, and is warmly interested in such useful enterprises as the one so far completed." In making his reply Mr. Wade expressed gratitude to President Young that his, the first message to pass over the line, should express so unmistakably the patriotism and union-loving sentiments of himself and his people.

In April, 1862, President Lincoln requested President Young to raise a force of cavalry to guard the overland route. This

was promptly done—even before the request came the offer had been made by President Young.

The record of our people in the Spanish-American and the great World wars needs but to be suggested, and in this connection I am always reminded that there was no faltering on our part when the supreme test came: "Greater love hath no man than that a man lay down his life for his friends" (country).

The type of citizens which the Latter-day Saints have made everywhere they have settled, demonstrates that according to their ideal, good citizenship demands something active. We must be useful to our Church, to our country, and to our fellowmen, and upon this usefulness all else depends. As one of our greatest men has said: "The way to be patriotic in America is not only to love America, but to love the duty that is nearest to our hand and know that in performing it we are serving our country." We are a liberty-loving people but we understand liberty to mean a freedom of choice in regulating one's conduct. It does not consist in mere declarations of the rights of man, but in the translation of those declarations into definite, constructive action.

Perhaps it is well for us to pause for a moment, and consider the heritage which is ours, and the age in which we live. Life is an intense problem today, and we are all of us more or less absorbed in our individual ambitions, necessities, and duties, but from the very brief outline I have so imperfectly traced of our people, I think we may safely say there are two outstanding factors which constitute what we may call our heritage, and these are our religion and our government; the one giving us the only satisfying solution of life itself, pointing to the only road which leads to peace and happiness in this world, and salvation in the next; the other giving us law, order and liberty, without which we cannot get on in this world. So defined, our heritage demands much of us, if we are to hand it on unimpaired; an immense amount of careful thinking and earnest, prayerful effort.

As I said in the beginning, my purpose is to make a plea for the "landmarks of our fathers," and to show, if I can, their vital place in our lives today, if we would worthily carry on the work that is ours. We live in an age of irreverence and of merciless criticism. As Chauncey M. Depew said in one of his latest articles, "We carry criticism too far, and the analytic spirit is rampant. We are like children who dissect that with which they are happy until the sawdust pours out of the doll, or it fails to work when the machinery is wrecked." This does not mean that we should not seek to find our errors and correct them when we find them, but we should be careful in passing judgment to discriminate between the true and the false, to have proper sense of values in our criticism. Above all else we should seek, with understanding hearts, to know those eternal truths in our faith and in our gov-

ernment, and apply them in our daily life. The very fate of democracy rests with the people themselves. If our free institutions are to endure, we must be able to produce intelligent, capable leaders, with an enlightened public back of them. It is "We the people" who ordain this Constitution quite as much today as it was in 1789, for the Constitution of the United States is the fundamental laws or principles of government by which the people of this nation agree to be governed, resting, as it does, upon the principle that all governments derived their just powers from the consent of the governed. George Washington said: "The basis of our political system is the right of the people to make and to alter their constitution of government," and Lord Bryce added: "The American Constitution has stood unbroken because it has submitted to a process of constant, though sometimes scarcely perceptible change, which has adapted it to the conditions and needs of each new age."

The formation of the Constitution of the United States was one of the most important events in history. It gave to mankind the first adequate type of government by the people, capable of being extended to the greatest of nations, and established the union of the states upon a foundation on which was actually reared this mighty nation of ours. The journal of the Constitutional Convention that formed such a government is the most instructive treatise in constructive political science ever given to the world. Roosevelt said no American could consider his education complete without it. I might go on and quote volumes of splendid tributes and treaties on our Constitution, but that, I take it, is not the purpose of this talk, but rather to stress the importance of the Constitution to us in our daily lives, to call attention to the inestimable value of American citizenship, the highest gift within the province of the state, the object of heroic struggle all through the ages. Do we realize that this citizenship carries with it duties and sacred obligations, as well as privileges? Are we real assets in our communities? Are we interested in civic improvement and welfare measures? Do we know our public servants and support and help them in the discharge of their duties? Do we take an interest in the selection of candidates for office, attend our primaries where the real choice is made, and use our franchise wisely? Do we seek to understand the laws, those on the statute books, and those in process of enactment? Do we honor and obey the law in small things as well as in great? These are some of the commonplace factors in life, but they show real patriotism and love of country.

My sisters, let us consider them, and in this age of merciless criticism, when all the idols of the past are discredited, let us read and understand the constitution of our country, and teach our children the immortal story of the Declaration of Independence and the Flag. Let us realize the truth that the cure

for all our ills lies in our own hands, if we but choose to use our powers. I know of no one who has more beautifully expressed the message of the flag than has Franklin K. Lane. Among many fine things he said: "We are all making the flag, who says to us, 'I am not the flag; not at all, I am but its shadow, I am whatever you make me, nothing more. I am no more than what you believe me to be, and I am all that you believe I can be. I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, as a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation. My stars and my stripes are your dream and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts. For you are the makers of the flag, and it is well that you glory in the making'."

We love America, not because she is the richest and most powerful nation in the world today, but for the moral force, the great spiritual ideal, which, in spite of all statements to the contrary, lies in her heart of hearts, and never fails to find expression in great crises. This is the ideal I would have our flag carry to all the world, and I would not have any nation fear America unless it feels that it is engaged in an enterprise contrary to the rights of humanity. "I do not know," to use the words of the great war president, "that there will ever be a Declaration of Independence for mankind, but I believe that if any such document is ever drawn, it will be drawn in the Spirit of the American Declaration of Independence. America has lifted high the light which will shine unto all generations and guide the feet of mankind to the goal of justice and liberty and peace."

Walter Lippman has said that all the ideals which our national fathers derived from the great Father of all nations, found expression in the words of Abraham Lincoln. These words consecrate the loftiest of American ideals, because in them the finest morality of the individual American is identified at last with the morality of the nation. They ring just as true and as timely now as they did when they were uttered sixty-two years ago. My sisters, let us make them our creed of Americanism today: "With malice towards none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

EDITORS' NOTE

The Conference addresses of President A. W. Ivins, and of Secretary Amy Brown Lyman will appear in the August issue.



ANNA MARGARETTA CHRISTENSEN PEAY
Queen of the Second Ward Carnival, Provo, Utah

Anna Margretta Christenson Peay

The Provo Second ward Relief Society feel proud of their aged pioneer member who has lived to the unusual age of ninety years full of good cheer, love, and interest in the progress and blessings of the present day.

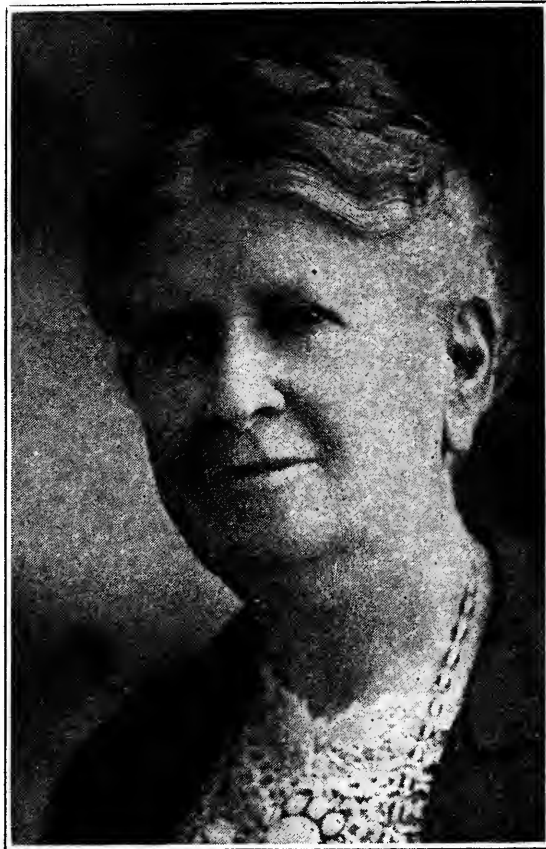
Anna Margretta Christensen Peay was born in Denmark, January 19, 1837. She became a member of the Latter-day Saints Church with her well-to-do parents in 1854, and came with them to Utah in 1857, bringing with them a number of emigrants.

They settled in Riverdale, where she married George Thomas Peay, July 4, 1860. In 1868, her husband sold his farm and moved to Provo, where his brothers and others of his family lived. They had no sooner reached Provo than he was called to be a minute man under the direction of General William B. Pace, to protect the settlers against an uprising of the Indians.

She has lived an industrious, economical and worthy life, helping her husband in his many enterprises in connection with a farm, a ranch, a saw mill, a molasses mill, and other mechanical work. Yet she has not forgotten the refining influences of the gospel. She has three worthy and industrious sons, and three talented and helpful daughters living near, who are ever ready to take their part for the pleasure and happiness of the community. She also has some thirty grandchildren.

When she was nominated for queen for the ward carnival by the Relief Society against the Sunday School queen, and the Young Ladies' queen, it was soon discovered that our cheerful and happy Sister Peay, though ninety years of age, was more popular than all the others.

On Sister Peay's birthday many of the members of the Relief Society and Daughters of the Pioneers called upon her with bouquets of flowers and good wishes in honor of her advanced age and unusual cheerfulness. Her daughters served the friends with delicious refreshments. The day will long be remembered by all.



MRS. ELIZABETH M'CUNE

Autobiography of Elizabeth Grace McCune

Taken From Her Journal By Her Daughter Mabel McCune Ure

I was born on the 27th of July, 1843, in Liverpool, England. My parents, Isaac Grace and Elizabeth Williams, were also born in Liverpool. They were married in 1842, and were both members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. At the time of my birth, my father, a master ship-builder, was foreman of the Jones Ship Yard, in Liverpool. My mother had a very beautiful voice for singing, and it was through the "Mormon" elders' singing on the street that my parents were attracted and they first heard the gospel.

I was seven years old when my parents decided to emigrate to Utah, and I remember distinctly going on board the ship *Ellen*,

as she lay at the dock, not far from our home. We set sail January 7, 1851. Many of our relatives and friends came to wish us "God speed!" We had been on our way only a few days when our ship met with an accident. I think another ship ran into us, but we were near the coast of Wales, and our captain turned around and went into Cardigan Bay. I recall my father's being put over the side of the ship on a plank with ropes and his working on the damaged part of the ship. In a few days the repairs were completed, and we started on our journey again. There were many passengers on the ship with us, all going to Utah. Our company was in charge of Joseph D. Cummings and Elder Dunn.

Our family consisted of father, mother, my father's aged mother, Grandma Grace, myself and two younger sisters, Margaret and Annette, the baby. After many days at sea, an epidemic of measles developed among the children and my baby sister, Annette, was one of the victims. She died, and I shall never forget how they sewed her up in canvas with some heavy weights at her feet and dropped her into the sea. I remember seeing her floating in the water a long time before she sank, and I ran down to the cabin where my parents were and told them of it. How angry my father was!

After eleven long weeks on the water we arrived in New Orleans and went on board a river steamer. We were many days going up the Mississippi. A new pink dress that my mother had made for me was blown overboard into the river, and I was broken-hearted. We finally arrived at St. Louis, where my father bought his wagons. Then we took steamer for Kanesville, the outfitting point, at that time, for the Saints, now called Council Bluffs. We remained here for several days preparing for our long journey across the plains.

My father had three yoke of cattle, one of which was a yoke of milking cows. One evening we stopped at a camp, and before father could get the cattle unhitched from the wagon, I crept in between them and milked one of the cows. Father was very upset and said I might have been kicked to death. My mother made me a large apron, and I used to walk in head of the wagons and gather buffalo chips for our fire. Buffalo were very plentiful; the prairies were black with them.

I was too young to remember many of the details of the trip, but my father has told me that we arrived in Salt Lake Valley soon after October conference and camped in what was known as Big Field. After a week's rest, we started for Parowan, but when we reached Salt Creek (now Nephi) my Aunt Margaret Davis, in getting out of her wagon, sprained her ankle. My folks and those with us decided to remain in Salt Creek. They were all tired of traveling, having been on the way since January 7, and it was now the 17th of November, 1851.

Salt Creek, or Nephi, had just been settled. Charles Sperry, Israel Hoyt, T. B. Foot, Ziniri Baxter had been there to cut hay, but they had gone back to Salt Lake for their families. Our family and the Davis family were the first families on the ground. My sister Margaret and cousin Charlotte Davis and myself were the first white children in Nephi. My sister Harriet Grace Pyper (now living in Salt Lake City), was the first white girl and the



ELIZABETH GRACE M'CUNE
Four years of age

second child born in Nephi. My father took up a city lot and some farming land and helped to build log houses for all that came. Our own was completed Christmas day. We moved into it that morning, and with great joy we anticipated our Christmas dinner which was cooking in the open fire-place. The chimney was built of frozen adobes and just as we were ready for dinner, the whole thing came tumbling into the room. My cheerful little

mother moved everything back into the wagon until a new chimney could be built.

In the Spring of 1852, the Walker Indian War broke out, and we had to move our homes and form a fort with them. The men had to go in companies and take their guns to work in the fields. Many new settlers joined us. The Indians continued to trouble us until President Brigham Young came down and made peace with them. At the same time he advised the people to build a wall around three square blocks as a protection against the Indians. This was done. (Until very recently, portions of this wall were still standing.)

In 1857, when the U. S. Government sent an army out to exterminate the "Mormons," my father, with many others, was sent out to Echo Canyon. I had learned the art of spinning yarn, and I was kept busy spinning our wool. Father had a small flock of sheep, sufficient to furnish wool for all our clothing. Just a few months before my brother Isaac was born, father built a story and a half adobe house. I helped him haul the adobes, handling every one of them twice. I also helped father in the grain and hay fields, part of the time barefoot.

In the Spring of 1858, when the army was permitted to come in, the people from Salt Lake and the northern settlements moved south, a number of them coming to Nephi. Among them was a family from Farmington, originally from Calcutta, India, by the name of McCune, consisting of father, mother and four sons. The eldest of them, Henry F., became my husband, Christmas Eve, 1861. In those days people could not go to the endowment house at will, but were called by wards. We were married at home by my husband's father, Dr. Mathew McCune, and it was not until two years had passed that we were called to the endowment house. About forty of our friends and relatives witnessed our marriage and remained for the banquet and dance which lasted until daylight. Our wedding presents from our parents were as follows:

From Father McCune, a pair of three-year-old steers and a heifer calf. From Mother McCune, a piece of white Indian silk for my wedding dress, and also a beautiful necklace, brooch, ear rings, and bracelet, which were brought from India. My parents gave us a heifer calf, a sheep, and three chairs. My lover husband gave me a gold locket which he had purchased in New York, and a pure gold chain that he had brought from India.

We went to housekeeping in two little rooms, one log and the other adobe. We had no table, but my husband had a huge old black trunk or chest, which served very well. Our beadstead was an old home-made one with a straw tick, and our cooking apparatus was the open fire-place. We were so perfectly happy that our humble little home seemed like paradise. Our first dishes

consisted of two home-made plates and two cups and saucers. After the Indians had become somewhat peaceful, we moved out of the fort. My husband took up a lot on the banks of Salt Creek, a beautiful stream running through the center of the town, and here we built our home. We planted a row of young peach trees which my father-in-law had budded and given to us, and which were growing nicely. Black hawk, the notorious Indian chief who later caused so much trouble and bloodshed, was camped on our lot with some of his renegades. With nothing but devilment for an excuse, he pulled up every tree and decamped.

In the month of September, 1864, President Brigham Young came to Nephi on his way to Dixie. He asked that the Nephi Brass Band accompany him. My husband was a member of this band and so of course he had to go. While he was away, I with my two little babies, moved back into the fort for the winter. The following Summer, 1865, the Black Hawk Indian War broke out, and our home being out of the fort and east of the town, caused us to be in constant fear, especially at night when my husband had to take his turn at standing guard. Four men were appointed to each post, three would lie down in their quilts, and one would watch for four hours, when he was relieved by another man. One night while my husband was standing guard, one of the brethren came to tell me to run for my life to the fort, as the Indians were coming. I ran with my two little ones as fast as I could, little Harry was not three years old and baby Grace not yet two. I was expecting another little one in a very few weeks. When I reached the fort I was very ill, and in a few hours my baby boy was born. He lived but a few hours, due to the terrible fright I had experienced.

The years rolled on, and while my babies were young, I could not take a very active part in Church affairs. My husband was very active both in Church duties and the home dramatics, which was an important part of our social life in early days. However, as the older children developed, they assisted with the younger ones, and I finally accepted the position of counselor in the presidency of the Primary. I held this position for a number of years.

When a child, I was given a patriarchal blessing, and one of the promises was that I should be an instrument in the hand of God in doing much good among the sick. This was literally fulfilled. For a great many years I was called upon to assist in taking care of the sick, especially little children. I loved the work, and I know that on numberless occasions I was an instrument in God's hand. At one time an epidemic of diphtheria threatened to destroy our little city. My own little daughter was at the point of death, but the Lord was merciful to me, for I was enabled to go from house to house assisting the mothers in caring for their

afflicted ones. While there were many deaths, a great many more were saved.

For fifteen years I held the office of Stake President in the Y. L. M. I. A. This work among the young people I truly loved with all my soul, and I feel that my sisters all loved me, for I became "Aunt Lizzie" to the whole stake.

One of the greatest trials of my life came in February, 1906, when we decided to sell the old home that we had been forty years in building, and move to Ogden, Utah. Most of the children had married and we knew that it would be but a few short years until all of them would leave the old nest and we would be left alone. With heavy hearts we parted from loved ones and friends, but it was just no time at all until we were settled in our new home and making wonderful new friends. I immediately affiliated myself with the Fifth Ward Relief Society, and in a very short time I had that good feeling of "belonging" once more.

In October, 1906, my beloved sister Margaret Jenkins died of pneumonia in Nephi. One little country street is all that ever separated us from the time she was born.

In August, 1908, when the old Weber stake was divided into three, I was chosen and set apart as second counselor to Sister L. W. Shurtliff in the stake Presidency of the Relief Society of the Weber stake. Sister Herrick was chosen as first counselor. This was a work of great joy to me. It would not be possible to find anywhere a more splendid or loyal band of workers or friends than I found here. It was not long until I seemed to know and love the whole of Weber stake. I continued in this work until my husband was called to labor at the Bureau of Information.

For a while he went back and forth. Then finally he was called to labor in the temple, and we knew that once more we must leave our nice home and friends and make new ones. This is not so hard, loved ones, when once you have learned the secret of it. Make yourself known to the ward in which you move and then go to work earnestly.

In January, 1915, we moved to Salt Lake, and for seven years I enjoyed the privilege of working in the temple along with my husband. This work was a constant joy to me, and I have received the blessed assurance that our work has not been in vain. Last year, on December 14, 1924, my life-long companion lover and friend left me for a little time. He has gone on to prepare one more beautiful home, and I have given him just one year to come for me.

How wonderfully has our heavenly Father blessed us! Eleven loving children, forty-seven grandchildren, and twenty great-grandchildren here to comfort and bless us, and two sons waiting to receive us there. Had my lover been permitted to remain just

two weeks longer, it would have been sixty-four years since we commenced life together.

* * * * *

I should like to add that my dear mother died December 23, 1925, just one year and a few days after dear father's passing. Surely they were blessed, but more surely have we children been blessed, and truly I thank God for having been so nobly born.

The Lament of the Spinning Wheel

By Grace Ingles Frost

Time was when I stood not idle,
 Save when near the ingle nook;
 I was set away at close of day,
 By a fair-faced maid who took
 Much pride in her wheel; methinks I feel
 The touch of her nimble fingers,
 As my spokes whirled round with cherry sound,
 From early morn until were shorn
 Day's shining locks at the even.

Must my hours now be useless?
 Must I stand in an attic old,
 With moth and rust, grown gray with dust,
 Until at length I am sold
 As a thing of naught? And ne'er a thought
 For the maid who spun, one after one,
 The threads for her nuptial cloths, while rose
 An ecstasy for the days to be
 When my wheel turned right merrily?

Oh, for the olden, golden hours,
 When brightly hearth-fires burned
 With heartsome cheer for each creature near,
 And the wanderer ne'er was turned
 From the door away but implored to stay
 And take from the board his fill!
 On the stairs below, a step grown slow,
 Then the attic door swings wide.
 Old friend of mine, alas! has time
 Thus robbed your face of its beauteous grace?
 Must we abide now side by side
 Like words on an age-sered page?



HARRIET ANN GRACE PYPER

Harriet Ann Grace Pyper

The Pioneer Baby Girl of Nephi, Utah

By Ramona Wilcox Cannon

"Hard times, hard times, come again no more." The words of that song were on the lips of the last generation, and still live as a prayer in our own hearts. We spend most of our waking hours, in fact, battling against the bogeys of privation, sacrifice, hardship. Yet when we come into the presence of our Pioneer men and women, and feel the strong, quiet sense of mastery over life that is in them, and see the light of unfailing courage in their eyes, we are constrained to pause and wonder about that matter of hard times. For these Pioneers are the products of ceaseless labor, self-sacrifice, ever-present danger, and an idealism that

placed the spirit before the flesh. And we who come after them can but feel the greatness, the victory of their lives.

Sister Harriet Ann Grace Pyper is one of these typical Pioneer women. Uncomplainingly she goes about living a useful and industrious life. She gives a laugh rather than a tear to the old memories of hardships. She has passed through the sorrows of bereavement, losing children and husband; yet her face is pleasant. It still has the look of comparative youth, and shows in its expression the indomitable will that towered above her frail physical strength, and carried her through experiences that taxed both body and soul to the uttermost.

The parents of Sister Pyper were Isaac Grace and Elizabeth Williams Grace of Liverpool. The father was a shipbuilder, the mother a tailoress. Before their marriage they were both members of the choir in their Church. One day when they were walking out together, they stopped where a crowd had gathered, and heard a "Mormon" Elder preach the Gospel. They were impressed and in time both joined the Church.

A portion of the memories of Sister Pyper's childhood is dedicated to the stories told by her parents of their journey to Zion. With three young children they faced the dangers of the mighty Atlantic in a small sailing vessel, the *Ellen*.

More than three months they heaved and tossed on the great ocean, and during that time, they, who had given up all ties of home and friends to journey to a faraway land for the sake of the Gospel, were tested with a bitter trial. Their baby became ill, and instead of recovering, sickened more and more until death came at last, and the baby had to be dressed and wrapped in canvas, and with a short service, lowered to a grave in mid-ocean.

Following the usual route, the Grace family landed at New Orleans, and sailed up the Mississippi. They were comparatively well provided for and once with the Saints, were able to purchase a covered wagon, cows, two good yoke of oxen and an ample supply of provisions for traveling across the plains. Even so, Sister Grace, weary and ill with the burden of a new life, found the journey hard enough to endure.

Altogether, they spent nine months coming from Liverpool to the valley. Then, Pioneers in the truest sense of the word, they moved yet farther onward, south to Nephi, and were the first family to settle there. They were soon joined by a group of families, and at once the men engaged in building homes, working several together, first on one house, then on another. From October until Christmas time, Sister Grace, in her delicate state of health, knew no other home than a wagon-box. The men worked feverishly to finish the Grace home by Christmas day. Although they could not entirely complete the structure, that comprised only one room, and was put together of frozen adobes, they felt that

it was far enough along for the family to celebrate Christmas by moving into it. This was done with great rejoicing, the adobe cottage appearing palatial after the long period in the covered wagon. As the family ate their simple dinner in grand style, warmed by a crackling fire on the hearth, they laughed at the fury of the wind howling without. Then suddenly there came a gust fiercer than the others, and crash! crack!—the chimney falling down in confusion, part of the adobes outside, part inside



HARRIET GRACE PYPER,
at the age of seventeen. This dress
was spun and woven by herself.

the dwelling. So again in the cold and sleet and snow, they had to house themselves in the wagon-box.

It was not long, however, before they were really settled in the new home, and on April 1, 1851, Sister Grace gave birth to a frail baby girl who was christened Harriet Ann, and soon was called by the name of Etta. She was the first white girl born in Nephi, though a boy baby had shortly preceded her.

Brother and Sister Grace had a hard time keeping the baby alive, but though never strong, Harriet Ann succeeded in growing to a fairly normal pioneer girlhood. Well does she remember the

adobe cottage with its one room, and the many interesting activities that went on there. Soap-making, candle-moulding, pork-quartering, casing being filled with wholesome home-made sausage, the milk that was milked into a great brass coffee-pot, being strained and carried out to the cellar that looked like a chicken coop to Etta when she was very small—wild currants being preserved with molasses—gay gatherings of the older boys and girls, with speaking of pieces, jests, dancing and refreshments. Yes, one room was enough for all that besides the eating and sleeping, and washing and ironing and spinning and weaving.

One of the vivid memories of Sister Pyper's childhood is of a time when her mother went to Salt Lake with her father, leaving Etta, three, in the charge of her older sister, who was still a child herself. Big sister was under instructions to keep the white bread which was always a luxury in those days, out of reach, and to eat the usual every-day ration of corn-bread. Harriet, though, was sick and tired of corn-bread, and was determined to have the white. Big sister, wishing to be faithful to her duties as she saw them, told Harriet it was a case of corn-bread or nothing at all. Etta, with a determined little mind of her own chose nothing at all. It was a long way to Salt Lake in those days, when one traveled with team and wagon, but of course father and mother did get back eventually, and Etta still remembers her mother cutting slice after slice of luxurious white bread for her, and spreading it thick with butter and treacle.

Yes, her mother was a good cook. She could concoct something savory even when raw materials were very sparse. Those lovely pies made of native currants, for instance, that Etta helped to pick. How long it took to get enough of them, but how delicious those pies, coming out of the oven, steaming hot; and of course if mother was willing to make the pies, Etta must be cheerful about picking the currants.

There were those tasty vinegar pies also, made long before lemons were seen in the valley. And custard pies! How proud Etta had been of that custard pie that her mama had given her to carry to the party in the school-house. There were no shoes for the little girl just then, but at least she did not have to go bare-foot; she went in her "stocking-feet." After a while she grew tired and she began to wonder about the refreshments. What had become of her custard pie? Where had they put it? She looked all around the tables where the food was laid out, but mother's pie was not in sight. Then she peeped at the table that was spread on the stage for the musicians. Choice bits were always placed before them as a token of appreciation for their labors. And there, sure enough, was her custard pie ornamenting the center of the table.

One memory that colors the background of all Sister Pyper's childhood recollections is the fear that was constantly felt of the

Indians. The Nephi colonists were troubled from the beginning by the Red Men. The first group of houses was constructed as a fort, each building facing inside the square, the windows scarcely more than peep-holes and built much as in the castles of old. A mud wall, very thick and eight or more feet in height surrounded the fort at some distance. It seemed to little Etta that about four square blocks were enclosed by this fortification. There were in it only two openings, these being situated on opposite sides of the wall. They were big, heavy gates of timber which were guarded night and day. In the years sixty-five, sixty-six and sixty-seven, the Indians were particularly dreaded. Black Hawk was the worst leader, molesting the people of all the southern settlements. Much of the time, the people were prisoners within the mud-wall enclosure. They were warned against ever getting farther away from the fort than two blocks. As it turned out, the great danger was not to those in settlements, but to lonely prairies. Off in Nephi Canyon, for instance, people were killed by the Indians, but open attacks were not made on the fort, though there was always the fear of one being under way. Every able-bodied man in Nephi was trained for service, and sentinels watched the gates and walls every hour of the day and night.

One night when all the inhabitants were ordered under cover of darkness, a woman who was ill and suffering from a bad stomach, got up, lighted her lamp, made a fire and brewed herself a cup of tea. She explained the next day that if she was going to die anyway, she might as well have a few comfortable moments first.

Another woman, driven to the point of desperation by a colicky baby, got up and went out-doors with it, walking for several hours, outside the fort. The next day, an Indian woman who was friendly with the settlers told this mother that she had trailed her all the way to protect her, as Indians were lurking around that night. Sister Pyper herself recalls that she and other children sometimes got outside the enclosure by swimming down the creek when full of water, or creeping down its bed, under the wall, when there was no water.

School days, in the early period of the history of Nephi, were rather picturesque. The first school of all was held in the little one-room adobe house of Sister Bailey! Later the children went to school to a Brother Midgley who loved to expatiate on the glories of Jackson county in the latter days. He would say, "The streets of Jackson county will be paved with pure gold, and some of the sheets will be as large as your spelling books."

There was a third school-master who had difficulty with discipline, and thought out some rather unique methods of punishment. In the Spring or Fall when the children came to school bare-footed, he would stand two culprits up in front of the class,

with their great toes tied together. Sometimes when his back was turned, he would hear a disturbance and turn quickly around, but not quickly enough to catch the guilty ones. It was of no use to ask who made the noise. No one would confess to it. Angrily he would pick up the broom from its corner and strike each boy in the room over the head with it. "Now I got the right one," he would exclaim with satisfaction.

Although the Grace family endured the hardships of the frontier in those early days, they never suffered from actual hunger, nor from want of clothing. Sister Grace had been saving up clothes for years before leaving for Zion, so that she always had something on hand to make over for every necessity. Brother Grace was a good provider. His training as a shipbuilder stood him in hand in the growing colony. He could adapt his skill to anything in the line of carpentry, and so was constantly in demand. Money was a scarce commodity, but food was welcome pay enough.

The first year the family had no flour except corn-meal, but after that period there was never a time when Sister Grace did not have white flour in the house, and that was an achievement that none but a right smart family could boast of in those days. For that was when people depended for their living on what they raised themselves. Their own wheat for flour, their own cane for molasses, and their own garden truck. There was little opportunity for idleness to prove the Devil's workshop in those days. Mere weeding alone was an endless part of the Summer's work. Even today, the city-bred person can scarcely comprehend how much of a farmer's strength, time, patience, and money go into keeping the garden and fields weeded.

One day Etta was engaged with this very task. She was still a frail child and her mother felt a good deal of anxiety about her, bending and pulling for long hours in the hot sun. A young girl had been hired to come and spin that day but Sister Grace asked her to go out and help Etta, saying that she would give her the same money for pulling weeds as for spinning. As they worked on in the heat Etta sighed, "Oh dear, if it hadn't been for Adam, we wouldn't have to pull all these weeds."

"Why?" asked her companion, surprised.

"Because Adam sinned and cursed the earth with weeds, and now see how we have to work."

Another of the tedious all-day tasks was stripping cane. The children would hold a stout stick in both hands, and knock off all the leaves from each successive plant, leaving the stalks naked of foliage, ready to be cut down by the men who came along with their sickles. All the cane was then loaded and hauled to the mill. Those were honest days and the Saints felt no anxiety about receiving the full quantity of molasses that their cane yielded.

Early the girls of that period learned to spin and weave and

sew, to milk cows and to churn. Sister Grace, being a tailoress, was a good teacher for her girls, and was able to make suits for her husband and son that anyone might have envied. She made the suits of jeans cloth. This of course was homespun, and was heavier than ordinary fabric for men's clothes.

Of scraps of this same material, Sister Grace made shoes for her family. Of course, the children went barefoot, when the weather permitted; but in Fall and Winter they needed shoes. So mother cut the jeans cloth to fit the feet of her various children, and then carried them to the shoemaker, who provided soles and toe-caps. The family were very proud of their foot-wear in blue, gray or brown. Perhaps it even matched the suit or dress.

As the years passed, the little settlement of Nephi grew into quite a town. People left the fort and houses began to appear in all directions. The fruit-trees that had been planted were bearing, and dried apples, plums, peaches, and pears could be added to the Winter menu. After a while there came such luxuries as plum preserves made with real white sugar. Different industries were established, one of the first being a nail-mill, with Brother Grace as one of the prime promoters.

Brother Grace built a big four-room abode house on Main Street, and in the middle of one cold Winter, the family's possessions were loaded upon a sleigh, that was drawn proudly by oxen through the principal thoroughfare of Nephi.

Young people liked being in crowds then as much as today. Merry parties of all kinds were enjoyed, community gatherings, corn-shuckings, quilting bees, potato-planting parties, dances, hay-rack and sleighing evenings. Often enough a group of young folks could be seen, strung all the way across the sidewalk, hand in hand, going off to some merry-making. "Petting" was not altogether unknown, and when one of Sister Grace's daughters reported to mother that a certain young man had put his arms around the waist of another daughter, Sister Grace had a little talk with the young man and asked him if he would please tell her confidentially if he saw anyone putting his arms around her girl.

Alexander Pyper was the young man lucky enough to win the consent of Harriet Ann. About the time they were engaged, Sister Grace had put the washing out on the fence, when a fierce wind came up suddenly and blew the clothes helter-skelter in all directions. Alexander was the hero who came on the scene in the nick of time and gathered up the clothes, from everywhere. "Why, what a nice young man," said Sister Grace. "You shall have one of my daughters for this."

The two young people journeyed to Salt Lake and were married in the Endowment House in 1872. In the course of a few years, Sister Pyper had given birth to three fine baby boys. They had been very happy years, but all at once, trouble appeared

on the horizon, and loomed bigger and bigger. Brother Pyper was up in the mountains logging when suddenly a strange, brooding feeling came over him. He tried to shake it off, but without success. So convinced was he that it was a premonition of evil, that he tramped all the weary miles to his home. To his wife, his coming was the answer to a prayer. The baby was very ill from blood-poison, and while its life could not be saved, at least the two parents were together to sustain each other in this terrible trial. Within two weeks the parents were bereft of both of their other children.

A year later another baby was welcome to their home, a girl this time and later another boy, who only lived to be twelve. Altogether this little Pioneer woman who had never been strong, bore nine children, five of whom, four girls and one boy grew up. A year after the twelve-year old boy died, the father, too, was long bed-ridden with cancer, before dying and leaving his widow with five young children to support and care for.

For some years the family lived in Nephi, Sister Pyper boarding the school teachers, and others who had no homes. Then they moved to Salt Lake, where she continued with a boarding-house until her health broke.

By this time the children were able to care for themselves and help the good mother who had had their interest so much at heart. Sister Pyper makes her home from time to time with different ones of her four daughters and one son, Mrs. Marietta Jenkins, Mrs. Alda Pexton, Mrs. Kate Wooley, Mrs. Lavelle Wallace, and Allan G. Pyper. She has the satisfaction of seeing her children living right, taking their part bravely in life, and she herself is welcomed wherever she goes with her sweet and valiant spirit.

Love the Lord

By Weston N. Nordgran

Love the Lord, my younger brother,
Value high, His Holy Word.
Never speak unkind to others—
Do not get your anger stirred.

Love the Lord, and do His bidding;
Though you miss the earthly gain;
Preach and teach, and go on living,
That the Gospel plan may reign!

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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Room 28, Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah

Magazine entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah

Vol. XIV

JULY, 1927

No. 7

EDITORIAL

The Nephi Celebration

Last fall the City of Nephi celebrated the 75th anniversary of its founding. There were on the stand during their several meetings a rather large group of people whose lives had practically spanned the history of the little settlement, now the county seat of Juab county. The governor in his address rightly took account of the mineral wealth, the wheat and the sheep. All that he said of the thrift and prosperity of the town and county was doubtless true, yet many of us appreciate above all else the people who have resided and are still residing there.

We are including in this issue sketches of pioneer women of Nephi, among them the story of the first white baby girl born there, who is at present a resident of Salt Lake City. Those women worked from dawn to setting sun, and that which they wrought in connection with their husbands is a monument to their industry and courage. They bore children in habitations that afforded slight protection from the rage of the elements; they bore them in terror during the Walker Indian War. Nevertheless, they

trusted in their Father in heaven, who filled them with his spirit, making joyous and complete their lives somewhat barren in material gifts, but rich in the blessings of their Lord and Savior. Their testimonies of love for God and faith in him come ringing down to us in notes of certainty that will never fail to guide. Heaven bless their sacred memories. They are among the noble of the earth, and will doubtless be among those who will be richly rewarded in our Father's kingdom.

Mrs. Lyman Invited to Geneva

One of the supreme beauty spots of the world is Geneva, Switzerland. This beauty is materially heightened during the months of May and June, and so a good many important congresses find it convenient to meet in Switzerland, not alone because it is a pleasant place to be, but also because it is regarded as neutral ground.

The International Council of Women called a session of the Executives and Standing Committees of that organization to be held in Geneva, Switzerland, from June 7 to 17. Dr. Valera H. Parker, finding it impossible, in the face of her many exacting duties to be present, wrote asking Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman, the Recording Secretary of the Council, to go in her stead.

Although Mrs. Lyman could not leave at the present time, a thing that is in a measure regrettable, nevertheless we feel keenly the honor that has been extended to her personally, to the Relief Society, whose representative she has been at the Council meetings for many years, to the women of Utah in general and to "Mormon" women in particular.

The invitation is indicative of the fulfilment of a hope and deep felt desire that as the world advances its progress will be augmented by the fact that women of all nations, creeds and color are coming to a deeper understanding of one another and finding that all good and true women as well as all good and true people are banded together for the accomplishment of one end, and that end is the making of a better world.

Mrs. Hart Goes to Canada

A luncheon was given to Mrs. Lalene H. Hart at the Marian-Lois Lunch Rooms, on East First South, prior to her departure for Canada. The table decorations were especially beautiful, con-

sisting as they did of a large basket of blue and pink flowers that shed brightness and color in all directions.

After the luncheon the Board Members retired to the parlors above the dining room where they took turns in reading tributes to Mrs. Hart. At the close of the program President Clarissa Smith Williams presented a gift to Mrs. Hart on behalf of the Board. The afternoon was enjoyable in every particular and gave all members an opportunity to express to Mrs. Hart appreciation for her valued labors. "We shall miss her greatly and feel the need of her services many times," said President Williams, in the course of her remarks, "yet we know that in the new field to which she is called she will be very helpful." Those who listened to Mrs. Hart's address at the conference realize that she has the spirit of her calling. She goes with the best wishes of the Board with which she is intimately connected and with the good will and faith and prayers of all Relief Society workers, we are assured.

Much credit is due to the committee, consisting of Mrs. Louise Y. Robinson, Mrs. Cora L. Bennion and Mrs. Rosannah C. Irvine, that had the luncheon in charge.

Prizes for a Short Play

The *Improvement Era* offers a prize of \$40 for the best one-act play. The decision of the judges will be final.

The subject may center around:

1. Any gospel theme, or pioneer experience;
2. The M. I. A. work;
3. Outdoor subjects—Fathers and Sons' Outing, Scouting, etc.

The offer is open to all. Manuscripts must be in the hands of the editor of the *Improvement Era* on or before the first day of October, 1927. The play should be unsigned and accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the name and address of the author and the title of the play. The range of the subjects may be as broad as the work of the M. I. A. organization; it need not be confined to the foregoing suggestions, but the theme should be consistent with and relevant to M. I. A. standards and work.

The play winning the prize is to become the property of the *Improvement Era*. All other manuscripts will be returned or arrangements made for their purchase.

The *Era* printed the "Unequal Yoke" in 1925. See this number for "The Rescue," the winner in 1926. What will be the title and who the winner in 1927?

The 24th of July, 56 Years Ago

By Ellen L. Jakeman

The citizens of a small "Mormon" settlement in Utah were preparing to celebrate the twenty-fourth of July just as it should be done, and for two weeks the town had been enveloped in a warm glow of suppressed excitement and joyous anticipation.

At last, the morning of Pioneer Day arrived and the dawn came full of gladness over the Wasatch hills to greet our country's flag hoisted by men who bared their heads in reverence; and the sun seemed to spread his glory in response to the day-break salvo of twenty-four guns.

Two bands paraded the streets in horse-drawn farm wagons dispensing music—the brass band, with gusty blair of lutes and horns, and deep soul-searching throbs of drums. The string band followed with sweeter music, perhaps thin and wistful in the clear air, but no better appreciated than the sonorous brass.

Even those born to the sight of the endless stretches of our gray-green sage flats and beetling crags of the rugged hills were so starved for light and color and a concord of sweet sounds, that the scanty display of rather limp bunting, the waving of flags and the semi-uniforms of the bands, pouring out their patriotic and martial strains, reached and tingled the delighted, youthful population, till their nerves thrilled with exquisite pleasure.

These were followed by a wagon load of small boys equipped with tin pans and willow whistles, (a clown band) appropriately crowned with fools' caps and paper. Just in the wake of the legitimate bands and wherever they paused, at the residence of a sufficiently prominent citizen or a good cook, the clown band followed; and as soon as their predecessors had finished, the boys with great enthusiasm beat their tins and whistled deafeningly.

There being no place of public entertainment in the town, arrangements had been made for the legitimate bands to breakfast at private homes, and all along the route hospitable women regaled them with sandwiches, doughnuts, beer and cake, all home-made, and the tin band came in for a full share of feasting and appreciation.

The citizens poured out of their homes in gala-day attire, leaving their houses wide open behind them, so far as locks and bars were concerned.

The grand parade for which so much preparation had been made, both publicly and secretly, was formed about ten o'clock on the principal street.

CELEBRATING THE TWENTY-FOURTH OF JULY 341

- First. A representation of the Pioneers as they journeyed across the plains. Travel-stained wagons, ox teams driven by slat-bonneted women, stern-faced men walking with guns across their arms, children sticking their heads out of holes in the dilapidated weather-rotted covers. Black camp-kettles and other fire-marked cooking utensils, and bales of sage brush for the camp fire, hung under these wagons, bobbing drearily as the oxen swung and plodded along.
- Second. Next in line of march and history were good horse teams driven by stalwart men, still with guns in evidence, but the hay racks on their wagons were fairly smothered with the products of the country so lately a wilderness. Sheaves of grain, a variety of vegetables, boughs laden with fruit, mostly wild; and where the varieties were not in season, they had been more or less cleverly imitated.
- Third. The Ecclesiastical Authorities in the only carriage the town afforded. Men selected for their probity, vision and wisdom; whose devotion to God and their fellow men had been tried and found true. Men who, guns in hand, had walked every step of the way across the trackless plains; and now when the frost of years was on their heads, still blessing these outcasts from civilization, with the faith, sweetness and wisdom garnered in the years of strenuous hardship. Loved and respected by every honest soul, friends and fathers of the people.
- Fourth. The Civil Authorities, every man of them with a small U. S. flag in his hat.
- Fifth. On horse back rode twenty-four young ladies in white, a bevy of beauty and the pick of the town; while a like number of young men in their newest homespun, well mounted, rode at the right of the young ladies, representing UTAH, and the honored day.
- Sixth. On a small, but highly ornate float, standing, rode the Goddess of Liberty; very appropriately placed, following Utah and not yet having overtaken her. She who posed on this float was a very tall woman artistically draped in sheets, and grasping for safety as well as dramatic effect, a firmly morticed flag staff, while over her head, adorned with long, bright curls, floated the glorious Stars and Stripes.
- Seventh. On a hayracked wagon made soft with new mown grass, and drawn by an especially reliable team, rode many little girls dressed in all colors of the rainbow, proclaiming by the lettering on their paper-gilt sashes, that they were the states of the Union. Not yet had Utah begun to blossom as the rose. True, there were a few spice pinks, sweet-peas and hair-bells growing among the potatoes and beans of necessity and those who owned them reaped a bounteous harvest on this day; nor were the garden blooms of wild

mustard scorned, when more desirable flowers gave out. A wreath of varied blooms, tied on a willow wand in compact mass encircled each proud and happy young head.

Eighth. The brass band, which discoursed thrilling sounds as they marched, to the utter bliss of the young and uncritical.

Ninth. In this commemorative parade were represented the arts, trades, and industries as apart from agriculture, etc. It took several wagons with cloth-covered platforms to display their wares, which were by no means either scant or crude. It was passing strange how many real artisans and highly skilled mechanics there were in this little, new, pioneer town. It will be remembered in the building of our beautiful Temple that, what every person needed, either for architectural, constructive or decorative work, was found among our own people. A building that in all ages will be famed for being perfect in every line.

Tenth. Another commodious hay rack, made soft with grass, and with ropes drawn from stake to stake to insure none of the occupants would leak out, in which were all the small fry not otherwise disposed of, rode grandly beneath a banner: "Utah's Best Crop."

Eleventh. The string band still going strong, doing all they could to swell the general hilarity, and make the "welkin ring."

Twelfth. A party of self-invited Indians who joined in the procession without having the least idea what it was about, and walked or rode as they listed; and occasionally when the bands were not playing they broke into a weird, monotonous tune, beating time on their ribs with their elbows,—“Hum nuye, hum numye,” which they half chanted and half grunted, with great satisfaction to themselves, at least.

Thirteenth. A surprise section of Antiques and Horribles, prepared in secret. Some of the living statuary very closely resembled prominent people of the town, and were greeted with great hilarity, even by those caricatured. On the front seat of this display, driving the mule team sat the most austere and dignified woman of the settlement, a Sister Bradley. She had refused absolutely to have anything to do with the parade, but would be at the bowery, she said, later. Everybody laughed to see her sitting there; and blacking her face and covering her long hair with a close fitting cap had not disguised her from prompt recognition. There was no mistaking the sharp features, the gaunt, bony figure, or her second best dress,—it was as well known as her rather remarkable face. Well! Well! Wonders would never cease.

Fourteenth. A whole mob of small boys, whose attendants tried in vain to keep in line of march, proudly waved a home-made banner which demanded that the town should pick from their

ranks the "Next President," but not stating president of what?

Fifteenth. The tin band, who had to be suppressed occasionally.

Sixteenth. Citizens in their own wagons, half-a-dozen of them, and a long decorous marching brigade of solid citizens on foot; and boys, and dogs, and what-not, brought up the rear.

Seventeenth. The Marshal of the day, resplendent in the uniform of the Utah Militia, black and orange. His wide-brimmed hat caught up on one side with a silver buckle, a bald eagle, holding in its clutch a magnificent plume, that, but for its black color, would have done credit to Henry of Navarre. His long sword and deep fringed scarlet sash were impressive. He rode up and down the line directing the route of the procession, and when not otherwise engaged, dashed gallantly its entire length, getting some fancy curvetting and dance steps out of his powerful and well trained horse. He was attended by two very small boys on diminutive donkeys, sashed with red strings, hats cocked up with rooster feathers, and carrying wooden swords so long they almost dragged the ground. This body guard was furnished by the antiques and horribles, and made themselves as near a nuisance as possible.

It has cost too much in time and energy to prepare the various features of the parade not to prolong it till the last drop of joy had been abstracted; so they went up one street and down another till the town had been pretty well covered. Passing a small prim house on the outskirts of the village a thing happened not down on the program. Out of the door came a whirlwind in skirts, and just as the antiques and horribles got opposite the gate, too late to cover, duck or flee, the driver saw the approach, attempted to get out of the wagon, but hampered by the skirts of the costume, fell out. Before he could struggle to his feet he was pounced upon by the feminine whirlwind, disrobed none too gently, soundly boxed on the paws and left in the middle of the street (and his fellow townsmen) in rather abbreviated underwear, and was at once recognized as the young son of Sister Bradley. No one had realized how very much they looked alike until this contretemps. Of course, everybody enjoyed the joke but the lad himself. He would have followed his mother into the house but she had locked the door and he disappeared around the corner of the wood-pile, and was seen no more that day,—not even at the party in the evening.

The procession finally reached the bowery and in an orderly manner went to pieces. It was delightful to get into the deep, cool, green shade of this hand-made grove, open on all sides and ten feet in the clear. Constructed against the meeting house, it turned that spacious room into a cool cave of a place, dim and

restful. The bowery was roomy. The earth had been leveled, sprinkled, rolled hard and spread with clean straw. The roof was upheld by quaking asp poles laid from crotch to crotch of the lower limbs of tree trunks, selected, trimmed up and set firmly in the earth to meet specifications. On this criss-cross of tough and slender poles, were piled leafy boughs, mostly cottonwood, in many tiers, till the desired depth was achieved.

Tables were made by laying boards on trestles extending down either side of the thirty-foot room; and acceptable seats were like the tables, only on lower trestles and of one board.

The clean boards of the table were quickly covered with newspapers, and energetic women very soon had the hampers, squaw-baskets, dishpans and other receptacles emptied of their loads of good things and the table was a cheering sight. The whole town dined together, except Sister Bradley and her son, who were sent for but declined to come. The feast was ample and excellent. The Bishop offered an impressive though simple "Grace Before Meat," and each full and grateful heart replied, "Amen."

Never were there fruits and vegetables of such fine flavor and quality as those grown from the virgin soil of Utah!

The children sat on the clean straw when table room gave out, and were waited upon by a bevy of young girls. The feast was prolonged and somewhat noisy, but there is a time for everything, and the noise itself was part of the hilarious aftermath of the splendid parade.

The Indians were the last to leave the festive board. It was not exactly compulsory, but a dishpan full of food was offered to them if they would go outside the bowery to eat it, and they accepted the suggestion.

Then the program was rendered.

First. Reading of the Declaration of Independence."

Second. Singing of the "Star Spangled Banner," by a wonderful voice trained by great masters in the old world, to finally lift its golden cadences in freedom's songs, among the hills and vales of Zion.

Third. Declamation of "The Last Speech of Chief Logan," an Indian, and a great American; as set forth in McGuffey's fifth reader, in use in the schools of that time.

Fourth. Comic Song: "Squaw-killer Harney's on the Road," happily now forgotten.

Fifth. A heart moving description of the journey and arrival of the first Pioneers into the valleys, preceded by a brief sketch of the incidents leading up to their exodus from the states.

Sixth. Congregational singing: "For the Strength of the Hills we Bless Thee."

Seventh. Followed by "Early Settlers" whose stories never should have been forgotten.

Eighth. Brass Band.

Ninth. Tin Band, quickly suppressed because it made the babies cry.

Tenth. Home-made jokes, local hits and border songs, interspersed by music by the bands.

The Bishop then made a few impromptu remarks, in appreciation of those who had labored to make the day so enjoyable, commending various features of the parade, banquet and program and said it was proper now to give the time to the "Sports and Games" which he understood were to follow the program and precede the dance.

Arapine, chief of the Indians present, sat just in front of the improvised speakers stand, listening intently; and perceiving that the assemblage was about to be dismissed, called an Indian boy to him and whispered in his ear, and the young Mercury sped away.

When the Bishop had finished, Arapine arose and asked if he might make a small talk in the few English words he knew.

A ripple of amused derision passed over the assembly, but was sternly repressed by the Bishop.

"Let me not hear one disrespectful word, nor see one smile of ridicule." He motioned the Indian to a place by his side, and laying his hand on the Chieftan's shoulder continued. "In this poor native's veins there flows the blood of Israel. Look at him from the tangled mass of gray hair to the buckskin moccasins! He has more claim on the promises made to the fathers than any of us. At best we have only a moiety of that royal blood, and many are but wild olive branches grafted on. Now we'll hear what he has to say. Come up and interpret where the Chief's English fails him," said the Bishop beckoning to a swarthy man, Marion Shelton, well known for his proficiency in Indian languages.

As interpreted his speech ran thus: though no doubt some fine points were lost, as well as some of its picturesque imagery for which the Indians are famous:

"Listen, white brothers, to the words of Manywaters, whose head is white with the frost and snow of bitter winters. We did not come here today to eat white bread and sweet things to make our stomachs ache, but to tell you that we are also the children of the Eagles."

The interpreter repeated what Arapine had said and looked at the Bishop, who stepped forward and said:

"He is telling us we are all of one blood, and I tell you that we are, and it is the blood of Israel."

The Indian continued:

"Manitou has hidden his face from his red children for many snows." He paused and a contortion of pain crossed over his

face. "White men have been the tomahawk of Manitou and the Indians have been slain and driven like dust in big wind," and his features were eloquent with despair.

"We brave! we kill, we rob, no use! Too many Mericats." (Americans.) "Indian not know Mericat from "Mormon." I took my warriors and went to kill small wagon company, (he help up five fingers,) that was going farther into the country, take more Indian land. They camp good place to kill. We creep up in brush. All ready when morning star should rise. White Chief no turn out cattle. Women and children walk in fear. Men stand close, talk low, look about, no see us!"

He glanced over the company indicating the Goddess of Liberty but shaking his head, he talked direct to the interpreter who translated:

"They all went into their wagons and pretty soon came out in white clothes something like the Goddess of Liberty, and sang a great song to Manitou; stood in a circle and lifted sad faces, and with one voice spoke mighty things to Him."

Then the Bishop interposed again.

"Brethren and sisters, what this Indian is telling you is true. That was a party of colonists, who, in disobedience of counsel, had gone out ahead of the main body of the company, to grab the best land, and well might they supplicate God in fear, for they had forfeited protection." Arapine with a note of approval of the Bishop's remarks resumed:

"We listened, not much understand; but we knew they talked to Manitou, and our stout hearts flowed like water. Then came the shadows of Redmen, our fathers, and formed into a guard above their heads; and each warrior held a drawn bow and arrow, and the arrows were aimed at us who skulked in the brush," and he drew back his arm as if drawing an arrow to the head.

"We wormed away as the snake travels. We met at our camp in the mountains. We knew we must no more kill 'Mormons.' We want to be friends and brothers. If my young men go wild and kill a beef when they are hungry, *don't shoot*. We will kill your enemies—" the interpreter paused and looked at the Bishop, who came hastily forward and again placed his hand on the shoulder of the old chief:

"No! No! You must not kill *anyone*. Manitou will take vengeance. We do not kill our enemies. You must not kill anyone! Mericat, 'Mormon,' nor Redmen! Arapine, do you understand?" he said sternly.

The Indian nodded several times but with rather a puzzled face. Had the interpreter repeat it twice and then said a little doubtfully: "All right."

His messenger had now returned with a large willow cage.

holding a young but full grown eagle. He took the cage and held it up for all to see.

"This bird we have taught the Indian language. We have told it over and over the story I have told you. We have promised it liberty if it will go to Manitou and tell him we will kill no more 'Mormons'—" Again the Bishop intervened.

"Tell Manitou you and your braves will kill no more people at all! No Mericats, no 'Mormons,' no Indians!"

"Not Navajo?" he naively inquired.

"Not any one," said the Bishop firmly.

It looked for a moment like Arapine might rebel. Then his black eyes of fierce refusal fell before the commanding, yet persuasive eloquence of the Bishop's benevolent blue orbs. The Indian's form dropped as if all the zest of spice had suddenly been abstracted from life, but he said:

"All right," repeating the words of the Bishop to the eagle as the interpreter translated it; and continued his remarks.

"If this eagle goes straight up, we will know that he has gone to Manitou to tell him all our hearts and has kept faith with us; but if he circles round and goes to his wife and children in the rocks of the mountains, he has bought his freedom with a lie."

The Chief took the cage and walked outside of the bowery, and resting it on a wagon wheel in full view of the people, opened wide the cage.

The eagle looked about him with a dauntless eyes, with no motion of fear or even of eagerness, he stepped outside of the cage, spread his broad wings, and mounted into the clear atmosphere. One wide slow circle he took toward the mountains, but with a winding and recurvate flight came back till he was directly over the bowery. Watched with breathless eagerness by all, both red and white, he mounted in ever lessening circles into the celestial blue of the skies. When the last speck had vanished a mighty shout went up from the Indians, and some of the whites, carried away by the tense drama of the scene shouted with them.

Again the Bishop had a word to say:

"This thing not on the program is the greatest event that has happened today. These Indians have had a vision. The Spirit of God has visited them, to the saving of life and the beginning of their redemption. They have accepted us as blood brothers, which we are, all being of the house of Israel. This is the most potent treaty that could be made with the Indians. It will spread to all the tribes. The day of savage warfare with them is about over. You are taking part in a history making incident. Let no ridicule be made of their manner of approaching God. They will learn. From this time forth let no one among our people shed the blood of an Indian. Those who do it will suffer for it, and the nations and people who do it will not escape. I want you all to shake hands with these lowly relatives of ours who

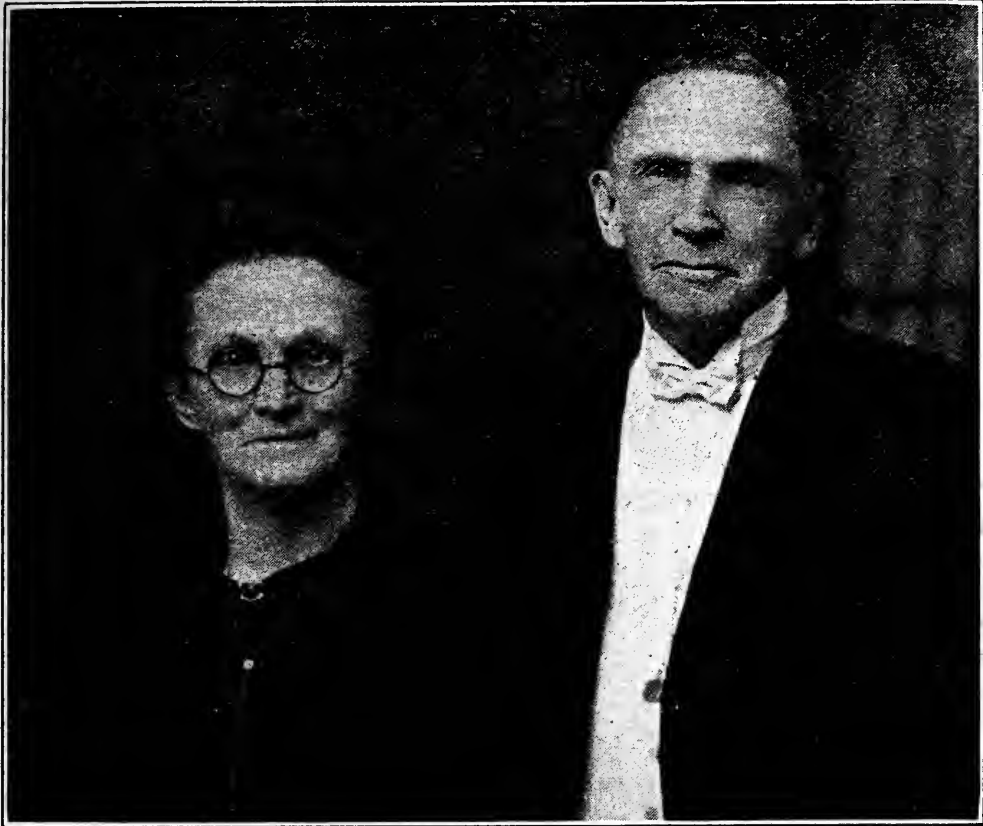
have come to proffer us their friendship. Do not repulse them, but come with me and shake them by the hand to ratify the covenant we have made with them, and remember it must not be broken." The Bishop went first, and the people followed him, and the Indians were delighted. They were asked to join in the athletic games that came later, and showed the white men some amazing feats of strength and dexterity.

Small children were tired and many of them asleep. Babies had cried a good deal, but nevertheless were made welcome. Mothers now began to gather their broods preparatory to trailing homeward so the meeting was decorously dismissed. Each family endeavored to collect their individual belongings, and return to their domiciles, for there were cows to be milked, chickens to feed and other homely duties to be performed.

At "early candle light" those who wished to dance reassembled and to the music of accordians and violins, danced the becoming old fashioned dances. Many a sweet romance had its beginning in those dim, rustic ballrooms. Dances closed promptly at midnight in those far off days, as there was much labor to be performed, and every individual in those primitive communities belonged to the "working class."

The villages were small enough that all were of one class, one family as it were, though of many nationalities. Every man was a friend and brother, every woman was a friend and sister. They each and all had just one motive in being there, one object to attain, one faith, one God. Has there ever been anything like it on the earth before? Will there ever be anything like it again?

Recently a prize was won by a young woman who wrote a play called "Chicago." This play has been one of the most successful plays presented in New York during the present season. One writer in telling of the achievement remarks, "and the author is a young woman of twenty-four years of age who does not smoke cigarettes or drink liquor, or as yet has not bobbed her hair."



SARAH ANDREWS BAILEY AND HER HUSBAND, LANGLEY A. BAILEY

Sarah Andrews Bailey

“It isn’t the number of years you’ve lived;
That isn’t what counts, you know;
It’s the way you’ve lived and the good you’ve done
That makes us love you so.”

In the pleasant little village of Packington, Leicestershire, England, lived William Andrews, his wife, Ann Wright Andrews, and their four children, two girls and two boys, when the gospel message came to them, which changed so entirely the course of their lives. This good couple, naturally susceptible to the truth, saw the light of the gospel at once, and accepted it, because all their lives they were honest and upright, with love in their hearts for God and their fellow men.

Sarah, their second daughter, the subject of this sketch, was born January 12, 1845, at Packington, Leicestershire, England. She was twelve years old when she and her older sister “Betsy” accepted the gospel, in September, 1857. To avoid persecution, the elders under cover of darkness, took them to Coloton, three miles from their home and baptized them. A mob gathered, however,

and boasted of what they would do, but no harm came to them other than they were forced to listen to the vile language of the mob. Later that evening they met at the home of one of the Saints and were confirmed. Here many powerful testimonies were borne, and a spiritual feast enjoyed that left its impression upon the lives of these two young women.

She received her elementary education while in England. At the age of six, her grandmother, who was a specialist in making wool goods, taught her to make thumbs for woolen mittens and tops to babies' bootees, using a flat hook which was very difficult to use. She often received scoldings for soiling them, as her



tiny hands often did. Being a member of the Baptist church, she was required to memorize numberless passages of scripture, receiving prizes for memorizing the greatest number.

In the Summer of 1860, this family left their old home and dear friends to gather with the Saints. Sarah was then a girl of fifteen years. It almost broke her heart to part from her dear friend and chum, Mary Granger. Being of a bright and sunny disposition, however, she looked on the bright side and sub-

merged her heartaches in comforting others. From Liverpool the family set sail in the sailing vessel, *William Tapscott*. They were six weeks on the ocean in an over-crowded ship. The mother and sister were ill the entire voyage, and the cooking and care of the invalids rested upon Sarah's young shoulders. Doing the cooking for the family on the ship was difficult as only one stove was used for the entire company. Her life was miraculously preserved while on deck. Hanging out the family washing, the ship rocked and swung her over the side of the vessel and as it launched back, she secured her footing and was saved from the watery grave.

The family landed in New York and took train to Winterquarters. There they were met by Thomas Wright, an uncle, and crossed the plains in Brigham H. Young's ox team company, composed mostly of freighters. Sarah walked the entire way from Winterquarters to Nephi, driving calves and the extra oxen. They arrived in Nephi, September 16, 1860, tired, footsore and weary, with no home to go to. The home of their uncle was too small to accommodate them. The father, mother and small children slept in a wagon all winter, while Sarah's first night in Zion she slept in a corn crib. The next day she went to work and worked for six weeks for a pair of shoes which were too large for her. She was then dismissed by the woman because the man of the house thought she was indispensable to his happiness.

Father Andrews' family, after much effort, bought a one room adobe house with a dirt roof. There was practically no furniture. They slept on the floor and the fire-place and the bake skillet was their stove and cooking utensil, but it was "Home, Sweet Home" to them.

Later that season, Sarah met Langley A. Bailey at the home of her uncle, Thomas Wright. When asked for his first impression of Sarah, Langley said: "She certainly looked good to me the first time I saw her, and what's more, I've loved her more every day since. When she marched in the parade July 24, 1861, wearing a beautiful white dress she had brought from England, and a wreath of flowers on her curly head, I was completely won." They were married November 17, 1861, by the uncle at whose home they first met.

A new life was opening before them, full of care and responsibility, as pioneer life always is, but with stout, courageous hearts, they looked undaunted, full of faith in the future. They lived with Father and Mother Andrews for six years. When their first child was born, the roof of the house leaked and water dripped onto the bed where the mother and child lay. When this child was six months old, he died. From her only white dress, brought from England, she fashioned with her own hands its burial clothes. That fall their only cow died and the Indians

killed one of their oxen with a poison arrow. Through all these discouragements their faith remained firm.

When William, their second child, was two years old they traveled six days by ox team to Salt Lake City in extremely cold weather to get their blessings in the old Endowment House. This was in December, 1865. Their first home was a blue adobe house, located on the same lot where their present home now stands. Here their third child was born. When he was only a day old, Sarah's husband was called to guard the town from the Indians. Not returning that night, the young wife lay in suspense, not knowing whether her husband was scalped or not, as she could hear the yelps of the Red Men.

Sarah Andrews Bailey was the mother of twelve children of her own, and a wonderful mother she is! Her constant petition has been:

"Father, order all my footsteps;
So direct my daily way
That in following me, my children
May not ever go astray."

Is it any wonder that she added others to her flock that needed a real mother's care? One who was proud to call her mother was the late Bishop Thomas H. Blackburn of Brigham City. In a letter to her he said:

"Dear Mother: I want to say to you while you are here that my love for my mother is no greater than my love for you. It is true my mother brought me into this world, and did what she could for me, but at the time when I came into your home I lived there as one of your own boys. You were a great help to me by your loving kindness and anxiety over me, and helped to make a man of me. I cannot feel too grateful to you and Father Bailey for it, and I know my father and mother appreciate it; and you have been a mother to others; and they, too, will thank you for it and for all these acts of kindness on your part. You are entitled to the blessings of our heavenly Father and I know he will bless and preserve you and comfort you when you are cast down and discouraged, for he will be near you and that to bless you. Your loving boy, Thomas Blackburn."

She was willing to share all she possessed with other. She mothered a little German boy whom her son brought home when he returned from a mission as well as four other motherless children. Her husband and four sons filed foreign missions. When her husband was away on his mission, she, with the help of her sons, built a home they had planned together. She also cared for eight children during this time.

This busy mother was a member of the Relief Society from 1869. She was an active relief teacher for more than thirty-five years. She was also a member of the first Old Folks' Committee in Nephi and continued in active Church service until 1919, when she resigned on account of poor health. She has enter-

tained numerous Church authorities and missionaries in her home. Besides, she has fed and clothed the homeless, and many immigrants who came there.

Since her family were all grown, she spent two winters in California, also attending the World's Fair in San Francisco, and visiting her son while in training at Camp Lewis, Washington.

In November, 1926, she, with her husband and descendants, celebrated their sixty-fifth wedding anniversary. Sarah is the mother of twelve children, six sons and six daughters, seven of whom are still living. There are also forty grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

Discouragements have come to her, but her great faith has prevailed, and prosperity has smiled upon her and brought many comforts of life. She clasped duty firmly by the hand and with love by her side she has marched bravely down through the years. Her friends are a legion and to her children she is a divine gift and they sing with the poet:

"God thought to give the sweetest thing
In his almighty power
To earth; and deeply pondering
What it should be—one hour
In fondest joy and love of heart
Out-weighting every other,
He moved the gates of Heaven apart,
And gave to earth—a mother!"

Life's Measure

By Bessie E. Redding

Give us more of true living—
Just loving and giving
Of comfort and cheer.

O, why all this fretting
And always forgetting
Our mission here?

Life is full to the measure
Of infinite pleasure
In service sincere.

Tabitha Matilda Norton

By her Granddaughter Minnie Wright Boyle

Grandma Norton was born in Jackson county, Ohio, January 29, 1837. She was the daughter of John and Christina Staker McDaniel and was the second child of a family of eight. When she was one year old her father's family was compelled to leave their home on account of their religion. They moved to Illinois and later went to Iowa and there prepared to come west. She was a pioneer of 1852, making most of the journey across the plains on foot. The family settled in Alpine, Utah. She lived in this little mountain village until she married William David Norton.

Her mother died when she was a small girl, but she cared for the family like a mother. The family included a little brother only nine days old. It is said that this child throughout all his life called her mother and often told her that no better mother ever lived. Thirteen children were born to her; eleven of these she reared and also one grandchild. Two small children and four grown daughters and three grown sons and her husband preceded her in death.

Grandma was an excellent weaver. In the early days she made straw hats for her family. These hats were made from meadow grass and pressed with a hot iron while damp. She spun, wove, and sewed by hand clothes for the entire family. She colored the cloth used for dresses with green sagebrush and the yellow blossoms of the rabbit brush. She also made full suits for her husband and the boys. These clothes were pressed with one flat iron, for at one time she owned the only iron in the settlement, and it was handed from one family to another, making the round about every two weeks.

Grandma and Grandpa moved to Willard, Boxelder county, and that is where my mother was born. From there they were called by President Brigham Young, with other Saints to settle Dixie. On the way to Dixie an incident full of human interest occurred. The children wished to take with them a cat, but because of the load and the confusion of the trip, Grandpa refused their request. The children seldom disobeyed him, as he was very strict, but their love for their pet overcame all fears, so they hid pussy in the wagon. In the evening after they had, as was their custom, made a circle of their wagons, in getting out of the wagon the necessary utensils to cook supper on the camp-fire, Grandpa discovered the cat. The thought that his children had disobeyed him made him very angry and he took kitty by

the tail and swinging it around and around, then let it go. It lit in the frying pan of one of his comrades who was frying salt bacon for supper. It jumped from the pan and no more was seen of it until the next evening when they camped for the night. In taking the necessary things from the wagon, pussy was discovered deep down in one corner with nine little kittens. Grandpa loved animals as well as children and felt sorry for his show of temper the night before. He tucked in the cat with the kittens and they journeyed to the south with the family, and Grandma often spoke of the pleasure the ten cats gave not only to her own children but the other children of the settlement.

After a year and a half in Dixie they started back for food and for safety. The Indians had stolen most of their cattle and much of their food and clothing. It was in the middle of winter, cold and dreary. On Christmas Eve they camped under some cedar trees and prepared to celebrate next day, (Christmas Day) as best they could. They received a wonderful Christmas present. A baby boy was born to them in a large army wagon, this being their fifth child. They rested three days and then journeyed on to Richfield, where they found food, clothing and friends. They moved to Gunnison and later to Nephi, where they lived for more than forty years.

When Grandma first moved to Nephi she lived in a dugout on the bank of the "Big Hollow," while Grandpa built a one-room house and a "lean-to." As the family increased he built on three more rooms. They lived in these rooms before they were entirely finished and one night in early spring while they were all in bed an awful wind storm came up and blew the roof off the house. While going into the other room to see if the children were all right, one of the walls caved in and almost buried Grandpa. Grandma arose, and holding a young baby in one arm, worked for more than an hour lifting adobes and rafters off Grandpa. He was hurt very badly and could not walk for months. It was at this time that a little girl was killed. Grandma was also badly hurt, being almost scalped, but did not realize it until long after neighbors arrived to help them out. They built another house on the same lot and it is still standing.

Another story of human interest, incident to the bringing up of a family is told of Grandpa. They had a large family and many of the neighbor children came to Grandma's to play. In their games they ran round and round the house, creating much confusion and disconcerting in a measure, Grandpa. He used to say, "Go it boots, shoes are cheap. Wear the ground out around the house and leave me and Ma up on a hill." My mother said that she had a mental picture of Grandma and Grandpa high up on a hill and all the children below climbing up the dirt steps to the house above.

Grandma and Grandpa lived together fifty-two years. She

always felt that she had been greatly blessed to live for so long a time with her helpmate. After Grandpa's death she gave up the old home and went to live with her children.

She died December 11, 1920. Her work was done. She was satisfied to go. She had perfect faith that she would be met and greeted by her husband and the boys and girls who had gone before.

Special Notice to Stake and Ward Officers

The General Board of Relief Society is in receipt of a letter from the General Board of the Primary Association which sets forth the fact that the Primary children having supplied the convalescent hospital with what is needed are now eager to do something to be helpful to others who need help. Consequently, they are asking that the Relief Society in all stakes and in all wards plan their work in such a way that these young people of the Seagull organization may assist in such sewing as they are capable of doing.

This suggestion coming from the Primary Association has the hearty approval of the General Board of the Relief Society. The notice by the Primary Association, which follows, will make clear what that organization has in mind.

SEAGULL GIRLS ANXIOUS TO HELP THOSE IN NEED

"Due to the fact that there is no present need for supplies for the Children's Convalescent Hospital, the Seagull girls of the Church have asked the privilege of co-operating with the Relief Societies for this Summer in doing some needed handwork, such as mending, darning, sewing or other such work which will be helpful to busy mothers. It is desired that the Seagull advisors confer with the Relief Society workers and that the task be assigned which will be considered best by the officers of both associations."

Respectfully,

General Board Primary Ass'ns.

By GENET B. DEE

Chairman Seagull Committee.

Sea Gulls

By Claire Stewart Boyer

There's a silver dream comes out of the West
From the shores of an inland sea,
And the men who know the story best
Have told the tale to me:

They are white-haired men of the yesteryears,
And their eyes with splendor shine
As they tell of their banded pioneers
And the bird that they hold divine.

These great, grim men of the storied past
In youth broke the virgin sod
Of a promised land that was given them
By the grace and the hand of God.

In faith they sowed the golden seed
That must make their future sure,
But the spirits God chooses must stand the test
That lesser souls can't endure.

So, over the mellowing fields there poured
A scourge like the scourges of old,
Multitudinous crickets, a vanquishing horde,
And the hearts of the toilers grew cold:

In frenzy they fought this great, ravaging foe,
Men, women, and children afield,
But their toil and their faith were fraught with new woe
For the hills greater legions revealed.

And, as if to condemn this new God-given land,
In fury they swarmed o'er the sod;
But faithful and pious the pioneer band
In fasting and prayers sought their God;

Then out of the West, from the lake's bosomed blue,
A great whirr of hastening light,
A bevy of silver-winged Sea Gulls flew
To the fields of the baneful plight.

A moment they hovered then dove from mid-air
And swallowed the darkening pest,
Magnificent answer to suppliant prayer
And a sign for these men of the West.

A symbol of faith hence, forever, to be
Sacred Sea Gull for all to revere.
And this is the tale from the inland sea,
The dream of the gaunt Pioneer.

Notes From the Field

By Amy Brown Lyman

European Mission.

French Mission Relief Societies. Following are excerpts from a letter from Mrs. Venus R. Rossiter, president of the Relief Societies of the French mission, who reports the introduction of the work into France. The French mission includes Belgium, Switzerland and France. "I am sure the General Board will be happy to know that the Relief Society has now been in-



RELIEF SOCIETY, LYONS, FRANCE

roduced into the French nation, and that two organizations are functioning each in the cities of Lyons and Besancon, France. To my best knowledge these are the first organizations that have been effected in France. Although missionaries had labored there before the Great War, there are no indications nor records showing that a Relief Society had been operating. It was at Lyons on November 3, 1926, that the first organization was made, with a membership of five. (The membership of the Society has now increased above that number.) At Besancon the association was organized January 18, 1927, with a membership of five. The members in both of these branches are of a very fine type. They are very enthusiastic over their work. At the present time they are busy preparing for bazaars which are expected to be held in the near future. The Relief Society work in our mission is progressing in a very pleasing way. The Societies in Belgium

and Switzerland which have been organized for many years have doubled their activity. Previous to the organization of the French mission, which has been effected since the War, the activities of the Relief Societies were considered a very unimportant feature of the mission. Belgium, at that time, was a conference of the Netherlands mission, and Switzerland was a part of the Swiss and German mission. The language of the above named missions being foreign to that of the French conferences, was largely responsible for the lack of interest taken in the activities of this mission. Since its organization as a unit of its own, functioning apart from any other mission, the work has progressed much more satisfactorily, thus permitting a development of many new phases of Relief Society work in the year 1926, as the report will show compared with the activities as accomplished in 1925."

Norwegian Mission Relief Societies. The Relief Societies of the various branches in the Norwegian mission celebrated the organization of the Relief Society, March 17, 1842, with socials held in their respective meeting places. In Oslo branch, lantern slides of Utah scenery were shown, and needlework articles, etc., sold. President Mina Christiansen spoke of the Society's organization. Mission President Martin Christophersen told of his personal acquaintance with many of the leading sisters of the organization in Utah, of the great good they have done, he said he knew they were directed by the Spirit of God, because of the success they were having. A social was held in the Drammen branch. President Marie Anthonsen spoke of the Society's purpose. A good program was rendered, and a poem composed by the presiding Elder Marius A. J. Hall, was read. Remarks were then made by him, and refreshments were served. There were sixty-two present. President Cecilie Nielsen took charge of the Arendal branch, and stated the purpose of the organization. Presiding Elder John T. B. Johnsen then spoke. A program was rendered and refreshments served. There were fifteen present. In Fr drikshald branch a social was held in the home of Brother Jens Johansen, President Anna Johansen in charge. Branch President Gustav Andersen spoke and also Sister Johansen. A program was rendered and refreshments served and a few games played. President Anna Rindal had charge in Frondhjem branch. A very splendid program was presented and Conference President Harold Eriksen spoke of the great work that these Societies are doing. Remarks were made by Sisters Marie Voldseth, Marit Ingdal and Lagerta Christiansen, and Brother John Oien told of the difficulties the Society first had when organized at Trondhjem, but now they are prosperous. Refreshments were served. In Narvik branch (the most northern branch of the Church) a social was held, President Aslaug Sorensen in charge. Elder Elias J. Ellefsen spoke on the first Society's organization in 1842,

and of the good work they had been able to perform. At the same time they celebrated the day of the reorganization of the branch, March 14, 1922, five years ago. The branch president, Emil Evensen gave a report of the work that has been performed during these five years, and following is some of the results: There have been held 401 meetings, ten persons have been baptized, nine children blessed, and ten ordinations to the priesthood. Brother Alfred Sorensen also spoke, and refreshments were served. There was a very good attendance. President Sina Gundersen had charge in Bergen branch. A report of the work of the Society for last year was given by First Counselor Astrid Berentsen. A very good program was rendered, and refreshments were served. The presiding elder, Ole Andersen, spoke of the organization of the Society in Nauvoo, 1842, with eighteen members; and he urged the sisters to be faithful in their good work. Fifty-seven sisters were present. In Stavanger branch a social was held, President Hanna Thorgersen in charge. A very good program was rendered, and a poem composed by brother Martin Halvorsen was read by himself. Elder William Bjorndal made some remarks and Branch President Hilmer Bjorndal spoke concerning the organization of the Society. Refreshments were served and the table was prettily decorated with flags and flowers. There was a very good attendance. Two ladies not belonging to the Church asked to be made members of the Society. In Haugesund branch they held a bazaar, President Otilie Haugen in charge. A good program was rendered. Sisters Nicoline Petersen and Haugen made remarks concerning the organization of the Society. There were twenty-two present.

Jaurez Stake.

The Dublan and Juarez ward Relief Societies have made arrangements for maternity beds, where women from the mountain districts may come for care. The Jaurez stake last year offered a prize of a lovely book for 100% attendance at regular Relief Society meetings. The honor went to Dublan ward. Dublan ward has a very excellent choir, which furnishes singing once per month in the sacrament meetings.

Grant Stake.

The 17th of March anniversary was fittingly observed in the Grant stake tabernacle. A cantata, "The Opened Door," written by Mrs. Lucy May Green Mortenson and Mrs. Ida Horne White was given under the able direction of Mrs. White. The prologue, descriptive of the condition existing in the world for woman before the organization of the Relief Society by the Prophet Joseph Smith, and her achievements since that day, was written and read by Mrs. Louise Y. Robinson. The Cantata was

followed by a pageant written by Mrs. Edith Ivins Lamoreaux, portraying the many opportunities for women, particularly in our Church. During the rendition an ovation was paid Mrs. Ida H. White for her years of faithful service in Relief Society work, a large basket of flowers being presented to her by the Relief Society stake board.

Liberty Stake (September, 1926 plans).

Liberty stake Relief Societies used the month of September as an introduction to the year's work: The first Tuesday was devoted to a teachers' convention, the second Tuesday to a business meeting. On the third Tuesday opening socials were held in all the wards, and on the fourth Tuesday the October theology lesson was given to avoid a conflict with the October conference which comes the first week in October and which all Relief Society women in the city desire to attend.

Special effort was made through the social to interest every woman in the ward, first by extensive advertising with notices, handbills, written invitations and personal visits; secondly, by sociability at the entertainment with hearty greetings, names pinned on each guest, room attractively arranged, mixed up games and dances, community singing, gift giving and refreshments.

Following is one of the plans submitted in union meeting, in the presidents' department: *Increased Attendance*—"Every woman a member—or know the reason WHY." *How to Secure*—Get a list of non-members and delinquent members; give these names to enlisting and receiving committee; when soliciting attendance, call attention to provisions for taking care of children at meetings; advertise the meetings by: visiting teachers and members, special attractions, notices, cards, etc. *The New Member's First Visit*—Arrange to have someone call for her; give her a hearty welcome; explain rules for admission; invite her to come next time make her leave-taking cordial. *Converting the New-comers*—Conduct meeting with dispatch; have class teachers well prepared; make lessons inspiring; give her something to do.

Sevier Stake.

The Sevier stake Relief Society engineered a very unusually interesting evening in commemoration of the 85th anniversary of the organization, on the evening of the 17th of March, beginning with an excellent program at the High School Auditorium, each of the wards in the stake furnishing a high class number. After the program everyone took advantage of the free dance at the Anona, where many were costumed to represent pioneers, and both old and new dances were indulged in. The stake is blessed with a free clinic which operates for mothers and pre-school children the first Thursday in each month. Many mothers and children have been examined and given first aid where needed,

also advice as to what to do to regain normal health, and to retain good health.

North Davis Stake.

The North Davis stake recently held a stake teachers' convention, with 200 present, some of the women coming fifteen miles in a snow storm to attend. All the wards of the stake celebrated the anniversary of the organization on March 17. The bishops of the wards have come to feel that this day answers for a ward celebration and reunion. Everyone in the ward, including children, count on it from year to year. Three of the wards served dinner to between six and seven hundred people, ending with a ball at night. Non-"Mormons" count it as the one day of the year they enjoy.

Beaver Stake.

Health conferences have recently been held in various parts of the stake, and hundreds of children examined. The follow-up work is now being attended to. The 17th of March was celebrated with appropriate programs throughout the stake. The Beaver East and West ward Societies joined in their activities on that day. Two special features of the afternoon's program, a monologue entitled "A New Lease on Life," and a one act play, "Joint Owners in Pain," added much to the pleasure of the occasion. The committee in charge awarded prizes to various persons present as follows: Oldest lady, youngest mother, member of Relief Society longest, mother of largest family, mother of triplets, and much merriment was caused when the gentleman present with the longest feet was also given a prize. A ball was given in the evening in the Opera House, and because of the large attendance, these two Societies netted a nice sum of money.

Central States Mission (Rio Grande Relief Society).

On February 13 of this year the Rio Grande Relief Society was organized at Donna, Texas, where the branch conference was held, by President and Mrs. S. O. Bennion. The women are delighted with this blessing which has come to them, which is proved by their interest and activity. The officers are: president, Mrs. Ellen H. Jolley; counselors, Mrs. Florence Lindsey and Mrs. Jessie G. Ghormley; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Inez L. Smith; chorister, Mrs. Pearl C. Dewey. A business session was held immediately to determine ways and means of raising funds for books, etc., and a week later at a plate luncheon; \$9.75 was cleared. When the Society was one month old the following had been accomplished: Four business meetings held, one social, Theology and Testimony meeting, five subscriptions to the *Relief Society Magazine* secured, one quilt pieced, record and six teachers' books

ordered and paid for, and \$14.75 balance in the treasury. There are twelve members enrolled in the Society.

Carbon Stake (Summer Program, 1927).

July, First Week: Theology (Discussion of choice bible stories, testimony); *Second Week:* Special Theme—Patriotism, Work and Business; *Third Week:* Literature, (Discussion of Utah Writers); *Fourth Week:* Social Service (Health Work). *August, First Week:* Theology, (Bible stories continued, testimony); *Second Week:* Special Theme—Parenthood, Work and Business; *Third Week:* Literature (Local Writers—prize offered for best composition among local writers); *Fourth Week:* Social Service (Health Work); *Fifth Week:* Summer Party. *September, First Week:* Theology (*The Pearl of Great Price*—what it contains and its history, testimony); *Second Week:* Work and Business; *Third Week:* Literature (Local Writers continued—awarding of prize for best local production); *Fourth Week:* Social Service (Health work).

Suggestive Program for ward conferences:

1. Sustaining of Relief Society officers, (a) General officers sustained as a group without mentioning names. (b) Stake officers sustained as a group without mentioning names. (c) Ward officers, visiting teachers and class leaders sustained in groups, naming individuals, (5 minutes).
2. Report of ward activities by ward president, (10 minutes).
3. Items from annual report by ward secretary, including comparisons with last year's report, or items from ward Relief Society history, (10 minutes).
4. Music (5 minutes).
5. Are we doing our part to help finance the charity work? Stake Board member, (10 minutes).
6. Two minute talk on the life of a favorite author studied in the past year in literature lessons, and reading from same, by ward Relief Society member, (5 minutes).
7. A Social Service lesson and its application, by Social Service class leader, (10 minutes).
8. How we may apply the Ten Commandments to our daily lives, Stake Board member, (10 minutes).
9. Closing exercises.

Notice—Wheat Interest

This year's rate of interest on Relief Society Wheat Funds on deposit with the Presiding Bishop has been fixed by the First Presidency at 6% which is an increase of 1% over the rate of last year. Checks for interest will be mailed from the Presiding Bishops office July 1st.

Grandmother's Day

Estelle Webb Thomas

Before the gorgeous flags of Dawn unfurled
Against the eastern skies,
Upon her narrow, dear, familiar world
She opened eager eyes.

As humming low some old and quaint refrain,
She dressed by candle-light,
With practiced skill she bent her busy brain
To plan her day aright.

So many, many things to fill the day—
So much that *must* be done!
And like a gallant Captain in the fray
She girt her armor on.

The blue smoke sped to greet the morning star,
The cock his matin shrilled,
The silent homestead, suddenly astir,
With morning sounds was filled.

And when at last her radiant face she turned
To greet the rising sun,
The foaming milk was strained—the butter churned,
Her day was well begun.

And soon the rosy children, at her call,
Each smiling, took his place,
And graced the great old table in the hall
With shining morning face.

Her good man sat there beaming at the head,
Expectant as the rest,
And when the long and heart-felt grace was said
He bade her do her best!

With golden buckwheat cakes, all steaming hot,
She filled each waiting plate,
And o'er them poised the maple syrup pot—
What nectar this they ate!

They never stopped to count their calories —
They did not know the word,
And malnutrition was a malady
Of which they'd never heard!

Indeed, I fear they well deserved the term
Of "Ignorance is bliss!"
For Grandmamma, without a thought of germs,
Bestowed a hearty kiss

Upon the rosy lips of every child,
Before her brood dispersed:
Nor specter of bacteria, grim and wild,
Her tender conscience cursed!

The dishes washed, she hung the towels to dry,
And swept with careful haste;
Stirred up a cake and baked an apple pie,
Just paused her roast to baste.

Before, in her unsanitary way,
She stirred each feather tick,
And spread the quilts of patchwork, quaint and gay,
With movements deft and quick.

She did her bit of weaving in a trice,
She spun a skein or so,
She made the rounds of barnyard once or twice,
And turned a stocking toe.

So on, throughout the day, with cheerful heart
And energy and vim,
She did what she conceived to be her part,
And left the rest to him

On whom, with faith implicit, she relied,
And placed her childlike trust,
Nor doubted in His House she should abide
When dust returned to dust.

And when the busy day at last was done,
The prayers devoutly said,
The children washed, and "tucked in," every one,
Her weary spouse a-bed,

She knelt an instant in the friendly dark,
Her thoughts unvoiced and deep,
Then, whole-souled in her rest as in her work;
Sank dreamlessly to sleep.

LESSON II

Work and Business

(Second Week in September)

TEACHERS' TOPIC FOR SEPTEMBER—CIVIC PRIDE

Fall Cleaning and Planting

- I. Attention to yards, gardens and sidewalks. During Fall and early Winter months yards, gardens and sidewalks should be cleared of weeds, flower stalks, fallen leaves and other rubbish.
- II. Enlist services of young boys' and girls' clubs and societies in cleaning up streets.
- III. Fall planting and transplanting—bulbs, peonies, iris, etc.

Longing

By Josephine Spencer

As the soul of man is moved with divine unrest
At thought of deeds done by heroes his heart esteems—
So earth has its visions and reveries, longing and dreams,
And the young and untried soul of the west
Broods on scenes with the glory of great deeds blest ;
Deeds history blazoned whose light immortally gleams
(Dew-rayed with a splendor of song in ages of rest)
For lands of old the classic seas and ancient streams.
I have seen my own secluded, familiar vale
Lost to itself in a breathless reverie
Of storied scenes, and mountain and plain and sea,
Filled with the spirit born of an old time tale,
Showing strange and dim as a face through a veil :
When a gray mist that tarried breathlessly,
Came as a courier-worn, tremulous, pale—
With a vision of solemn warning of things to be.
And a pageant of purple clouds marching down to the coasts
Of the muntains, filling the plain with alarm ;
And the gray, hushed winds on the hills with a rumor of harms,
Had portent of mighty throngs, Illyrian hosts—
Herbraic victors—as present and palpitant ghosts ;
And the timbrel clash of the sun through clouds and swarms
Of spear-flashes from lakes and streams, held boasts
The meeting of jubilant legions and triumph of arms.

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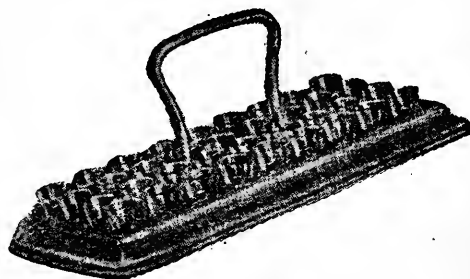
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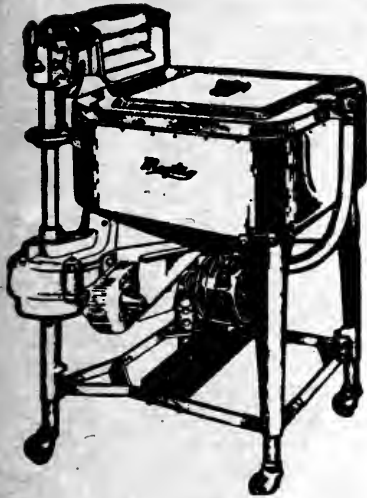
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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Vol. XIV

AUGUST, 1927

No. 8

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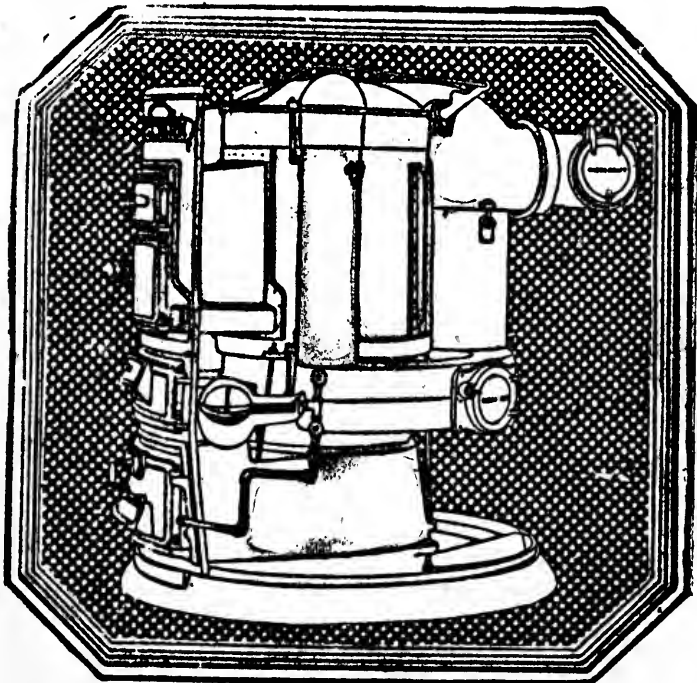
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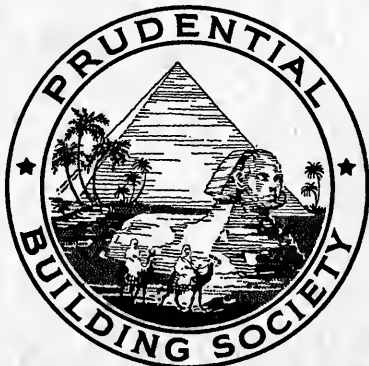


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Two Poets

By Orson F. Whitney

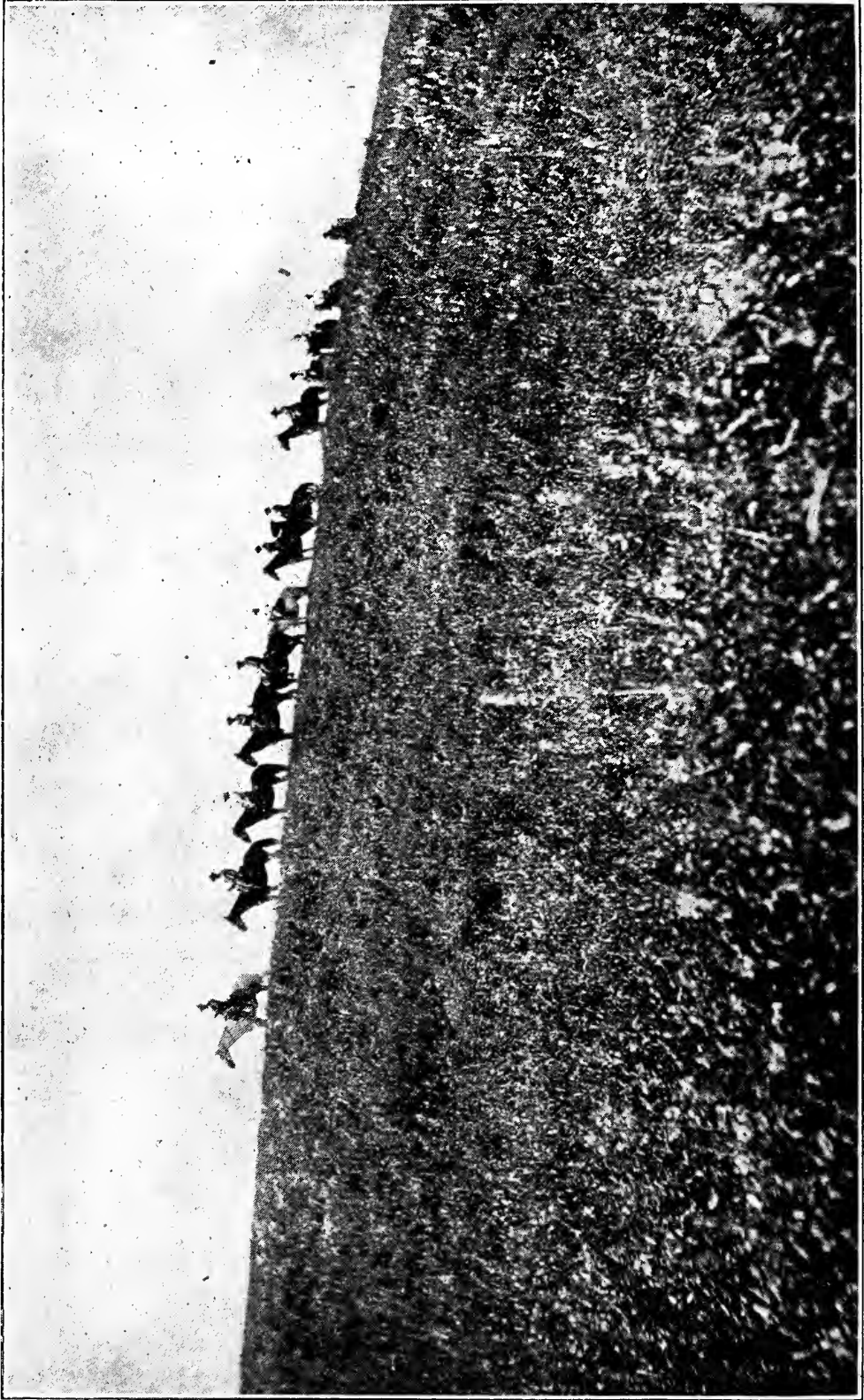
Two poets there were, Each sought recognition
And each worshiped his God. And aid from the press,
One soared to the stars, Which holdeth the keys
And one clung to the sod. Such to bane or to bless.

The first sang of heaven; Each offered a master-work,
The second, of earth, Meant to uplift,
And men deemed his message One praising the Giver,
Of paramount worth. The other, the gift.

A rose-bud, a sunset, And the sage of the sanctum,
A mountain-girt lake, With spectacled eye,
More charm held for him Scanned each offering o'er,
Than the Mighty who spake And anon made reply.

Unto chaos of old, To the first: "Too much God
At the birth of a sphere: In your poem," said he.
"Let the waters abate!
Let the dry land appear!" To the second: "Accepted—
Your 'Ode to the Sea'."

Then gave to great Nature And so wags the world,
Her infinite dower, Where the best is deemed worst,
And brought forth all things Where smallest seems greatest,
By the word of His power. And last ranks as first.



A PARTY RIDING THROUGH YELLOWSTONE PARK

THE Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XIV

AUGUST, 1927

No. 8

The Enchanted Land

By Minnie J. Hardy

Romance—what happiness lies in that magic word. Indeed I know whereof I speak, for I have drunk deep of the joys, sorrows, tragedies and philosophies of life; still, it seems but yesterday that I stood upon the threshold of existence looking into a rose-hued world, peopled with gallant knights and gentle ladies; and knew that somewhere, there dwelt among that goodly throng a noble Sir Gallahad who would, some day, come a-riding by and carry me off to his enchanted castle.

But little did I think that after two score years had come and passed into oblivion my romantic, childish dream would materialize into a reality.

And yet, it came to pass.

Dame Fortune had placed me in one of the government houses in Mammoth, Yellowstone Park. One delightful morning, in early autumn, as I was just sweeping the newly fallen leaves off the front porch, I heard a strange voice saying, "Good morning, Ma'am." I turned, and with intermingled joy and astonishment, beheld my Knight of the Round Table, mounted upon a prancing white charger. No, I was not dreaming. There he was, life-size and at large. But reincarnation had taken place; he was changed. Instead of the blue velvet cape, white plume, and golden saber, he was attired in buck-skin trousers, trimmed with leather fringe, a velvet vest, heavily beaded in a gorgeous floral design,—flowers that have never been known to bloom anywhere upon earth, or in the waters under the earth, that I know of; and, to complete his picturesque appearance, a regular ten-gallon Stetson adorned his handsome head. Solomon in all his glory, and Tom Mix combined, were never arrayed like my Knight of the Camp Fire.

However, I recognized him by his silver spurs, dropped

the broom, brushed back my disheveled hair, and in my embarrassment stammered, "Good morning, Sir."

He gallantly removed the ten-gallon, and after the manner of a true knight of the Golden West, said, "When I want a woman, I want her in a hurry," and he handed me a note. I read—

Dear Mrs. H.—I have a party of tourists ready to go on a horse-back trip, and find our number is thirteen. Now, as one of the guests is a superstitious southerner, I will appreciate the favor if you will join us. Your position will be that of hoo-doo dispeller. Come on—you will enjoy the trip.

George Manger, Manager.

Joy of joys! A chance to see Yellowstone Park on horse-back!

"When do we start? What is your name? and is that my horse?" I gasped all in one breath and pointed to the extra animal he was leading.

"We start at once. My name is Tex Holmes, and you will ride this horse." He jerked the bridle of the restless animal. "Please hurry."

Good night! I guess I did. Chain lightning didn't have anything on me. Tex Holmes—famous old scout of the early days, friend of Buffalo Bill, guide plenipotentiary to Theodore Roosevelt and his grace of Dunraven. Maybe you don't think I stepped lively. I borrowed the school ma'am's trousers, (she was not at home, but I couldn't help that) grabbed the engineer's shirt and hat, when he wasn't looking, put some toilet articles in a hand-bag and, resplendent in my borrowed finery, mounted the prancing Belshazzar and rode away.

My sway-backed steed, evidently did not like me, for several times, the obstinate creature tried to buck me off. Finally he became subdued, and in the wink of an eye, we joined the guests at Mammoth Camp.

Everything was just as pictured in my dreams. The Prince Charming was there, disguised as a New York business man. His lovely wife, the princess Hearts Delight, could not disguise herself; anyone would know, at a glance, she was a blue-stocking. She was accompanied by her son, the Young Chap, eight Dandy Damsels, the Physical Culture Man, and the Philadelphia Lawyer. The junks being dispelled, our picturesque Knight of the Embroidered Vest in the lead, we set out to explore our National Park via the Howard Eaton trail. The baggage and supplies were sent on ahead by truck, while the cook and her official helper traveled in their own private Ford.

THE TERRACES

We rode up the hill to great Jupiter Terrace, a mountain of perhaps two hundred acres composed of a strange formation,

built by carbonate of lime and other minerals, brought to the surface by the boiling springs; just as the tiny insect builds the coral reef, so the gentle pulsation of the water as it cools, forms beautiful incrustated basins which look like great white china-bowls, with quantities of white tissue lace scalloped and shirred all around the edges, and each bowl filled with water that reflects the glory of the sky. The magic touch of the mineral water has intermingled many variegated shades like skeins of fine embroidery silk—one of the places in the world where the flow of water builds up instead of wearing away.

On a plateau just below us stands Liberty Cap, the cone of an ancient geyser, forty feet in height—Nature's own monument to mark the north entrance to her scenic wonderland.

Angel Terrace, an amphitheater of old formation, is still more marvelous and unique than Jupiter. I dismounted, and while the guests proceeded farther up the mountain, I sat on a rock and wrote:

A pilgrim in search of Beauty, I traveled the glorious West;
I found the print of her silver shoe far up on the mountain crest,
But here on this magic terrace, where angels' feet have trod
I found my fairy goddess, throwing kisses up to God.

Words fail; the terraces are beautiful beyond description.

Going from the Pinacles of Parnassus to the very depth of the nether world, we visited the Devil's Kitchen, the only opening in the ground that is not filled with poison gas. His Satanic majesty was not at home, but fearing he might return and we would lose the horse wrangler and one of the guests, although I will not mention names, we rode on, paused a few moments to see the buffalo herd, then galloped down the highway, through Silver Gate where the rocks look as if some prehistoric race had built an immense city and at some later date it had been destroyed by an earthquake and only the magnificent archway left standing. We crossed a flower-covered plateau where snap dragons, golden rod, and mountain daisies threw kisses at us, with their dainty fragrant fringes, and meadow-larks and wood-warblers filled the air with liquid melody, our hearts beat in harmony with the lyric music of these feathered songsters, and our city-starved lungs seemed suddenly filled with life and joy.

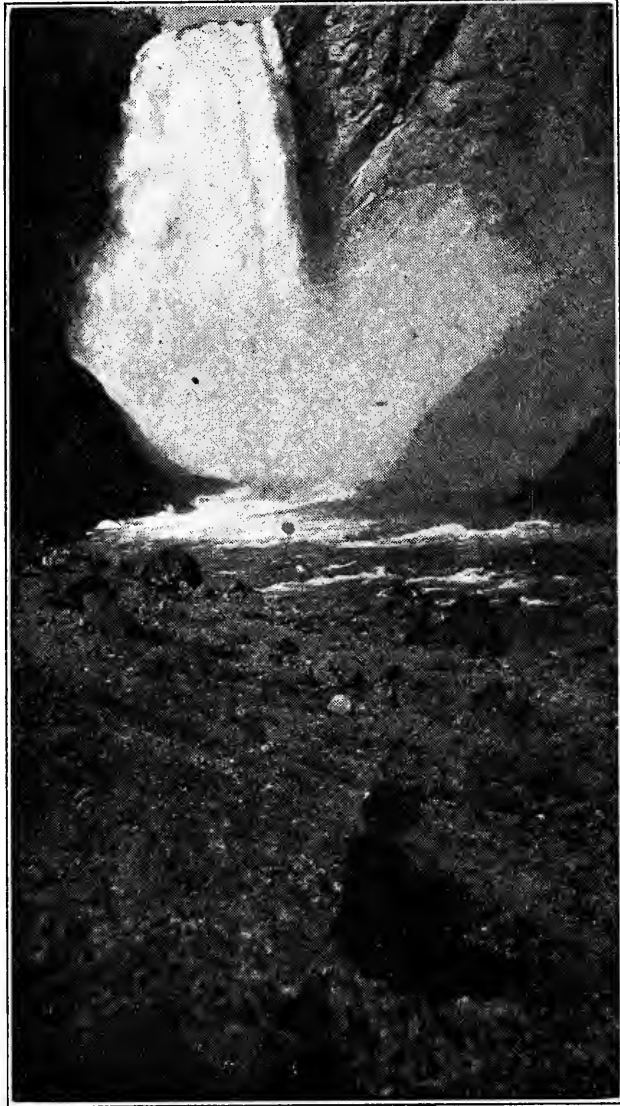
WILLOW CAMP

The first night was spent at Willow Creek Camp. A heavy rain storm overtook us, but regardless of the dark clouds and chilling weather, the Damsels took a dip in Willow Creek, came out with chattering teeth and glowing cheeks, to enjoy a delicious dinner which was soon served by our cheerful cook, who was an ex-school teacher from the tall corn state; and, let me say right here, France never produced a better chef than Stella was. The

evening was spent singing songs and telling stories around our smoky camp fire.

The company had provided a little pup tent, bed, camp stool, and wash basin for each quest, with instructions to place our basin and a stout stick near our bed at night. The reason for this will be explained later.

The rain continued; our fire smoldered; we sought our cozy



WATERFALL, YELLOWSTONE PARK

couch on the bosom of Mother Earth; and, believe me, I never thought any mother could be so hard hearted.

Morning dawned at last, and O! what a glorious morning. The mountain air was fresh, invigorating, and full of the pungent odor of damp earth and fresh, green pines. The sky looked

like an immense dry-goods counter piled high with yards and yards of crimson and sapphire satin which gradually floated away over the hill tops in billows of transparent beauty, and the snowcapped peaks in the distance were crowned with halos of pearly platinum, and yellow gold.

Two deer with large, limpid eyes timidly ventured near, but when I held out my hand coaxingly, they threw their haughty little heads in the air and bounded away into the forest. A lazy porcupine rubbed his sleepy eyes, and wriggled toward me, begging for favors. As I walked down through the green pine woods, two large birds flew at me, squawking and squalling in a most peculiar manner. One lit on my shoulder, the other on my head. I exclaimed, "Birds, birds, what do you want?" They flew toward camp, returned and attacked me again. Things were getting entirely too interesting for a woman this side of forty. I was hungry anyway, so I started for camp. I met the cook with a stick of wood in one hand and the frying pan in the other, flying down the path after a big, brown bear that was making away with a side of bacon. "Doggone you! You old rascal! I'll knock your block off. I'll kill you, if I ever catch you around here again. There, take that." She threw the stick after old Mrs. Bruno. Two little cubs that had taken refuge in a tree, climbed down and went hurriedly humping after their mother. "Stop her! Stop her!" yelled the Young Chap, "I want to get a snap shot." He followed the bear into the woods.

"O Stella," I exclaimed, "I have been attacked by two ferocious birds." She sat down on a log and laughed. I could not catch her viewpoint. Having one's eyes literally picked out by two carnivorous birds is no joke. The bear had our bacon, and worse yet, those birds had followed us, and were flying round and round croaking like Poe's Raven.

"Gracious, here they come again. What'll I do?" I shook her hard; she stopped laughing long enough to explain. "O, they are only 'camp robbers.' That is their woodland way of asking for food."

We returned to camp. The Physical Culture Man had rounded up the Damsels and was putting them through their daily dozen. Hearts Delight had decorated the table with wild flowers till it looked like a wedding breakfast. The Embroidered One with his assistants were saddling the horses. Our party looked like a company of movie actors out on location, beaming, bustling, and busy.

The joy of eating out in the open can never be expressed in words or described by mortal pen. That never-to-be-forgotten breakfast was the best meal I have ever tasted. The Philadelphia Lawyer said it was ham and—but it tasted like ambrosia to me.

The fiery Belshazzar started his daily dozen. I saw he had decided to become impossible. Physical Culture came to my

rescue. "You'd better exchange horses with me. My mount is very gentle."

"O, thanks, thanks. Do you carry life insurance?" I timidly inquired.

"Stand still, you brute," Physical Culture spoke with authority and hit the horse a rap with his whip. Belshazzar stood. Physical Culture mounted, and being of a poetic turn of mind, quoted, "Now snort till your nostrils are red as red wine, but with me on your back, you are mine, you are mine. You are mine, you are mine, and rebellion is vain." But he wasn't and never would be. Physical Culture, like Elijah of old, ascended; being unable to overcome the law of gravitation he descended, but fortunately landed in a clump of green shrubs. After the Philadelphia Lawyer pulled him out, he exclaimed, "The obstreperous brute! My word! Never again! Here's where we part company." He limped toward his original mount. The assistant guide climbed Belshazzar's quivering, vibrating frame, gave us a reproduction of a wild west broncho-busting contest, mangled up the air for a mile or two, returned with his highness, puffing and sweating, but subdued.

"There you are, sir, you can manage now. If he becomes unruly, rowell him." "O I say, I couldn't think of it. I have orders from my physician to avoid all strenuous exercise. It would be very unwise for me to take a chance of meeting with an accident so far away from home."

My reputation as a hoo-doo dispeller was suffering from an attack of the hebijebies, and my courage had the wabbles. I swallowed hard, recalled lesson twenty-three in applied psychology, and affirmed, "Wild animals can be conquered by kindness," and cautiously approached the wild-eyed bronco.

"Kindness, nothing, take this spurr." Earl strapped the persuader on my foot with further advice. "There's nothing the matter with that old wall-eyed outlaw. Rowell him, ma'am. Kick him good."

"All set." Tex Holmes took the lead. Of course, the Damsels followed that resplendent, flamboyant blaze of western romance. Mr. and Mrs. Van W.— followed. Physical Culture fell in. I joined the Philadelphia Lawyer. I wanted to get some expert legal advice regarding Aunt Sophronia's estate that had been thoughtlessly left to the Spirit Research Society, so decided to take advantage of the opportunity and also the attorney.

We passed Beaver Dam, Twin Lakes, and Roaring Mountain where so many geysers are constantly spouting and hissing that one would think a dozen factories were at work down below. The mountains have a bald-headed appearance where the trees have all been burned away.

At Norris Basin, Black Growler and the Monarch played for

us, a cloud-burst of jewels sparkling in the noon-day sun. Here we met the Wyoming Valley Ranch Company with a party of seventy-five girls, seeing America in the same manner as ourselves. They must have been from some young ladies' seminary, for they were all properly dressed in outing costume, which consisted of knickers, bright-colored sweaters, and cowboy hats. It made me very happy to see our young girls growing into strong women. Columbia has need of healthy daughters for they are the future mothers of the race.

Our second guide, regardless of his jealous wife, (all young guides have jealous wives) applied for a position with their man-



WOODLAND WONDERS, YELLOWSTONE PARK

ager. Like a bumble bee in a buckwheat patch, he would have left our modest flowers for that grand bouquet of beauties, but our damsel from "New Jersey" cast her fascinating orbs upon him and he surrendered.

We forded Gibbons' river just below the falls where shining trout were leaping and dancing, found a shady grotto and made our second camp. The Young Chap tied the bacon in a sack, climbed a tree, and hung it out upon a high limb. "There now, let's see if they can get that down." Without further remarks, cook went about her task. Another bright, happy campfire with songs, jokes, and stories, concluded our perfect day.

A MIDNIGHT ALARM

Somewhere in the dead, vast, and middle of the night, I heard a dreadful commotion. I thought some volcano had suddenly erupted. Bang! Bang! Bang! I did not know an Apache

War Dance had been scheduled for our entertainment, but having no desire to miss anything, hurried out, scantily clad in a kimono.

"Get away from here. Get away." Cook's only weapon was her wash basin which she pounded for dear life. The business man grabbed two sticks of wood and attacked our unwelcome visitors. "Heavens," screamed the Damsels, "Bears! Bears!" Two commenced to climb a tree while the rest ran to the protecting arms of Tex Holmes who bravely kicked the prowlers out of camp. Quiet being restored to our Elysium we again sought the arms of Morpheus.

THE PAINT POTS

The following day, while the guests were resting, Stella and I visited Excelsior Geysler, King of Wonders, an inconceivable, boiling lake, constantly leaping and dancing from ten to twenty feet in the air. Spellbound, we contemplated it with bated breath. It seemed as if Old Mother Nature had put her tub of blueing on the fire to warm, gone away to superintend the planting of the sequoia trees in California, and had forgotten it. We sat there for over an hour. Nothing happened. A traveling photographer came by.

Stella, with a polite, "Excuse me, sir," asked, "When does this geysler play?"

"It doesn't play, Madam. Away back in the early eighties, some one wanted it to play for General Grant, and in order to hurry it up, threw a bar of soap into the crater, which caused it to explode. It has never played since."

"That settles it. Come on." We walked over to Prismatic Pool, a kaleidoscope of colors, that looked like an immense Koh-i-noor sparkling on the green gown of Mother Earth.

They say artists and poets see brighter colors than other poor, earth-born mortals, but Mr. John Finley has not overdrawn his description of these boiling pools of variegated plastic mud:

"Near by the vats of color stand
Orange and carmen, brown and blue
From which the Master Artist hand
Painted the blossoms, dyed the land,
And gave the sea its hue."

We followed down Gibbons' river, past the Chocolate Pots (cones of many, tiny geysers) bathed our feet in the clear, cool water, and returned to camp.

Fire Hole Lake derives its name from the stream of a geyser coming up through the cold water of a mountain pool which, when the sun shines upon it, has the appearance of fire in the water.

GEYSERLAND

After a day spent wandering through leafy dells and sylvan

woods, fishing and camera "shooting," we again went into camp near Riverside Geyser. The guests danced the happy hours away at Old Faithful Camp. Stella, Hearts Delight, and I sat in the moonlight watching the great geyser spouting its volume of water and steam into the Fire Hole river, while our Knight of the Trail told interesting stories of life with Buffalo Bill on the great plains when our beloved West was in the making.

A dip in the warm pools afforded us great pleasure; but, what a difference adornment makes in one's appearance! I could hardly recognize our hero in his bathing suit; his broad shoulders were stooped, his long, handsome hair hung down over his neck like sea-weed on a clam, and alas! alak! A bald spot appeared upon his head, but nevertheless, the kindly blue eyes remained the same. Eyes are the windows of the soul; and, to my mind, the soul is the only thing worth while, either here or hereafter.

"The Giant! The Giant is spouting!" the Damsels all shouted at once. Glory, halleluia! A cloud of white steam floated over the tree tops. We galloped our horses down the road. O! O! O! Can you imagine the indescribable beauty of a marvelous, magnificent, white fountain sparkling like a million jewels in the gorgeous, blazing sunset? Excuse the enthusiasm, but Mr. Barnum could not have described that cascade of iridescent splendor.

The Giant plays every eight or ten days and reaches a height two hundred and fifty feet. His companion, the Giantess, is a temperamental actress. We approached her cautiously as one can never tell when this capricious lady will fly into a violent temper, with no warning from her bright and smiling crater. Old Faithful, the tourists' friend, true to his name, was busy on the job, and it behooves him to keep that way, as he pumps up from his underground reservoir thirty-three million gallons of water every day, and has done so for millions of years. Some job!

We dropped our "hankeys" into Handkerchief Pool, saw them sink from sight, pass-through Nature's own steam laundry, and return to us white as snow.

Emerald Pool, beautiful as the jewel for which it is named, a filigree formation that resembles maiden-hair ferns and asparagus clings in festoons to the wall of this lakelet. Only the hand of the Master Artist could fashion anything so exquisitely delicate or so wonderfully beautiful.

Morning Glory Spring: here we found Beauty garbed in a garment of sapphire satin, a magnificent transparent morning glory, magnified a thousand times.

The Devils Punch Bowl. "Not on your life. While I am not exactly a member of the Sabbath school, I draw the line on Belzeebub, I refuse to taste any refreshments from that distillery," soliloquized the business man.

Someone asked the horse wrangler if the hot-prings ever

froze over in winter. "Yes, Ma'am, they do," answered that truthful James. "One winter a ranger tried to skate on one. The ice broke through and he was badly burned before he could be rescued."

"Tell it to the Marines," called our Damsel from Cleveland, "the idea of anyone trying to skate on a hot-spring. Come on."

We passed on, in and out through boiling ponds where one misstep would have meant a trip to the hospital.

THE GREAT DIVIDE

We followed a winding trail through a forest of slender lodge pole pines skirting the dancing river, up Spring Greek Canyon to Kelper Cascades. Two horned owls blinked at us from their perch on a spruce limb; woodpeckers were busily engaged in gathering the winter's food supply, and bushy-tailed squirrels scampered from under the horses' feet.

A steady climb brought us to the top of the great Continental Divide where the waters of the lily-covered Isa Lake are so evenly balanced that just the quiver of a falling leaf will start the water flowing either towards the Atlantic (to enrich the eastern states) or toward the Pacific to bring added wealth to our own glorious West. Thus it seemed the waters of these two great oceans are tied together by a lovers knot of blue ribbon, embroidered in white and yellow pond lilies.

We dismounted. Hearts Delight parked her tired head on her husband's shoulders. Tex removed the ten gallon. Physical Culture and the Attorney found seats on a log, and we all gazed in silence as an ocean of dark pines rolled their green billows before us.

Far off on the very verge of the horizon three snow-capped mountains raised their regal heads. These mighty peaks rise over fourteen thousand feet above the sea—the loftiest summits of the Rocky Mountain range. And three hundred feet below, glistening like a shield of gun-metal in the sun, lay lake Yellowstone, the largest body of fresh water west of the Great Lakes.

How well I remember riding with Edward Markham on a trip to the higher Sierras. When we reached the top of Mount Lyle, the famous author said his heart overflowed with joy and gratitude. He said God made the mountain for a playground for the children of earth, and removing his hat with great enthusiasm, exclaimed:

"On the mountain top I ride, I ride,
I have found my own, and am satisfied."

I was more than that today. I was supremely happy. But alas! there was Belshazzar trying to eat up a Damsel's straw hat.

The great Tetons faded into the distance as we began the descent.

Marion complained of feeling tired. We left the party and started for camp. On the highway we met the truck driver. "O, Claude, where is our camp?" Marion called to him. Claude did not answer but pointed to the side of the road. We looked, and there lay the five-ton truck upside down in the ditch. I had an attack of shell shock. My reputation went glimmering; the Jinks had us.

"Claude, are you hurt? How did you ever escape? Of all things!" etc.

"Struck a rut, I guess," was all he said.

Cook and her helper came along. She caught a ride with a passing car and went to the Thumb for help. Marion and I rested under the trees till Claude and the helper brought the supplies to camp in the Ford.

Everything was mixed and muddled; jellies and jams were spilled, dishes were broken, and chaos reigned supreme. We did the best we could to separate our kitchen supplies, but I was so tired, the task proved almost beyond my strength. The party came in early, but Stella did not return. I sought advice from the Philadelphia Lawyer. "The cook is not here. I do not know what to do about preparing the supper."

What a wonderful advantage an education is after all. In the judicial voice of a supreme judge, the Attorney answered, "Show me where the things are, and I will get the supper."

The Damsels, not to be out-done by mere man, sang out, "We will get the supper." And like a flock of hungry birds they lit upon the sack of potatoes, opened a case of canned peas, and another of pineapple.



EXERCISES BEFORE BREAKFAST AT LAKE CAMP, YELLOWSTONE PARK

"Girls, girls," I ventured, "we will not need quite so much food."

"O yes, we will." They continued to play havoc with pickles, pies and cheese. I wondered where our food for the next few days would come from, when Stella returned in time to save the day.

LAKE CAMP

At Yellowstone Lake, we camped in a botanical garden. Burbank could not have produced anything more delightful or lovely.

The Young Chap caught a string of fine trout which made a pleasant change from our daily menu of ham and bacon.

Another blazing camp fire. Class and position were forgotten; a spirit of true brotherly love prevailed. The Damsels danced with the young guides and some visiting rangers, to the music of a mouth-harp played by the cook's helper. Heart's Delight danced a two-step with her son, while I enjoyed a waltz with the Attorney.

The moon, like a silver crescent, drifted beneath the clouds somewhere beyond the snow-covered Tetons. Night drew her soft purple curtains, and again we said good night.

I slept; but only for a little while. A great scratching on my tent brought me to my feet double quick. "Leapin' lizzards! drat those confounded bears!" I grabbed my tin basin and started to pound out an alarm, but all the sympathy or assistance I could get was a hearty laugh from the whole party.—"A put up job." The Damsels had borrowed some curry combs and had staged "a plant" to add local color to their adventures. You can never tell what young folks will do for amusement. They were not to blame; it was the fault of that bewitching night.

Near Lake Camp we saw the mud volcano, a scalding cauldron of mud, one drop of which would have burned like molten lead. A little further on we rested for a while near the Dragon's Mouth, a boiling spring that gushes from the mountain-side at intervals of about one to the half second, and makes a noise not unlike the bark of a dog.

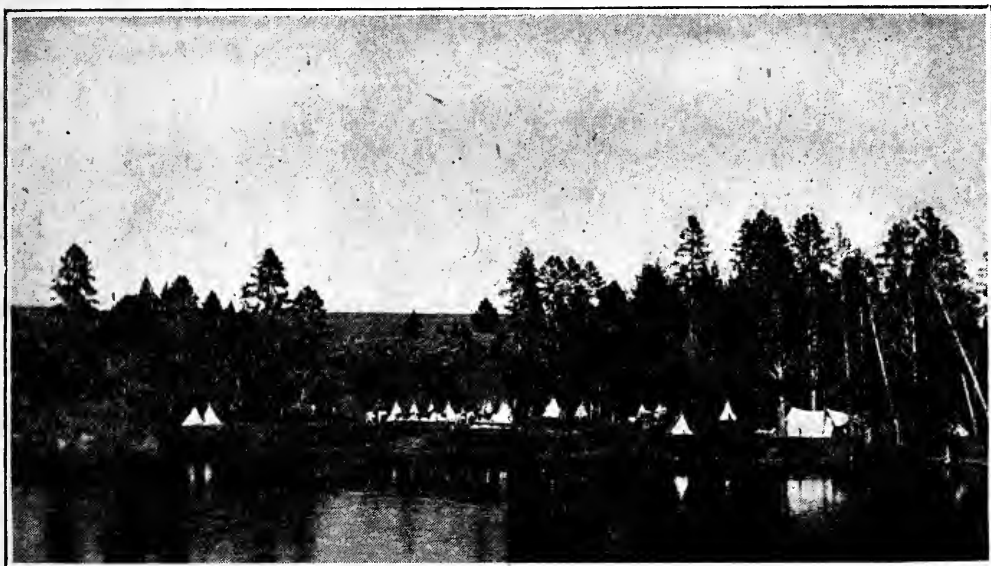
A flock of white pelicans followed us on our way to Beautiful Hayden Valley, where the flower-covered meadow stretched like a piece of jewelled tapestry before our admiring eyes. A herd of six or eight deer with an elk or two were quietly grazing in green grass that reached to their knees. Black birds, crows, and magpies were gossiping in the tules. Beaver were busy in the marshes, and all nature seemed to have reached a state of harmonious, tranquil contentment.

As we made camp that evening the Business Man said he felt like the young southerner from the hills of Tennessee when he proposed to the best girl and the young lady accepted him—he

went out into the moonlight and said, "O, Lord, I ain't got nothin' agin' nobody."

CANYON CAMP

Canyon Camp, cool, restful, and pleasant. Down a rugged pathway where the pines bury their feet in a velvet carpet of green moss. Across Chittenden bridge to Inspiration Point an everchanging panorama passed before us as we view for the first time the world famed Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone. An entrancing, mystic maze of collonades, castles, cathedrals,



CANYON CAMP, YELLOWSTONE PARK

domes, spires, and arches, carved and jugged by the erosion of ages, a kaleidoscope of colors that only an expert silk salesman could describe; from the green of the pines above the canyon walls are shaded lemon, orange, garnet, crimson, black, pearl gray, and glistening white and the whole magnificent landscape covered by the blue canopy of heaven. And over a colossal ledge three hundred feet high, pours the entire volume of the Yellowstone river to be lost in billowy white clouds of foam in the canyon below. The memory of that delightful camp I will hold as a priceless treasure while life lasts.

How well our poet of the North, Robert Service, expressed his appreciation of scenes like this.

"It's the great big broad land 'way up yonder,
It's the place where the forest holds lease,
It's the beauty that thrills me with wonder,
It's the stillness that fills me with peace."

With joy we hailed the happy morn whose rosy fingers had just flung wide the gates of day. And indeed it was another day, of perfect happiness.

The canyon was full of white misty chiffon; crimson sunbeams kissed the sprays and turned yards of precious lace into dancing rainbows. Hearts Delight held out her hand; a little gray morning dove, with downy pink breast and delicate gray wings, that was hovering near, lit upon her finger for a moment, picked at her diamond ring, but finding it of no value, flew away into the tree top.

Most of the party went on an exploration trip across the river. Physical Culture, Stella, and I remained in camp, and here is where we came very nearly having a casualty. While Physical Culture was fishing in the river, his line became caught beneath some rocks. In trying to untangle it, he fell in. The water was ice cold; he screamed for dear life, could not swim, and would have drowned but for the timely aid of a fat fisherman sitting on a rock below. The fisherman jumped in, caught Physical Culture as he came up for the last time and towed him ashore. He was apparently as dead as anyone could be. We could not find a barrel to roll him on, but the resourceful Stella came running with the bread box. "Here, here; roll him on this!" The fisherman tried first aid. I found some ginger which I thought might make him sneeze. Altogether, we revived him, and he was indeed very grateful. Stella wrapped him in her bathrobe, while I got a blanket for the fisherman who refused it by saying, "Shucks, these clothes will soon dry out." Physical Culture recovered. "O, I say, my good man, you have done me a favor; I must reward you. What is your name, and where are you from?" The fisherman said his name was Nelson, and he was from southern Utah.

"My word, you don't say so? Do you belong to that cult that have a temple in Salt Lake City?"

Mr. Nelson admitted he was a "Mormon."

"Here, my dear man, take this. If you will not accept it for yourself, give it to your Church." He handed him a check for two hundred dollars. The grateful Nelson thanked him.

"By the way, are you a man of a family,"

The fisherman said his family consisted of his wife, her mother, and nine children.

"My word, remarkable! Very—quite a number, is it not?"

Mr. Nelson admitted it was, but explained that only seven of the children were his own. Two were adopted.

"Well, well, indeed!" Physical Culture recovered from his astonishment. "Why, my good friend, now I call that a fine thing to do. Indeed it is. Seven of your own to care for and adopt two more. You have a kind heart. I must not let you outdo me in generosity. Let me do better by you." Physical Culture took the check and wrote another for five hundred instead, shook his benefactor's hand with instructions that he would keep in

touch with him, murmured something about further assistance, and went shivering to his tent. The genial Nelson smiled.

"This will help Ephe and Catherine through the Brigham Young University. And one must accept with the same good grace as they would give if they had it." Mr. Nelson had, without thought of a reward, saved a stranger's life, and now had accepted his gift only to assist his children in getting an education whereby they would become better citizens. And still unmindful of his dripping clothes, took the ax away from Stella with a pleasant, "Here Ma'am, let me cut that kindling for you," vigorously attacked the woodpile.

A few days later, we crossed Dunraven Pass, climbed Mount Washburn, stood in the snow and gathered wild flowers to send home to our less-fortunate friends, followed a scenic trail down past Ghost Canyon where Tower Falls fluttered like a ribbon in the wind; passed the silent stumps of what were once the trunks of trees, but now by some freak of nature are solid shafts of stone; wound our way over fallen logs and fern-strewn paths where mighty mountains scarred by age-old torrents towered above our heads. Back to Mammoth Camp and home!

FAREWELL

My dream had ended; my knight would keep on guiding parties through the Enchanted Land, and I would return to my domestic duties.

Two weeks spent in the wildwood; our faces were burned, our bodies tired, yet not one cross word had been spoken; everyone had been most kind and considerate.

My companions of the trail and campfire had become very dear to me; they were now going out of my life, perhaps forever. I was loath to leave them. Even the wicked Belshazzar looked at me kindly from the corner of his suspicious eyes. But Time with his glass and scythe travels ever on and on.

Good-byes were said. Some of the Damsels wept. All kissed Stella. The gentlemen rewarded her with twenty pieces of silver. Hearts Delight came forward with a golden eagle and a sapphire broach. That practical lady could not keep back the tears of gratitude any longer; she entirely lost her head and kissed the Young Chap instead of his lovely mother.

But mine was a richer reward by far than anything that could be purchased with earthly pelf. The memory of that wonderful trip through our Paradise of Pleasure would live in my memory forever. And I had seen engraved in the faces of my companions, carved on the mountains, mesas, and marshland, embroidered on the meadows and woodland, stamped on the rivers, lakes, and geysers, the autograph of an all-wise, all-powerful, Creator.

The Book of Mormon

Conference Address by President A. W. Ivins

It is always an important period to the Church when the sixth of April approaches—the day upon which the Church in 1830 was organized. Three years hence a century will have passed since that important event occurred. Never before did it appear of greater importance to me than at the present time. Looking over this congregation of women, I think of a meeting that was held in this city a little more than a year ago in which a large number of very wise men who met together found comfort in the fact that the bulwarks of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints were crumbling, that it was evident to them that the time was not far distant when the structure would collapse and when the “Mormon” people, as they are termed, would become Christianized. They complimented the women of the Church by saying that the men no longer believed in Joseph Smith as a prophet of the Lord, with a direct message to the people of the world, that they did not recognize the present presiding authorities of the Church as being the mouthpieces of the Lord, that the men did not pay tithing at this time, and had it not been for the women and children, they said, the Church would have been bankrupt several years ago, because they alone were tithe-payers, and since it chanced just at that time that the returns from the tithing were greater than ever before in its history, I thought that was a real compliment to the women and children. It appears to be a strange thing that now, after the doctrines of the Church have been before the world for a century, when the history of the Church and its accomplishments are so well known to all people, that the attitude shown by these men could possibly be taken. One of two things was evident to me—that it was either the result of inexcusable ignorance or a wilful desire on their part to misrepresent the truth to those who were not familiar with its condition. However that may be, I am not going to undertake to discuss it at length.

This afternoon at four o'clock (and we will endeavor if we can to conclude this meeting a few minutes before that time in order that you may be out on the grounds) a monument will be unveiled just to the east of us here, in commemoration of the publication to the world of the Book of Mormon, and particularly of the three men who saw the plates and bore witness to their truth, stating that an angel from God had shown the plates to them and that the voice of the Lord had commanded them that they should bear this witness. These men, Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and Martin Harris, will be perpetuated in bronze upon this monument. Our minds naturally revert to the coming forth of the Book of Mormon. We see in it the fulfilment of the words of the prophets uttered hundreds of years ago, for

they referred to it in detail, giving the manner of its coming forth, its reception by the world. That which the book would be expected to accomplish was told in detail by Isaiah, by Jeremiah, and others of the ancient prophets. So that if such a book has not come forth or if it has and does not contain the fulness of the everlasting gospel, or if it is not the book which was to be written for Ephraim and the people of Israel, his companions—then we must look forward to the coming forth of some other book because the unchanging decree of the Lord was that such a book should come forth, that it should come out of the earth, that it should come at a time when “darkness would cover the earth and gross darkness, the minds of the people,” that it should be put with the other book to which Ezekiel refers, which is the book of Judah, the Bible, and that part of Israel which should remain with him at the time of the dispersion of the ten tribes would be numbered with the seed of Judah. The Bible and the Book of Mormon (the stick of Judah and the stick of Ephraim) are to become one in the hands of the Lord, for the purpose of convincing all people, Jew and Gentile, atheist, infidel and so-called Christian, that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, the Only Begotten of the Father in the flesh, that his is the only name under heaven by which mankind can be brought back into the presence of our Father and crowned there with glory, immortality and eternal life. These are some of the reflections that come to us when we think of the Book of Mormon.

I would like to read a few paragraphs here from the story which the Prophet himself tells in his own words, because no one has ever told the story in words which appeal to me as do these that I am about to read. The Prophet had already received his first vision and the work which he was to accomplish had been outlined, but no authority had been given him to act, and he had consequently waited—waited patiently and wondered why some further manifestation did not come that he might better understand what he was to do. He tells us that he was thinking of this, contemplating it seriously, when he retired to his bedroom for the night. There he kneeled in earnest prayer to the Lord that some manifestation might be given to him by which he would know that he was still in His favor. And he says: “While I was thus in the act of calling upon God, I discovered a light appearing in my room, which continued to increase until the room was lighter than at noonday, when immediately a personage appeared at my bedside, standing in the air, for his feet did not touch the floor.

“He had on a loose robe of most exquisite whiteness. It was a whiteness beyond anything earthly I had ever seen; nor do I believe that any earthly thing could be made to appear so exceedingly white and brilliant. His hands were naked, and his arms also, a little above the wrist, so, also, were his feet naked, as were his legs, a little above the ankles. His head and neck were also bare. I could discover that he had no other clothing on

but this robe, as it was open, so that I could see into his bosom.

"Not only was his robe exceedingly white, but his whole person was glorious beyond description, and his countenance truly like lightning. The room was exceedingly light, but not so very bright as immediately around his person. When I first looked upon him, I was afraid; but the fear soon left me.

"He called me by name, and said unto me that he was a messenger sent from the presence of God to me, and that his name was Moroni; that God had a work for me to do; and that my name should be had for good and evil among all nations, kindreds, and tongues, or that it should be both good and evil spoken of among all people.

"He said there was a book deposited, written upon gold plates, giving an account of the former inhabitants of this continent, and the source from whence they sprang. He also said that the fulness of the everlasting gospel was contained in it, as delivered by the Savior to the ancient inhabitants;

"Also, that there were two stones in silver bows—and these stones fastened to a breastplate, constituted what is called the Urim and Thummim—deposited with the plates; and the possession and use of these stones were what constituted 'seers' in ancient or former times; and that God had prepared them for the purpose of translating the book."

That account has always appealed to me as one of truth. There is nothing of posing, nothing to magnify the individual, just a simple narrative told by an honest young man. It was a very remarkable thing to say of this boy who was almost entirely unknown, scarcely known even to his neighbors, to say that his name would be known throughout all the world, that among some people it would be held in honor, and among others, in reproach, and yet like all other things which the Lord says, it has become a fact. These plates, after several years, were entrusted to Joseph Smith and he continues here as follows: "On the 5th day of April, 1829, Oliver Cowdery came to my house, until which time I had never seen him. He stated to me that having been teaching school in the neighborhood where my father resided, and my father being one of those who sent to the school, he went to board for a season at his house, and while there the family related to him the circumstance of my having received the plates, and accordingly he had come to make inquiries of me. Two days after the arrival of Mr. Cowdery (being the 7th of April) I commenced to translate the Book of Mormon, and he began to write for me." (Not much chance for fraud here, because the men were strangers.)

One of the marvelous things—one of the wonders, is that the following year this book had been translated, prepared for the printer, and was published to the world. A like achievement I feel certain cannot be found in the world. This is a book of more than five hundred pages. It is a book which treats of the past, the present and the future. It is a book in which the history of the

past is told, in which the story of the present—the very day in which we live (notwithstanding the fact that it was published a hundred years ago) are outlined. It is a book which deals with the future in such plainness that any person who reads it with a prayerful heart may know the destiny of the world in which we live, and it was all done in a year. It takes time to write books, and particularly books of this kind where the writer makes so many definite declarations of facts.

Another one of the marvelous things which was also predicted by one of the ancient prophets, was that it was taken to a learned man who examined a copy of some of the characters and the translation thereof, and he certified that the translation was correct. When he asked to see the original plates, and was told that they could not be shown to him, he asked for the certificate and destroyed it, saying that he could not read a sealed book, thus fulfilling the words of the prophet. The prophet then predicted that it would then be delivered to one who was unlearned, and he would say, "I cannot read it, for I am unlearned." This book was not written in English but in reformed Egyptian characters. Then the Lord said, "Behold, I will proceed to do a marvelous work and a wonder among this people, and the wisdom of their wise men shall be hid and the understanding of the prudent confounded," all of which has been fulfilled literally.

Now, I cannot take time to tell you all about the Book of Mormon. But this record has been before the world for a hundred years. It has been criticized by the wise men in the world. It has been ridiculed by the ignorant. It is a sufficient testimony of its truth and I am justified in saying that not a single error has ever been pointed out in it. No man can say where it is wrong in any detail, but on the contrary, as the time passes, we hear of many things which corroborate the truth of the things written in it. It has been ridiculed because the prophet declared that these inscriptions were upon plates of gold. Two or three years ago a book was published entitled *The Goldsmith's Art Among the Ancient Americans*, in which the writer, Saville, than whom there is no greater authority in the country, calls attention to the remarkable and expert workmanship in gold that these Indians did at the time of the Conquest, and that was a thousand years after this record closed, and when they had degenerated into a less civilized people, and he goes on and on and tells of hundreds and hundreds of articles made of beaten gold, and finally comes to a place where some Catholic father relates that a certain man bought from the Mexican Indians certain plates of beaten gold which were covered with hieroglyphics which they had been able to translate which had been handed down by their forefathers.

Just in January of this year, one of our foremost scientists, who is excavating a great city in Panama just north of the canal—a city which before had not been discovered—where wonderful developments are being made, reports the finding of a chisel

made of steel. People have laughed at the Book of Mormon because Nephi said he taught his people to work in iron and steel. I have been waiting fifty years for some one to find in the excavations a little piece of iron or steel. They are among the most perishable of all hard metals. Gold does not tarnish—it remains clear and bright. It is one of the softest metals and can be readily written upon; it is one of the most durable and one of the most malleable metals, and can be beaten into sheets thinner than the thinnest tissue paper which we are able to make. Last year, in the opening of one of the great mounds which are in Ohio, they found what the archaeologists call a pearl burial. What did Joseph Smith know about pearls being used by the Indians when he interpreted the account as it had been written a thousand years before in this book, the fact that the people became rich and that they clothed themselves with all manner of fine apparel, such as costly pearls? I have the reports of this, showing what was found in one of these great burial mounds where the remains of three persons had been interred.

I shall not continue my remarks. This has come to me because of the fact that this monument here, which is a memorial to the bringing forth of the Book of Mormon and the three men who bore witness of its truth, as we have said, is to be unveiled this afternoon. There are wonderful things that could be told to you.

Men go around the country telling you that the Church is crumbling, that you are becoming Christianized. Do not be deceived by the sophistry of these men who pretend to be representatives of Christ, our Lord, but speak without authority and without truth. They will flatter you and compliment you. They are opposed to the truth, and no influence that the mind can conceive of will be overlooked in an effort to draw people away from the Church, to introduce the customs of the world, and some of these customs have come among us, we very greatly regret. There never has been a time when people have not withdrawn from the Church, but they are fewer today than they have been at any other period in its history, so far as we are able to determine. Reports of the growth of the Church are extremely gratifying and so there is nothing to justify the statements that these men have used in an endeavor to bring about the destruction of the Church, and their efforts are not, as they say, about to be crowned with success. They will not be, for the Lord, our God, has said that the gospel has been established for the last time—the time when the Lord will bring together all things in one, and consummate his work, when the people will be prepared for the coming of Christ, our Lord, and will reign in power and majesty upon the earth, and that time is very near of realization.

I do not know what the Church would do without these good women to help to keep the men in proper training and order and faith, as they do. God bless you, is my prayer. Amen.

Historical Events in the Relief Society

*Conference Address by Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman,
General Secretary*

I have decided to make a few observations this afternoon upon the organization, growth, and work, of the great Relief Society, which we represent.

In contemplating this subject we find much that is interesting and entertaining, we find much that is inspiring and encouraging, we find much that is faith-promoting. We are interested in all the details connected with the early organization of the Society; in the historical development; and in the various phases of work accomplished. We are inspired by the labors of the workers of the past, and by what has been done, and we are encouraged to put forth renewed effort for future progress. Our faith is strengthened by the lives, the heroism and the vision of those who have preceded us; by their willingness to sacrifice for principle; by the struggle they put forth in the interest of their ideals; by their faith in the gospel itself as well as their faith in the Society. Our testimony is strengthened by their testimony.

We love to recount the story of the organization which occurred so long ago, away back on March 17, 1842, in the Masonic Hall in Nauvoo, when the Church itself was only six years old. We love to speak of the beginning of the organization, and to go over the early instructions, which formed a foundation for the subsequent work. Sarah M. Kimball, one of the charter members of the organization, and later one of the foremost workers in the organization in the state of Utah, in speaking of the beginning, said: "A few of us met together in my parlor in Nauvoo. We had a desire for an organization of our own, and a desire to help with the building of the temple. We had some by-laws written out by Eliza R. Snow, and we took them to President Joseph Smith, who said he would be glad to have the opportunity of organizing the women." In fact he told them that he had been considering the matter of an organization for them for some time, and that his plans were much greater than anything they had in mind at that time. It was not long after this that a group of women was invited by the Prophet, to meet in the upper room of the old Masonic Hall, where the organization took place, with Emma Smith as president; Sarah M. Cleveland, first counselor; Elizabeth Ann Whitney, second counselor; Eliza R. Snow, General Secretary; Elvira Coles, treasurer. President Smith visited the Society often, and gave instruction from time to time on the objects and aims of the organization, and on the duties of the members.

Following are excerpts from his instructions: "The meeting was addressed by President Joseph Smith, to illustrate the objects of the Society—that the Society of sisters might provoke the brethren to good work in looking to the wants of the poor, searching after objects of charity and in administering to their wants; to assist by correcting the morals and strengthening the virtues of the community, and save the elders the trouble of rebuking; that they may give their time to other duties, etc., in their public teachings." At later meetings the Prophet gave additional instructions as follows: "This charitable Society is according to your natures, it is natural for females to have feeling of charity. You are now placed in a situation where you can act according to these sympathies which God has planted in your bosoms. If you live up to these principles, how great and glorious. If you live up to your privileges the angels cannot be restrained from being your associates. * * * This Society is not only to relieve the poor but to save souls. * * * And I now turn the key to you in the name of God, and this Society shall rejoice, and knowledge and intelligence shall flow down from this time. This is the beginning of better days to this Society. * * * Let your labors be confined mostly to those around you in your own circle. As far as knowledge is concerned it may extend to all the world, but your administrations should be confined to the circle of your immediate acquaintances, and more especially to the members of the Society. * * * You should be armed always with mercy. If you would have God have mercy on you, have mercy on one another. * * * Be pure in heart. * * * By union of feeling, we obtain power with God." President Smith urged the women to work in a cooperative manner together, and to respect and hold sacred the confidences of one another.

You will all remember that the organization started with eighteen members, which are known as the charter members of the Relief Society. During the first year the membership reached 1,179; 162 members were received during the second year, making the total at the end of two years, when the work was temporarily suspended, of 2,341. The growth was so great that at the end of the first year it was thought necessary to divide the organization, as there was no room at the disposal of the women which would hold the members. The division was made to conform to the four city wards of Nauvoo, and the meetings of the wards were held in rotation thereafter, but were all presided over by the same group of officers. Eighteen meetings were held the first year (March 17 to September 28, 1842), and sixteen meetings the second year (June 16, 1843 to March 16, 1844). The last meeting in Nauvoo was held on March 16, 1844.

The operations of the Relief Society were suspended in 1844, due to the various calamities which befell the Saints in connection

with the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and his brother Hyrum, which occurred June 27, 1844. And, due to the exodus from Nauvoo to Salt Lake City, and the early struggles in Utah, ten years elapsed without any activity on the part of the organization. The women, however, never lost sight of the institution nor the promises made to them by the prophet. In 1853, a beginning was made when a group of women met in the old Social Hall, and formed a Society which was the forerunner of the ward organizations in Utah. In 1854 organizations were formed in the First, Second, Seventh and Sixteenth wards, with an Indian branch in the Thirteenth ward. In 1855 organizations were formed in the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth wards in Salt Lake City, and the First ward in Ogden. In 1856, an organization was formed in the Third ward in Salt Lake City; in 1857, in the Sixth and Eleventh wards Salt Lake City and in Provo; in 1858, in Nephi. There were no complete reports of the work, however, until 1857.

In 1858, on account of the move south, when Johnston's Army came to Utah, the work was suspended and it was only when order was restored that permanent organizations were formed. In 1866, President Brigham Young recommended organizations in all the wards and branches, and gave Eliza R. Snow the mission of assisting the bishops in the great work. From 1868 to 1870 the work went on with vigor, until in every little town and hamlet where there was a ward or branch, there was also a Relief Society. I might state here that from that year, 1866, Eliza R. Snow stood at the head of all organization work for women in the Church. She was spoken of in the press as "president of the Latter-day Saint women's organizations," and, in the first issue of the *Exponent*, June 1, 1872, she was mentioned as "the president of the entire Female Relief Societies."

On July 19, 1877, the first stake Relief Society in the Church was organized in Ogden, when the ward Relief Societies of Weber county were united. Mrs. Jane Richards was made president, and will always be remembered as the first Relief Society stake president. This event was significant, for it marked the real beginning of the amalgamation of the independent ward Societies into a unified whole, with uniform standards and coordinated activities. On December 22, 1877, the same year, the second stake Relief Society was organized in Salt Lake City to preside over the wards of Salt Lake county. M. Isabella Horne was made president. On November 21, 1878, Utah stake was organized with Margaret T. Smoot as president. Other stake organizations followed rapidly and by 1881, sixteen stakes were organized with a membership of 12,288.

On June 19, 1880, at a "Sisters' Conference" held in the Salt Lake Assembly Hall, officers were nominated and sustained for

a central or General Board of the Relief Society. President John Taylor nominated Eliza R. Snow as president of all the Relief Societies, and she was unanimously sustained as such. She chose as her counselors Zina D. H. Young and Elizabeth Ann Whitney; as secretary, Sarah M. Kimball; and treasurer, M. Isabella Horne. These sisters were also nominated by President Taylor and sustained. (*Exponent*, July 1, 1880.)

On July 17, 1880, at a general "Sisters' Meeting" held in the 14th ward hall, the general officers of the Relief Society were set apart by President Taylor. (*Exponent*, September 1, 1880.)

The Relief Society work was early taken into the missions where organizations were made as follows: London conference, 1874; Hawaiian mission, 1875; Denmark, 1879; New Zealand, 1880; Germany, 1881; Switzerland, 1886; Holland, 1886.

In 1888 when the National Council of Women of the United States was organized, the Relief Society was represented and was one of the charter members of the Council. In 1891 the Relief Society became fully affiliated upon formal application.

The first general annual conference of the organization convened in 1889, making this conference, 1927, the thirty-ninth annual conference.

In 1893, when the Society was fifty-one years old, the membership had increased to 26,700. In this same year, 1893; the Society was incorporated with a Constitution and By-laws, and a General Board of twenty-three members or directors.

The growth of the Relief Society has been slow and gradual, but withal a safe and substantial growth. Like the sturdy oak it has developed until after eighty-five years it is the solid and dependable organization that we now know.

Our membership has now reached 61,627. It has increased in the last ten years from 43,894, which is a gain of 17,733 members in ten years. This present membership consists of 20 General Board members, 1,011 general and stake officers, 63 mission presidents and mission officers, and 10,348 executive and special ward officers; 19,726 visiting teachers, and 30,459 lay members. Among these lay members are about 5,000 class teachers, and probably 10,000 committee members, leaving about 15,000 members not especially assigned. There are very few privates in the Relief Society. Practically everybody has some special duty.

In looking over the reports of the past which are available, two of the outstanding years for increase in membership were the first year of the organization in Nauvoo and the years 1868-1869. This would naturally be the case. In the first year a large group of women were available and were eager for an opportunity to organize and do some definite work for the Church, and in 1868 and 1870 the women came in in ward groups as they were organized.

The charity funds in the Relief Society began with the first organization, when President Joseph Smith started the funds by contributing a \$5 gold piece, stating: "All I shall have to give to the poor I shall give to this Society." Others followed his example as follows: John Taylor, \$2; Willard Richards, \$1; Emma Smith, \$1; Sarah M. Kimball, \$1; Elizabeth Ann Whitney, 50c; Sarah M. Cleveland, 12½c; total contributions at first meeting, \$10.62½. At a later meeting the Prophet contributed a building lot and the framework of a house, which he offered to have placed up on the lot. It was planned to use the house for housing immigrants and others who were homeless. At the third meeting Willard Richards contributed new merchandise valued at \$20.87. At one of the early meetings two members of the Relief Society each gave \$14, and there were many individual gifts of \$3 and \$4. The total receipts for the first year are reported as \$500, which no doubt included the house and lot.

The problems which were met by the women during the first two years of the organization were very much the same as our problems of today. Besides the need for relief in the homes, there were problems of unemployment, sickness, housing the immigrants, care of orphans, widows, aged, etc. Following we quote from the early records:

"It was reported that a lonely widow had arrived from England with one child and without funds. One of the members offered to take her in and care for her. Several children who had been left orphans were turned over for protection to the Relief Society. These orphans were cared for by volunteer members who took them into their homes, as their own children. A call was made for tuition for the children of two widows who were unable to arrange for their children to enter school and there was an immediate response. One member offered to contribute one quart of milk a day to the poor. One of the members announced that she had accumulated enough red yarn for a carpet, but she decided it would do more good to be knitted up into mittens and stockings for the poor and she gladly gave it for this purpose. Another member reported that she was willing to give \$1.00 per month to the charity fund, another that she would be willing to knit or sew one-half of her time for the poor, and for those who were working on the temple. Another member said she would donate one bushel of corn-meal weekly to the poor. She also offered to care for a motherless child indefinitely. Destitute widows were especially cared for. Soon after the Society was organized there was a movement to arrange for the gardens of the widows to be ploughed. It was decided early to accept provisions through the treasurer. President Emma Smith suggested at one time that it might be a good thing to save and use most of their ready cash to buy materials to be made up into clothing for the poor."

In addition to caring for the needy and destitute, the women of the first Relief Society turned their efforts toward the raising of funds for the temple, which was then being built at Nauvoo. Following are some of the extracts from the early minutes regarding this work: One member offered to board one temple hand free of charge. The Relief Society, as an organization,

offered to weave and sew clothing for the temple hands, to knit socks for them and to repair clothing. One member proposed that the Society get a supply of wool on hand to be spun and knitted into socks, to supply the workmen. One woman gave every tenth pound of flax as a donation; another donated four pounds of candles, another 100 shingles. Some of the groceries donated for the families of the men who were working on the temple were butter, flour, sugar, chickens, etc. It is reported in one of the early meetings that there was a beggar in their midst who was imposing upon the people, and who, it was known, was in no need of help. The women were warned against this impostor. The matter of employment was considered early in the organization. Names were listed of widows and others who desired work, in order that people who had work might get in touch with them. It was also customary for members to solicit the patronage of other members of the organization, and milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, knitters, etc., were permitted to do this in the meetings.

At the second meeting of the organization, the president, Mrs. Emma Smith, stated that in the near future she thought a committee should be appointed to represent the needs of the poor. The next mention made of this committee occurred during the second year, on July 28, when a committee of sixteen was appointed "to search out the poor and suffering, to call upon the rich for aid, and thus, as far as possible, relieve the wants of all." The committee was subdivided into four groups, with four in each group to cover the charity work of the four wards in Nauvoo. This committee was the forerunner of Relief Society visiting teachers.

After several weeks, Mrs. Orson Spencer, who was a member of the charity committee, offered her resignation. She stated that she had worked on the Second ward committee, and was still willing to help, but she was afraid that the women were taking the bishop's place in looking after the poor, and in soliciting donations. Several other sisters felt timid about this work. At the next meeting Elder Cahoon was sent by the prophet to the Relief Society to explain to the women that they should go on with their charity work, that they were not acting in the bishop's place, nor intruding, and that they would be blessed.

I think there has been many times since this that the women of the Relief Society have felt that they might be intruding. In fact I think they have been reminded by those not appreciative of the work of the organization that they were intruding. However, the General Authorities of the Church have always taken the same stand which was taken by the authorities in early days, namely, that there is a place for the Relief Society, and a work for it which is not covered by the Priesthood nor by the other auxiliary organizations.

During its existence the activities of the Relief Society have

covered, in addition to charity work and education work, woman suffrage, seri culture, health and nurse classes, a hospital, co-operative stores, building of Relief Society halls and the raising of grain, and it is impossible to comment upon them all here.

During our last year, 1926, the Relief Society expended for charity the sum of \$96,017.19. While this seems an enormous amount of money, it really is not so much when we consider that the distribution covers all of the communities and localities where the Church is located. Our receipts for charitable purposes were \$83,027.10, to which was added \$2,990.09 balance on hand, and while this seems an enormous amount of money to be received in a year, it is really only about 85cts per L. D. S. family, as our reports show. However, our work, like the work in early days, is not all measured by dollars and cents. The service which is given by the Relief Society is much greater than the amount of money expended. The preventive work of the organization, and the constructive work in families is much more important and telling than actual relief, necessary as relief is.

In addition to the charity fund, the Relief Society has accumulated a large wheat fund, which today amounts to \$413,828.-71; \$400,796.11 of this amount is deposited with the Presiding Bishopric, and it is the instruction of the Church that all of the Wheat Trust Fund should be deposited with the Bishopric. This action was taken because of the fact that money has been lost in the past in one way and another and it was felt that it would be safer for the fund to be centralized and deposited with the Bishopric.

The interest on the Wheat Fund, which amounts to something like \$20,691.45 has been set aside for a special purpose. It has been recommended by the General Board, and approved by the General Authorities of the Church, that the interest on the wheat money be used for maternity and health purposes. Our reports show that some of the wards have used this money for other purposes, which is regretted by the General Board. Our cooperation in health work with the various State Health Departments, in the states where we are located, has been very successful. The states, as you know, have had funds provided by the Sheppard-Towner Act which they have been using in the interest of maternity and health work, establishing health centers and units, and our organizations have cooperated with these departments with excellent results. When Miss Grace Abbott, Director of the Children's Bureau, Washington, D. C., was visiting in Utah last Fall, she stated that Utah has achieved the honor of having at the present time the lowest maternal death rate of any state in the Union, and is also among the four or five states having the lowest infant death rate. While we have made an excellent record along these lines up to date, we are anxious that the records should be better. We are anxious, if possible, for every mother to be

spared to her children. We are anxious for all children to live and to have health opportunity, and to have the privilege of having physical handicaps removed. We feel that we cannot afford to have our children neglected in any way, that they should be examined frequently and their defects corrected. We are horrified at the thought of a child developing deafness, rheumatism or heart trouble as a result of diseased tonsils, adenoids or teeth. We shudder at the thought of mal-nourished children. Only recently a man called at Relief Society headquarters and stated that while he is able to take care of his family generally, and has done so without help, he sees no way in which he will be able to take care of the teeth of his eight children. It is true that our counties are responsible for all citizens within their borders. It is also true, however, that the counties do not have sufficient funds to carry on all of the welfare work which is needed, and the work of the county should be, and is, supplemented by volunteer agencies, among which is our own great organization. It is the hope of the General Board that no wheat interest shall be held in the treasury or used for other purposes so long as there is a health need among the mothers and children.

Our educational work is progressing most satisfactorily. Our theological work has covered Bible themes, and in connection with the work we have our testimony meetings, which we value most highly, and which we feel should never be neglected.

In our Literary department we are taking up the study of American poetry of today. This course gives us an opportunity for the exercise of our aesthetic tastes and personal culture.

In our Social Service department we have, for a number of years, striven to study the social needs of our families and our communities. We have aimed to emphasize preventive work as well as to discuss and learn of the best methods of correcting individual and social ills. The last two years we have been studying Child Welfare, with a view of understanding our children and their various needs.

I am sure that, in all our labors, we try to keep in mind always that the most priceless thing in the world to us is the gospel of Jesus Christ, and our testimony of the gospel. These we value above everything else. We realize that it is through our knowledge of the gospel and its laws, through our belief in the rights and powers of the Priesthood and the authority of the Priesthood and through our testimonies, that we are held together, and that we survive as an organization. Without this knowledge and these stabilizing influences our incentives would not be so great, nor our interest so deep, nor our cohesion so perfect. It was this knowledge and power that united the pioneer women and made them willing to submit to hardships and trials in settling this desert and held them together in this cause. Let us prize our testimonies in the gospel of Jesus Christ.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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Room 28, Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah

Magazine entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah

Vol. XIV

AUGUST, 1927

No. 8

EDITORIAL

A Relief Society in France

Word reaches us from the French Mission that on the 3rd day of November, 1926, an organization was effected with five members. It is in all probability the first Relief Society ever organized in the French nation. It certainly awakens memories to recall that in that land of fine arts and of decorative arts we have at last carried the message of Relief Society work.

Lyons, situated on two of the loveliest rivers in France, and noted the world over for its manufacture of silk, is today making the most beautiful silk it has ever made in its history. There the famous Jacquard looms turn out a variety of designs made of the most exquisite colors that silk has ever been made of. We rejoice that the seed has been planted in this city of productiveness and art. Our prayer is, God speed the right.

All of the good wishes we extend to Lyons we extend with equal ardor to the French City of Besancon, which is the second city in the French nation to organize a Relief Society.

The Magazine and the Fall Work

With this issue of the magazine we begin the lessons for the fall months. It is customary in some stakes to carry on a fall campaign for the magazine. This appears advisable because new members are constantly coming in who have not had part in the

organization before, and do not realize the place the magazine fills in the work. The *Relief Society Magazine* is inexpensive, costing a trifle more than eight cents an issue when taken for the year. In other words, the subscriber receives twelve magazines for one dollar. All of the lesson work appears in its columns, as well as the teachers' topic, consequently we feel that workers should have access to it. It is indispensable to officers. An officer is scarcely equipped unless she has the organ of the Society constantly at her disposal.

Many of the stakes this year have maintained their usual number of magazines and a few have exceeded it. Richmond, California, has an organization of twenty-four members which subscribes for twenty-nine magazines. A few of the stakes have fallen below their usual magazine subscription. In such cases we advise that an effort be made to bring up the number to what would be regarded as normal.

Not long since a lady stepped into the office who until recently had been associated with the Primary. She said she asked two members of the organization in her ward to answer questions on the lesson for the following week and they replied that they would be glad to do so, but they had no magazine containing the questions. At this the officer came into the office and bought magazines for two months for these members. Eighty cents more on the twenty cents this officer spent would have supplied those members with the magazine for a year. It was not fair to the teacher to have her give her time and talent, and furnish her class with text books also. We have been wondering every since if these members could not have managed to subscribe for the magazine if their hearts had been set upon it.

A Woman's Idea

Last winter the superintendents' section of the N. E. A. was held at Dallas, Texas. There Dr. A. E. Winship, well known to Utah people, was presented a gold chain of forty-eight links, each link bearing the name of the state which presented it. The fob contained a familiar symbol of education in the form of a little lamp throwing its light over the United States. The map upon the fob is said to be the smallest map of the United States ever made. The work was done by Tiffany.

We are interested in Dr. Winship receiving so well deserved a tribute after so many years of inspiring and efficient work on behalf of education. We are doubly interested in the fact that the idea was conceived by women who have devoted their lives to education. We are gratified that the presentation was made by Cora Wilson Stewart, who stands out so conspicuously in the educational work of the South. She did not fail to say, as she could not, that no other man in the field of education had cham-

nioned more consistently the work of women in education than Dr. Winship.

It was fitting in every respect that women should have conceived the project and carried it to so lovely a consummation. We congratulate Dr. Winship, Mrs. Josephine Preston, Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart, the various state organizations affiliated with the N. E. A., and all others who had any part in a testimonial so well deserved and appropriate.

Eliza R. Snow Memorial Poem

ANNOUNCEMENT, 1927

The memorial shall be known as the Eliza Roxey Snow Prize Memorial Poem, and shall be awarded by the Relief Society annually.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. This contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women, but only one poem may be submitted by each contestant. Two prizes will be awarded, a first prize, consisting of \$20, and a second prize, consisting of \$10.

2. The poem should not exceed fifty lines, and should be type-written, if possible; where this cannot be done, it should be legibly written, and should be without signature or other identifying marks.

3. Only one side of the paper should be used.

4. Each contestant guarantees the poem submitted to be her original work, that it has never been published, that it is not now in the hands of any editor, or other person, with a view of publication, and that it will not be published nor submitted for publication until the contest is decided.

5. Each poem must be accompanied with a stamped envelope, on which should be written the contestant's name and address. *Nom de plumes* should not be used.

6. No member of the General Board, nor persons connected with the office force of the Relief Society, shall be eligible to this contest.

7. The judges shall consist of one member of the General Board, one person selected from the English department of a reputable educational institution, and one from among the group of persons who are recognized as writers.

8. The poem must be submitted not later than October 15.

The prize poems will be published each year in the January issue of the *Relief Society Magazine*. Other poems of merit, not winning special awards, will receive honorable mention; the editors claiming the right to publish any poems submitted, the published poems to be paid for at the regular *Magazine* rates.

All entries should be sent to Alice L. Reynolds, Associate Editor, *Relief Society Magazine*, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah, not later than October 15.

Renunciation of Dorcas

By Ivy Williams Stone

The Warner front gate protested creakily as it struck Gail Towers' protruding leg instead of the rusty clutch.

"There, Miss Dorcia Warner, I was too quick for you that time," said Gail airily as he stepped inside the yard and leaned against the gate. "You didn't get a chance to shut me outside to-night. You don't dismiss me with one of your polite little speeches of thanks for a pleasant evening, either. And no number of excuses about having bread to bake, or separators to wash, or chickens to feed, will get you off until you have listened to my little speech. Do you really understand me, Miss *Dorcia* Warner?" Gail folded his arms and looked the provoker of his speech squarely and unflinchingly in the face. The full June moonlight showed his set, determined face, eyes that could be serious and mirthful at the same time, and a countenance full of hope and desire for the better things of life. Altogether it was a good face, belonging to a very nice young man, as Dorcas Warner well knew. An inner, secret voice continually told her that Gail Towers was the *niciest* of men.

But conversation of the sort which Gail had commenced is dangerous on June evenings, when the whole world seems tuned to romance. So Dorcas Warner tried to relieve the increasing tension of the moment by answering Gail as lightly as she could.

"You silly boy," she replied, "people don't feed chickens and bake bread at this time of night. And the separator was washed before we even left home. And my name is Dorcas and not Dorcia, as you very well know."

"But Dorcia is prettier," answered Gail, persistently sticking to personalities. "It's more romantic and youthful sounding. It's girlish—somehow you don't seem half so much of a school teacher with that name," he continued. "But *Dorcas* you were christened, *Dorcas* was written in queer old script on your diplomas, and so it will appear on your marriage certificate. And as this conversation has to do with your wedding, I'll call you Dorcas now, just this once. And so Dorcas," continued Gail, his voice suddenly changing from light bantering to seriousness, "you forget all about household duties for the present, sit on this bench under the lilac bush—so—and listen to me. Are you ready?" Gail sat beside her, still with the folded arms.

"Oh," answered Dorcas, fully realizing how utterly inadequate her answer was. "Really, Gail, I must—"

"I am going to Chicago again this fall to finish my course," interrupted Gail, ignoring her weak protest, "and I'm going to

harvest dollars this summer by acting as guide for an anthropological party going down to the ruins of the cliff dwellers. I have to leave in the morning in order to meet them. And—and—well, if there is the slightest reason in the world to come back here in September, before going on to Chicago, I'm coming post haste, soon as I'm through. But if there is no inducement to return, I'll go on to Chicago by the shortest route. Chicago is a big town to be alone in, though, and—and, I'd like to take you with me, Dorcas. Will you go, and be my little housekeeper, in a little kitchenette? Will you be ready to go with me in September?" The voice was nearer, more personal, and the arms were not folded quite so rigidly.

Dorcas did not look Gail frankly in the face. She turned away her head that he might not see the tears which moonlight made alluring, rather than disfiguring. Only the subdued rustle of the lilac boughs broke the silence.

"I'm waiting Dorcas," Gail finally said when the silence became oppressive. "Don't you want to go? Surely you have known—have guessed—"

Dorcas nodded assent from her corner of the bench. "I want to go Gail. Oh, so badly, but I can't."

Gail suddenly abandoned every trace of military bearing. He unfolded his arms and laid the right one along the bench, nearest to the drooping figure in white. "I love you Dorcas girl," he said simply.

"O Gail," Dorcas sat upright, "don't make refusal and denial so hard for me. I know you love me, I've felt it for some time, and I want to reciprocate your affection, but I cannot. You know, I—sort of—promised Mother before she died that I'd never leave Father as long as he needed me. It has been three years now, Gail, and I've kept my word."

"I should say you have," Gail answered vehemently. "You've been faithful, sticking at that stuffy school teaching job and keeping house at the same time."

"It has been hard work at times," admitted Dorcas, "but I've cared for him just as Mother used to do. She wanted me to do things so that he wouldn't miss her. He's so dependent and helpless, I even polish his shoes and press his clothes. I've been a regular housekeeper for him, because Mother asked me to be. She was a wonderful woman, Gail, I wish you could have known her."

"She must have been," replied Gail quietly, "to be the mother of a girl like you. But I need a housekeeper, too, Dorcas," he continued. "Can't you imagine how much nicer it would be to come home evenings to *you* in a cozy little apartment, with home cooked meals, than to bunk in those everlasting dormitories and patronize endless cafeterias?"

"Please, Gail," the averted voice was unsteady. "I know.

Can't you imagine how much nicer it would be to go with you and cook your meals, to see the world and people, and hear good music and lectures, than it will be to stay on in this sleepy little village and teach school and keep house? But don't coax me, or I may weaken, and if I do, I will never reap the full measure of happiness which I expected. It was Mother's life-work, Gail, to care for father, and she passed it on to me. She thought it ought to mean as much to me as it had meant to her. I was only a girl to her—she didn't realize how soon I would grow up. She loved father to a point of servitude—she made him helpless."

"Why, Dorcas," Gail leaned toward her beseechingly, "your father would never hold you to such a fancied promise. He doesn't need half the babying you give him. It isn't as if he were old or an invalid. People consider him merely a middle-aged man. He's apt to—and I honestly hope he does—live twenty years yet. Do you intend to stay single until you're forty-five or more? Are you going to keep on teaching the rising generation until they, in turn, bring their children to your school? Are you going to cook all through each hot summer, just for your father? Honest, Dorcas, are you going to wash separators every night of your life?"

This speech immediately put Dorcas on the defensive, as Gail had hoped it would. She straightened up from her drooping attitude, in defense of her own kin.

"Life here won't be so unbearable," she defended. "Miss Althea is coming again this summer, and father is not to blame for the condition of affairs at all. He doesn't insist upon my staying. I'm merely keeping a request made by mother. And you remember meeting Miss Moore, don't you? She is the primary supervisor for this entire county. She spent nearly all last summer with us, and we both enjoyed her visit so much. She's coming again soon. She makes a splendid companion, and I get loads of suggestions from her for my primary work. Father seems anxious for her return, too." Dorcas felt that she had exonerated her father from all shadow of blame for her prospective life of sacrifice.

"I don't doubt Miss Moore's attainments," Gail was indulging in fine sarcasm, for youth feels resentment when proffered love is rejected, "but I didn't think a young, healthy, pretty American girl would be satisfied with the exclusive society of a maiden lady of forty, anyway. They usually find them too cultured," he finished with ill concealed rancor in his tone.

Dorcas did not answer. Her emotions were divided between love and an exaggerated sense of duty. She felt that nothing she might say could relieve the situation, and an oppressive silence followed, which the impulsive Gail could not tolerate.

"I say, Dorcas, dear," he broke out boyishly in his old familiar manner, "turn your face to the moonlight, so I can read things in your eyes which your lips won't tell." Gail took Dorcas' face between his two hands and turned it to the light.

"There," he continued, pressing her cheeks gently with his large palms, "that's better. Now then, for some statistics. Your father isn't fifty years old yet, is he?"

Dorcas shook her head as much as the two hands would permit.

"And Miss Althea is coming for a *second* visit, after a prolonged first one?"

Again a diminutive nod of assent.

"And your father has purchased a new runabout with which he is jeopardizing the lives of all the peaceful residents, as he tries to steer it around?"

This time only the hazel eyes answered.

"And you still believe and contend that your father needs *you* to bake his bread and polish his shoes?"

"He is so dependent and helpless, Gail," defended Dorcas. "I know he ought not to be, but Mother made him so. She really enjoyed babying him."

"O you dear, little, unsuspecting, unseeing school teacher, where are your glasses?" finished Gail, releasing her face and staring at her incredulously. "Dorcas," he continued, leaning toward her very imploringly, very loverlike, for the slight figure was unconsciously charming, "I want you. Let me come for you in September—I really don't think your father will mind it so terribly."

Something like a grasping, choking grip rose in Dorcas' throat. It was not pleasant to renounce youth and love, and all that young life holds dear. But only for a moment did Dorcas stop to look at the alluring vision, and then she made her brave attempt at denunciation.

"Gail," she whispered solemnly, "it seems as if I can see mother's face now, sorrowful and beseeching." "No Gail, no," as he impulsively moved to take her in his arms, "I must play the good daughter—I must keep my pledge."

Gail, feeling injured, but greatly impressed with the sincerity of her decision, again assumed his military carriage. "I'm sorry, *Dorcas*," he said with emphasis. "Here is a sort of itinerary of the post offices at which that exploring party is going to stop for mail. I had hoped to get a real love letter from you at each station, but that being forbidden, I shall look for a letter at the last stop. We'll be there in about six weeks. After that, we don't know just where we're going, but it will be far away from any post office, of that much I'm certain. Will you promise to write me your final answer there?"

"You have it now Gail. It will only make it harder for

both of us to go over it all again." Dorcas' voice was strained and unhappy.

"Do you promise to write me there for the twentieth of August?" persisted Gail in his old, stubborn way.

"I promise"—Dorcas raised her face with eyes suspiciously glistening, and as if she were called upon to make one more pledge. "And, goodbye, Gail. When I'm free, if you should still care to come, but I won't ask you to wait—it's too uncertain. So goodbye."

"Goodbye, dear little Saint Cecelia." And Gail with an air of reverence and veneration, leaned over and gently kissed her brown hair. Still with his military bearing and scorning the creaking gate, he bounded the board fence and strode off through the quiet dark. Only the voice of a sleepy cricket audibly mourned his departure, but up in the privacy of her quaint old fashioned bedroom, Dorcas Warner bade farewell to all her dreams of happiness, and sought solace and justification from the portrait of a gentle-faced mother, who, from an exaggerated sense of kindness, had requested the service which was altering her daughter's life.

After Gail's departure, Dorcas settled into the routine of her daily life with unresentful resignation. It all seemed most simple. Her mother had requested—she had voiced no objection, and her father still needed care. Gail's part in the little drama had no weight on her decision. But she took no joy in her daily tasks. She experienced no thrill of housewifely pride as she removed the golden brown loaves from the oven. She did not even bother to count the glasses of sun-preserved strawberries. A vision continuously danced before her eyes of a crowded dormitory, of Gail forming one of the file of humanity that patronizes the cafeterias. She saw him, alone in the crowded city, studying far into the nights, and she longed with all her being to go with him, to share his work, to study herself, to keep the inviting kitchenette, to cook the thick-crust bread which he liked. In order to quell the insistent call of youth for youth, Dorcas filled her days with fatiguing tasks, even separating the heavy buckets of milk. But her days were dull, listless and uneventful. In fancy she saw the months stretching on into years, her father becoming more absorbed in his auto, less conscious of his exactions, seemingly unconscious of the sacrifice she had made.

For some unexplained reason Miss Althea postponed her promised visit until mid-August. The day before her expected arrival, Dorcas aired the seldom used parlor, prepared the guest room, got out the best linens. She cooked tempting dishes and then apathetically watched her father as he washed and polished his car. Somehow the coming of Miss Althea had lost its thrill. Instinctively Dorcas knew she would have to fill the car with gas before her father started—he was so impractical and undepend-

able. He never thought that the car might need water and oil. And Dorcas was even too engrossed to notice the interest her father evidenced in Miss Althea's arrival. She saw no significance in the fact that he was going into town to meet her, instead of letting her come on the interurban, as other people did. Dorcas felt no slight that she was not to be included in the little party. She felt content to remain at home. That was the way her mother used to do—hers had always been the path of service.

But late that night, Dorcas sat writing the promised letter to Gail, that her father might post it while in town the next morning. It was a pitiful little letter, merely the written score for the lilac bush scene.

But though its writing had required new courage, Dorcas showed no sign of her struggle as she tucked the envelope into the pocket of her father's best coat.

"Be sure you post this letter while at the depot, father," she admonished, just as her mother had always done. Mrs. Warner had invariably done his remembering for him. "Better get it right on the train Miss Althea comes on, if you possibly can," she cautioned, as he fidgeted to be off. "It's very important."

"I will, daughter, I will," replied Mr. Warner absently, anxious to get started. "Would Gail Towers collapse if he failed to get it?" he asked jocularly. "Mind the place, daughter, and don't worry if I am late getting back. Miss Moore's train might be late—I might have tire trouble on the road, or something else might happen to delay our return," he finished ambiguously.

Notwithstanding, Dorcas did worry. When seven o'clock brought no father, Dorcas began to watch down the road anxiously. The route from town included a long narrow dugway, and Dorcas had misgivings about her father's skill at driving over it after dark. At eight o'clock she set a tempting meal, at nine o'clock, she cleared it away. Unable to content herself in the house, she left the separator unwashed and walked down the lane and watched the road until a distant beam of light separated into two wavering headlights, and the vehement churning of an overtaxed engine announced her father's return.

Dorcas did not wait to greet them at the gate. She hurried into the house and lit the kitchen stove—after so late a ride a warm drink would be refreshing. Her mother had always provided for a guest's comfort. So Dorcas was on her knees, blowing at the refractory stove when her father and Miss Althea came into the kitchen. Hand in hand, diffident and self-conscious, they faced her.

"I'm sorry we're late," began her father bravely, his voice weakening like that of an erring child who faces the maternal court. "But it took so long to convince Althea that you wouldn't

care, that you had your own plans, and longer still to get the license and find a minister. So forgive us, daughter," he finished lamely.

"And bless us, too, Dorcas dear," added Mrs. Althea, "we are so happy."

But Dorcas neither forgave or blessed. She rubbed her soot stained hand across her face, confusedly, leaving a little smudge on her nose. She had a vision of runaway cafeterias, of long narrow dugways, of thick crusted bread, of Gail hunting love letters in the cliff-dwelling ruins, of her mother's face no longer beseeching.

"Do you mean to tell me that you two children have gone and eloped?" she finally gasped.

"I guess that's about it," answered her father. "No one knew a single thing about our engagement, so you see your old dad can keep a secret about as well as anyone—even as well as you and Gail Towers, don't you think?"

Then Dorcas remembered. Her stoical indifference, which she had cultivated for two unhappy months, gave way to hysterical excitement. "Where is my letter?" she demanded, almost savagely. "The letter I put in your coat this morning, and reminded you to mail on the train?"

Mr. Warner thrust a guilty hand into the designated pocket. "It's still here," he answered shame-faced. "I forgot all about it. Soon as I saw Althea I forgot everything else, even the oil you said I needed 'fore I started home. Come to think of it, guess that's what ailed the car. But you won't hold it against your father, will you, Dorcas, for forgetting to mail a letter on his wedding day? I have to go to town again first thing in the morning, to get the trunks, and I'll tend to it then sure. I guess one day won't make much difference, even though love is young."

"Much difference!" echoed Dorcas, the soot smudge emphasizing her indignation. "It means just enough difference to alter my whole life. *One day!* It means happiness or solitude—a school room or a kitchenette," she added, and then continued vehemently, "it also means that you will take me back to town this very night to send a message so it will reach Gail Towers before he goes off into the sagebrush, hunting another Dorcia. I'll take no chance on a letter now, it's too late. I am entitled to the happiness I nearly lost. That letter would have sent Gail on to Chicago alone. I told him I couldn't leave you, and now I'm—the—give me the letter, father," she ordered tersely, "and go see if you have water and gas enough in the car. Oil or no oil, we're going back to town tonight." And before her astonished elders Dorcas took the portentous letter, tore it into bits, and dropped them into the stove.

"Why Dorcas, you're sure a true daughter of your mother," muttered Mr. Warner in a tender, reminiscent tone. "Sacrifice was her middle name. I never dreamed you were sending your sweetheart away. I took it for granted you would marry Gail. Your mother would have wanted you to. She didn't really mean you should give up your life for me, she was always over-kind to me, that's all. About that message though, I don't want to go back to town again tonight," he protested. "It's late, and I'm sort of nervous about driving after dark. Tomorrow morning early—"

"I think James," interrupted the new mistress of the house, who was accustomed to issuing tactful, gracious orders, "that you really ought to go. Dorcas is entitled to happiness, the same as you and I. She can watch for the bad turns in the road, and I'll manage to while away the time. I can read, or watch the moonlight—"

"You can wash the separator," put in Dorcas with new authority, tinged with new freedom. "Every little piece has to be rinsed in cold water and scalded twice. Then you may prepare a lunch for us all." And from the look which came over the new Mrs. Warner's face, Dorcas had a presentiment that her father would thereafter polish his own shoes—press his own suits.

Two days later, precisely at midnight, the Warner telephone tinkled its arousing summons. Dorcas, who instead of sleeping, had been gazing at a certain creaky gate, hastened downstairs. Her father was already there, sleepily stupid.

"No," he was saying, "no person lives here by the name of *Dorcia*. Guess you've got the wrong—number.

"No they haven't," interrupted Dorcas, appropriating the telephone, "that's my moonlight name. "Yes," she called, "this is Miss Dorcia Warner. I am ready for the message."

And over the buzzing wire, in the monotonous twang of the operator came the message:

"I will never cross the threshold of a

"Chicago cafeteria. Gail."

"That's all there is to it," finished the voice apologetically. "It must be sort of a code. I can't make any sense out of it. Can you?"

"I certainly can," cried Dorcas to the distant operator, to her bewildered father, the moonlight and anything and everything else in creation that might care to listen.



Notes from the Field

Amy Brown Lyman

Parowan Stake.

Cedar City Relief Society Hall: No other Relief Society organizations in the Church, as far as is known, are established on a firmer financial basis than the three Cedar City ward Relief Societies. The women of these organizations own the two-story brick structure which formerly served as Cedar's public school building. They rent three modern apartments in the north wing;



RELIEF SOCIETY HALL, CEDAR CITY, JANUARY, 1927

and since the division of Cedar City into three wards, January 1, 1927, the building has come to be a temporary ward chapel and amusement hall. Every other organization now pays rent to the Relief Society. The women are very proud and happy to be able to serve their wards so efficiently, and the community is grateful to have a building in the hands of such able managers. Were it not for the Relief Hall now, the East ward would be seriously handicapped. But these days of prosperity did not always exist. Nineteen years ago, when Cedar was divided into two wards, June, 1908, the sisters, against their will, met separately; the West ward in the tabernacle, and the East ward in the old Ward Hall. In severe weather they were forced by disagreeable circumstances, to meet in one another's homes. For four years the two ward organiza-

tions existed under the most trying circumstances. They had no room anywhere that they could call their own. They had no funds, Prayer meetings were called, and the problem was put directly to the Lord for guidance, and from the darkness sprang the light. Women of foresight, of business training, and financial backing, such as Mrs. Jennie Thorley, came to the assistance of the two ward presidents, Mrs. Amy Leigh and Mrs. Caroline Schoppman. They borrowed money from the bank, determined to procure for their Society a home. They consulted the bishops about being allowed to meet together, and their request was granted. Both organizations functioned in every way as separate units except that they had their weekly meetings jointly. On July 28, 1916, the presidents of the two organizations, Mrs. Schoppman and Mrs. Elizabeth Haight, who succeeded Mrs. Leigh, met with the district school trustees to discuss the purchase of the discarded school building. Their bid of \$2,000 was accepted and the first payment made in November, 1916. This was a happy day for the Relief Society sisters. They worked toward the realization of their dreams for a permanent home as unitedly and zealously as the Christian martyrs of old. The truth of the old maxim, "In unity there is strength" never had better proof. These determined women cleaned and renovated the entire building; furnished a room for the Relief Society meetings by donating chairs and furnishings from their own homes. They made new curtains; sewed rags and had carpets woven. To help meet the first payment on the building, a Dutch Market of three days duration was held. The women loyally donated everything—vegetables, dried fruit and corn, canned fruit and vegetables, preserves, pastry of all kinds, cooked and cured meats, pickles, and candies of every delectable variety. The work was enormous, but the profit of \$250 was balm to tired arms and aching feet. Quilts were always on hand for sale, and bazaars were given, which yielded large returns for the home-made carpets, rugs, quilts, aprons, clothing for children, and embroidered goods so loyally contributed by members of the organization. From banquets and cafeterias supervised by the Relief Society, \$650 were realized. As these figures show, splendid organization, and cooperation as well as hard work, characterized the efforts of these women. But paying for the building was not the only large project of the sisters. Dwellings and apartments were much in demand to meet the rapid growth of Cedar City. Here was an opportunity for the Society to serve the community and they did not hesitate. They spent \$1,500 remodeling part of the building into two four-roomed apartments. They improved the main hall with a hardwood floor, and built an adjoining kitchen for convenience during banquets. Rent from the apartments and generous contribution from the members soon paid for the building, the two organizations bearing the expense equally. By July, 1923, the Relief Society had sufficient

funds on hand to remodel the northeast corner into another four-roomed apartment, at the expense of \$1,900; later a garage was erected for the convenience of tenants. Since the division of Cedar City into three wards, January 1, 1927, the Relief Society building has served as a home for the East ward on Tuesdays, the Third ward on Wednesdays, and for the West ward on Thursdays.

California Mission (Riverside Branch.)

Although the Riverside Relief Society is only five years old, and has a membership of only 24 members, the organization is active and vigorous. For a bazaar recently held the following articles were made: 14 quilts, 4 dozen tea towels, 1 layette, a number of rag rugs, and many beautiful pieces of embroidery and useful articles of clothing; \$150 was disbursed for charity during the year, and \$100 contributed to the chapel fund. The officers of the organization are: president, Mrs. Vilate McMurray; counselors, Mrs. Marell Carter and Mrs. Alice M. Mack; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Rosetta Glazier.

Blaine Stake (Shoshone Ward.)

The Shoshone Relief Society, with a membership of 18, and with an average attendance of between 6 and 9, arranged and carried out a very successful celebration on Annual Day. There was an interesting and instructive program of 10 numbers, which was followed by games and refreshments. Over 100 were in attendance, many of whom were out of town guests. Mrs. Anna Napper is the president of this Society.

Blaine Stake Reorganized.

The Blaine stake Relief Society was reorganized in April, 1927. Mrs. Laura J. Adamson, who has made an enviable record as a stake president found it necessary to give up her work on account of pressing home duties, and she was honorably released with deep appreciation for her excellent service. Mrs. Adamson, during her incumbency in office, was devoted to the Relief Society cause. She was progressive and forward looking, and was alert at all times—watching for any new development which might make the work more effective. At the same time she was appreciative of the traditions and past work of the organization, and placed great emphasis on its spiritual values and activities. Mrs. Mirtis Cooper, formerly a counselor to Mrs. Adamson, was appointed president to succeed the latter.

Guide Lessons for October

LESSON I

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in October)

SOME DOCTRINES OF THE MESSIANIC DISPENSATION

Seven doctrines of the Messianic Dispensation will be considered in this lesson.

1. *The Doctrine of Pre-existence.* Jesus was passing along the highway when he came to a blind beggar and someone asked the Master a question which gave evidence of a general belief in the pre-mortal existence of man. The question was: Who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind? Of course, the man could not in mortal life have committed a sin the penalty of which was blindness at birth. The answer made to this question by the Christ was an acceptance of the doctrine of pre-mortal existence. The student will be greatly benefited and in most instances spiritually thrilled by thoughtful reading of John 9.

2. *The Doctrine of Reincarnation.* This doctrine seems to have had hold of some minds from the fact that when Jesus asked his disciples the question, "Whom do men say that I, the Son of man, am?" and they said, "Some say that thou art John the Baptist, some Elias, and others Jeremias or one of the prophets." Seemingly, the Lord dismissed the doctrine of reincarnation by a further question which inspired the immortal answer of Peter, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." (Matt. 16:13-18.)

3. *The Doctrine of the Resurrection.* The resurrection was a matter of general belief except among the Sadducees. When Martha said to Jesus, "I know that he shall rise again, in the resurrection, at the last day (John 11:24) she gave expression to the belief prevalent among the common people. The crafty Sadducees sought to entrap Christ with the question as to which of the seven husbands should claim the woman in the hereafter. In answer to their question, the Savior set forth two doctrines, first, the organized existence of man after death, and second, that obligations entered into for time only are not binding in eternity. (Mark 12:18-27.)

Evidently the disbelievers in the resurrection were rather numerous, otherwise Paul would not have had occasion to write that striking discourse on the resurrection found in I Corinthians 15:29.

4. *The Doctrine of Tithing.* The doctrine of tithing was one of general belief at the time of the Savior, and one approved by him. In his rebuke to the Pharisees he commended their tithing but discountenanced their expectation of getting into heaven through the observance of one law only. (Matt. 23:23.)

5. *The Temple and Temple Ordinances.* The belief in temples and temple ordinances was prevalent and approved by Jesus. He was blessed in the temple in his infancy. Read the beautiful story recorded in Luke 2:25-38. In his boyhood he spoke in the temple to the amazement of the learned theologians. For the setting and the substance of a wonderful story of a super-youth and obedient son, study Luke 2:46-50. He declared the temple to be a spiritual sanctuary, a house of prayer, and with irresistible power and authority drove out the mercenary invaders. Within the temple walls he fearlessly proclaimed his mission, preached the gospel to the multitude, and in an almost miraculous manner revealed the secret sins of men who sought to entrap him. (John 7:28-9. John 8:1-10.)

6. *The Doctrine of Vicarious Work for the Dead.* The doctrine must have been believed in or Paul, the most scholarly theologian of the dispensation, would not have written, "If the dead rise not at all, why are they then baptized for the dead?" I Corinthians 15:29.

7. *The Doctrine of Generosity.* We are indebted to the Apostle Paul for the words of Jesus: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." The whole life of Jesus was an example of the application of this doctrine and behind it stands the eternal principle that we grow to love in the direction of our willing, cheerful giving, whether it be of service or of means. The power to give is greater than the power to receive. The joy of giving is more exquisite than the joy of receiving. The effects of giving are more lasting than the effects of receiving. (Acts 20:35.)

Questions and Problems

1. Give scriptural evidence that the Sadducees did not believe in the resurrection.

2. Correlate the doctrine contained in Mark 12:25 with Doctrine and Covenants, section 132:15-16.

3. When and where did Jesus declare that tithing ought to be paid?

4. What is the unmistakable evidence that Jesus spoke to the people in the outer court of the temple, or what we might style the temple grounds of Jerusalem?

5. Give evidence that Jesus approved of temples and used them.

6. Give your personal testimony as to the relative joy-giving value of giving and receiving, or illustrate by a story.

7. On what principle of growth is the doctrine of giving based?

LESSON II

Work and Business

(Second Week in September)

TEACHERS' TOPIC FOR OCTOBER—CIVIC PRIDE

Fall Cleaning and Planting

- I. Attention to yards, gardens and sidewalks. During Fall and early Winter months yards, gardens and sidewalks should be cleared of weeds, flower stalks, fallen leaves and other rubbish.
- II. Enlist services of young boys' and girls' clubs and societies in cleaning up streets.
- III. Fall planting and transplanting—bulbs, peonies, iris, etc.

LESSON III

Literature

(Third Week in October)

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

Baltimore is one of the old cities of America. It has on the one hand a flavor of British aristocracy and on the other hand more than a decided leaning toward that hospitality for which the people of the South are so justly noted. Lizette Woodworth Reese has passed her life in this city, expressing in many of her well wrought lines the beauty of the country that surrounds it.

She was born January 9, 1856, in Waverly, Baltimore county, Maryland, and is one of the oldest of the women whose verse is attracting attention at the present time. Her education was obtained mainly in private schools. Very early it was discovered that she had more than ordinary talent as a student of English, consequently she was very much prized on the faculty of the Western High School in Baltimore where she taught for a score of years. When she severed her connection with the institution, the Alumni, together with teachers and pupils presented the school with a bronze tablet on which was inscribed her well known poem, "Tears," which is often referred to as one of the most famous sonnets written by an American.

Her poetry has been published under the following titles and at the following time. *A Branch of May*, 1887, *A Handful of Lavender* 1891, *A Quiet Road* 1896, *A Wayside Lute* 1909.

The country about Baltimore is woody. The trees and shady nooks that the poet enjoyed as she rambled through these lovely woods made strong appeal to her. "Spring Ecstasy"

reveals both the "madness" and the "gladness" of her soul as she came in contact with nature.

SPRING ECSTASY.

Oh, let me run and hide,
 Let me run straight to God;
 The weather is so mad with white
 From sky down to the clod!

If but one thing were so,
 Lilac, or thorn out there,
 It would not be, indeed,
 So hard to bear.

The weather has gone mad with white;
 The cloud, the highway touch.
 White lilac is enough;
 White thorn too much!

"Wild Cherry" is another poem that bespeaks her fondness not only for nature but for primitive wild nature. She regrets that the wild cherry grows in places so remote that few eyes see it.

WILD CHERRY.

Why make your lodging here in this spent lane,
 Where but an old man, with his sheep each day,
 Twice through the forgotten grass goes by your way,
 Half sees you there, and not once looks again?
 For you are of the very ribs of spring,
 And should have many lovers, who have none.
 In silver cloaks, in hushed troops down the sun
 Should they draw near, oh, strange and lovely thing!
 Beauty has no set weather, no sure place;
 Her careful pageantries are here as there,
 With nothing lost. And soon, some lad may start—
 A strayed Mayer in this unremembered space—
 At your tall white, and know you very fair,
 Let all else go to roof within your heart.

Even "Tears" reaches out to nature in an attempt to make clear its hopeful message.

TEARS.

When I consider Life and its few years—
 A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun;
 A call to battle, and the battle done
 Ere the last echo dies within our ears;
 A rose choked in the grass; an hour of fears;

The guests that past a darkening shore do beat;
 The burst of music down an unlistening street,—
 I wonder at the idleness of tears.
 Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight
 Chieftains, and bards, and keepers of the sheep,
 By every cup of sorrow that you had,
 Loose me from tears, and make me see aright
 How each hath back what once he stayed to weep:
 Homer his sight, David his little lad!

I am sure we shall all appreciate the last two lines.

How each hath back what once he stayed to weep:
 Homer his sight, David his little lad.

It reminds one of James Whitcomb Riley:

Heaven holds all for which you sigh
 There, little girl, don't cry.

There is a directness about the writing of Lizette Woodworth Reese that affected the style of both Sara Teasdale and Edna St. Vincent Millay. "A Girl's Mood" is a good example of straight forward direct verse.

A GIRL'S MOOD

I love a prayer-book;
 I love a thorn-tree
 That blows in the grass
 As white as can be.

I love an old house
 Set down in the sun,
 And the windy old roads,
 That thereabout run.

I love blue, thin frocks;
 Green stones, one and all;
 A sky full of stars,
 A rose at the fall.

A lover I love;
 Oh, had I but one,
 I would give him these,
 Myself, and the sun!

We have in her collection of poems a most exquisite love poem entitled "Love Come Back at Fall o' Dew."

Love came back at fall o' dew,
 Playing his old part;
 But I had a word or two
 That would break his heart.

"He who comes at candlelight,
 That should come before,
 Must betake him to the night
 From a barred door."

This the word that made us part
 In the fall o'dew;
 This the word that brake his heart—
 Yet it brake mine, too.

Many of her poems reach the very acme of simplicity. Can you conceive anything more simple than the lines:

This the word that made us part
 In the fall o' dew;
 This the word that brake his heart—
 Yet it brake mine, too.

There is not a word of two syllables in the stanza.

She has a deeply religious nature. In "Spring Ecstasy" she says "Let me run straight to God." In "A Girl's Mood" "I love a prayer-book." A good example of this feeling is to be found in "A Christmas Folk-Song":

The little Jesus came to town;
 The wind blew up, the wind blew down;
 Out in the street the wind was bold;
 Now who would house Him from the cold?

Then opened wide a stable door,
 Fair were the rushes on the floor;
 The Ox put forth a horned head;
 "Come, little Lord, here make Thy bed"

Uprose the Sheep were folded near;
 "Thou Lamb of God, come, enter here."
 He entered there to rush and reed,
 Who was the Lamb of God indeed.

The little Jesus came to town;
 With ox and sheep He laid Him down;
 Peace to the byre, peace to the fold,
 For that they housed Him from the cold!

In concluding this lesson we shall emphasize two important features by way of summary. First, the directness and simplicity

of the poet's style. Of her volume *A Wayside Lute*, published in 1909, Louis Untermeyer writes: "Here are no verbal tricks, no false postures; here are the qualities which are never dependent on literary fashion." And Mary Colum says: "This poetry of hers will persist, not because the author was cleverer or more original than other writers, but because in some way her nerves were more subtle in response to the kinds of life and experiences that came her way."

The second feature is the religious thought expressed in her poetry. At a period of time when so great a state as the state of New York grants a charter that the doctrines of atheism may be spread; when atheist chapters have been established in twenty colleges and preparatory schools in the United States; and a book like *Elmer Gantry* is said by some "to give concrete expression to the mind of the day" poetry such as Lizette Woodworth Reese writes is wholesome and refreshing to the last degree.

Questions and Problems.

1. Name other American poets as well as Miss Reese who have served on the English faculty of various colleges and schools.
2. Point out some lines in "Tears" that give evidence of the poet's appreciation of nature.
3. What does the title "A Wayside Lute" suggest.
4. Would you classify "A Girl's Mood" as a love poem? If so, why? Does the poem reveal a normal and wholesome girl? If so, why? If not, why?
5. Count the words with one syllable in "A Christmas Folk-Song" and the words with more.
6. What quality does a preponderance of words of one syllable give to a poem?
7. Give proof of the poet's belief that Jesus and His mission were of divine origin.

LESSON IV

Social Service

(Fourth Week in October)

SOCIAL PROBLEMS OF CHILDHOOD—Harold and Henry

An analysis of the problem of Harold and Henry is a continuation of the study of social problems of childhood. The two preceding lessons outlined certain behavior problems which present themselves in the conduct of children, the causes of which are not inherent in the child's physical, mental or emotional make-up, but which are the direct result of the environment in which the child is placed. The story of Paul in the last lesson revealed

the dangers of a child placed in a foster home to which he was not suited. The necessary treatment was not to change Paul. The change in him came naturally when his social setting was revised to meet his desires and capacities.

The studies of Harold and Henry reveal that the same type of treatment is needed. Both boys have had difficulty—one was failing in his school work and the other was ill-tempered and cruel to his family. Both boys were given medical examinations, were given mental tests, and observed for emotional instability. In both instances the source of the difficulty was found in the home environment. The problems had their roots in an unhappy social life.

Harold presents a pathetic picture. He is an alert boy of ten (I. Q. 100), but he was so shy and timid that his teacher considered him stupid. He made many mistakes in his school work and did not try very hard to improve his work. He was constantly threatened with non-promotion which only added to his timidity.

The mental examination showed he had the ability to do good school work. Besides he was a friendly, truthful, sincere young boy who wanted to do well.

Harold's trouble was his home life, but he was not aware of this and did not like to discuss it. It was only when the home was visited and the attitude of parents towards the boy was discovered that the real cause of his timidity was found.

Harold's parents were excellent, intelligent people, with high standards of conduct. The father had definite ideas of proper behavior for his son, and adopted severe measures to enforce his ideas. The father, in his effort to discipline the boy, did not "spare the rod," but resorted to corporal punishment frequently. The severity of such punishment, as our author observes, depended not so much on the nature of the offense, as on the excitement and irritability of the father at the time. Parents often relieve their own anger and frustration, even though the cause may be something entirely apart from the child's offense, by the unintelligent act of whipping a child.

Harold's mother did not punish him. She kept account of his offenses during the day and reported them to the father in the evening. It was difficult to determine how fair her reports were, for she was a nervous semi-invalid, easily annoyed by trifles, such as the noise and untidiness that young boys can make in a home.

It was not much wonder that Harold spent more time thinking of ways to avoid punishment than in applying himself to his school work. It is also little wonder that he became quiet, timid, and resentful. He even resented the freedom given his sister, who was four years older, and felt that his parents were less fond of him than of her.

To change the attitudes of parents is often a difficult undertaking. Parents usually have opinions of their own of the type of discipline that is good for children. These opinions are not often based on any knowledge of child life or psychology, but are a continuation of the methods employed by their parents. In the parent-child relationship there is a real danger of the parent, all unknowingly, to control and dominate the child to compensate for some failure or feeling of inferiority he may have in his own emotional life.

In the case of Harold's parents, they were told wherein they were making mistakes in their treatment of Harold. They were intelligent and interested enough to change their attitudes and try the suggestions offered them. The whippings were discontinued. The mother was put under treatment for her nervousness. The father was encouraged to work and play with the son, and to teach him useful, practical things at the new work bench. Family games were played, and the home became a harmonious, pleasant place for a young boy to be, rather than a place to be feared and avoided. Naturally, he overcame his unhappiness and timidity. Just as naturally, he took new interest in his school work and progressed satisfactorily.

The problems of the other boy, Henry, were also the result of unhappy factors in his home life. His difficulties were not so easily adjusted, as the direct cause was the death of his father and the change of the boy's status in the home. Henry was only thirteen years old, but he was the oldest of the children and he had come to think of himself as head of the family. He was a very bright boy (I. Q. 127) and was in his second year in high school. He was ambitious to go to college and train himself to be a forester.

Many things must have passed through the boy's mind in the days following his father's death. He naturally missed the companionship and guidance that only a father can give to a young adolescent boy. He, perhaps, felt a thwarting of his own ambitions to continue with his college plans. Besides, he undoubtedly felt keenly the fact that his mother had to go to work to support the family. He perhaps identified himself with his father, thinking he might take his place as the bread-earner, the protector and the head of the family. In his immature way, he attempted to play the role. He could only earn a small amount at odd jobs, but in his imagined part as the father of the family he attempted to discipline the younger children and ended in trying to dominate his mother—quarreling and fighting with her.

In treating Henry's problem, it was not possible to restore a normal family life. A substitute for the advice of a father was secured for the boy in finding a man counselor and friend. The mother was advised to be less critical and nagging in her attitude.

and was encouraged to share her plans and problems with him. She gave him her confidence and invited his advice. She tried to develop a family cooperation, which in the end satisfied him more than his childish attempts to dominate the family.

Perhaps some of this difficulty would have been avoided if the mother had not been forced to leave her family to earn the living for the children. In a home where death removes the bread-winner often many undesirable social problems arise. The mother is left without a companion and advisor. The need for earning a livelihood takes her away from her children during the day. Whether the children are with neighbors, or in day nurseries or in institutions they are deprived of the supervision of their mother, and the natural care and guidance of a normal family life. Usually the income is lower and the whole standard of living is changed.

A widow who must supply the income and maintain a home for her children has more than she can do successfully. At the end of a day's work she is naturally fatigued and her energies must then be spent on household tasks—cooking, sewing, mending. It is quite possible that the attention, and guidance and sympathetic understanding that the children need is entirely neglected. It is not difficult to understand that the normal family life, which is broken because of the father's death, has within this changed environment the seeds of many possible childhood problems.

The need of the widowed mother to be subsidized in order that she can remain at home and care for the children has been recognized for some time. Many states grant mothers' pensions in order to give the children an opportunity to be cared for in their own homes. Such a pension should be adequate to maintain a good standard of living and should be administered by persons trained for this kind of service.

References: *Challenge of Childhood*—Dr. Ira W. Wile, pages 259-267.

Questions and Problems

1. Account for Harold's timidity.
2. Why did corporal punishment have a destructive effect on Harold?
3. How was the attitude of the father changed?
4. What was the effect on Harold?
5. What opportunities do parents have to learn more about intelligent rearing of children?
6. Why did Henry wish to be the head of the family?
7. How did this desire affect his behavior?
8. How was this desire turned into a constructive channel?
9. Why is it advisable to have pensions for dependent widows?
10. What provision does your community make for widows without an income?

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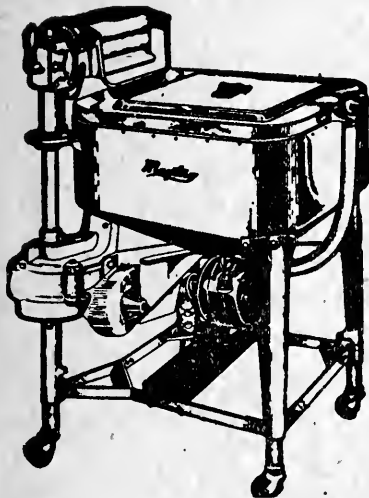
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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Vol. XIV

SEPTEMBER, 1927

No. 9

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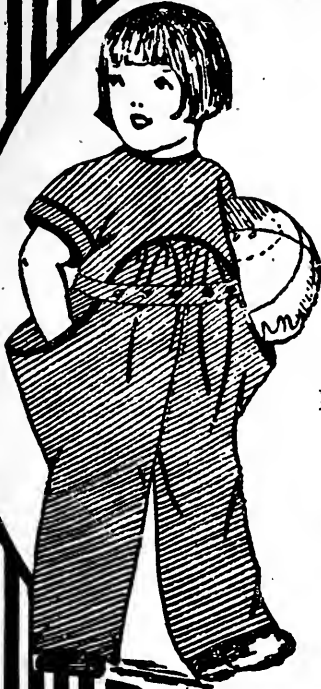
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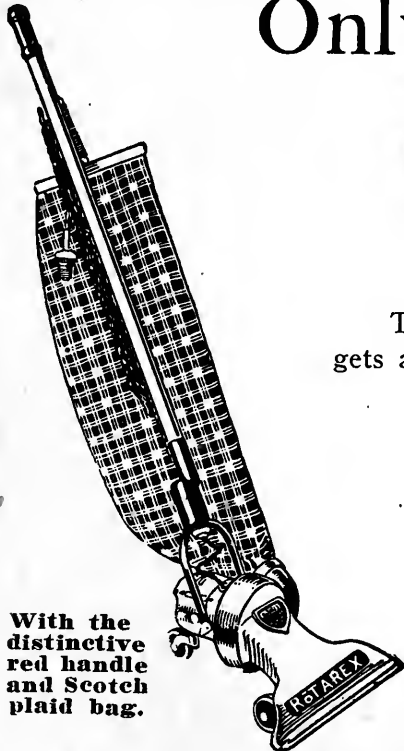


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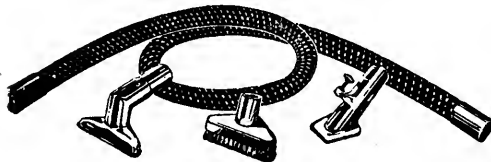
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1827

Isaiah XXIX 9-24

II Nephi XXVII 6-11

1927

THE COMING FORTH
OF THE
BOOK OF MORMON

RG

THE Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XIV

SEPTEMBER, 1927

No. 9

Publication of the Book of Mormon

(Including the Story of the Book of Mormon Carried by Samuel H. Smith, Brother of the Prophet, to John P. Greene, Who in Turn Carried it to John Young, Father of Brigham Young, and the Kimball Family, Now in Possession of the Writer.)

Joseph Fielding Smith, Historian of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Moroni, after completing his record reserved a portion of the last page of his father's abridged account of the history of the Nephites for a description which today we would call the title-page and preface of the record. In fact what he wrote does so appear in the Book of Mormon and is as follows:

"The Book of Mormon, an account written by the hand of Mormon upon plates taken from the plates of Nephi; wherefore it is an abridgment of the record of the people of Nephi, and also of the Lamanites—Written to the Lamanites, who are a remnant of the house of Israel; and also to Jew and Gentile—Written by way of commandment, and also by the spirit of prophecy and of revelation—Written and sealed up, and hid up unto the Lord that they might not be destroyed—to come forth by the gift and power of God unto the interpretation thereof—Sealed by the hand of Moroni, and hid up unto the Lord, to come forth in due time by way of the Gentile—The interpretation thereof by the gift of God.

"An abridgment taken from the Book of Ether also, which is a record of the people of Jared, who were scattered at the time the Lord confounded the language of the people, when they were building a tower to get to heaven—Which is to show unto the remnant of the House of Israel what great things the Lord hath

done for their fathers; and that they may know the covenants of the Lord, that they are not cast off forever—And also to the convincing of the Jew and Gentile that JESUS is the CHRIST, the ETERNAL GOD, manifesting himself unto all nations—and Now, if there are faults they are the mistakes of men; wherefore, condemn not the things of God, that ye may be found spotless at the judgment-seat of Christ.”

In this title-page-preface the promise is made that this record would be preserved to come forth by the power of God to the convincing of the Lamanite, and also the Jew, and also the Gentile, that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. Throughout the Book of Mormon the prediction is made that this record would be preserved for that purpose, and moreover, to bear witness of the inspiration and sacredness of the Hebrew Scriptures. The promise was made that the contents of this record would be made known among all nations. Nephi wrote that the day would come “that the words of the book which were sealed shall be read upon the house tops; and they shall be read by the power of Christ.”

Joseph Smith and the Witnesses to the Book of Mormon were deeply impressed with this fact, for in giving to the world their testimonies they worded their address as follows: “Be it known unto all nations, kindreds, tongues, and peoples, unto whom this work shall come,” and then follows their positive statements concerning the record. Had it not been for the spirit of prophecy they would not have dared to have made their address in such manner, nor would Joseph Smith have dared to have declared that the Book would be distributed in all the world as a witness for Christ. He had no power in himself, even with the help of the eleven witnesses, to bring to pass such a bold and remarkable prediction. Had the Book of Mormon been a fraud, and these men deceivers, it is very probable that the book would not have been known beyond a radius of a very few miles from Palmyra.

Moroni, when he appeared to Joseph Smith, in September, 1823, told Joseph Smith that his name should be known for both good and for evil among all peoples. Today no one will say that this has not been fulfilled. So also has knowledge of the Book of Mormon penetrated the nations of the earth. Wherever the name of Joseph Smith is known the Book of Mormon is also known. Those who have sincerely read it accept it as a divinely inspired record; among those who reject it, it may be looked upon in ignorance as a cunning fraud. However, the word of the Lord spoken anciently has been, and is still being, fulfilled.

The Book of Mormon has been published in the following languages:

<i>Year</i>	<i>Place</i>	<i>Language</i>
1830	Palmyra, N. Y.....	English
1851	Copenhagen, Denmark	Danish

1852	Paris, France	French
1852	Merthyr Tidfil, Wales	Welsh
1852	Hamburg, Germany	German
1852	London, England	Italian
1855	San Francisco, Calif.	Hawaiian
1878	Copenhagen, Denmark	Swedish
1886	Salt Lake City	Spanish
1889	Auckland, New Zealand	Maori
1890	Rotterdam, Holland	Dutch
1903	Salt Lake City	Samoan
1904	Salt Lake City	Tahitian
1906	New York, N. Y.	Turkish
1909	Tokio, Japan	Japanese

In 1923 the Book of Mormon was translated into Hebrew by Herman Miller, but has not been published in that language. The Book of Mormon was translated by Elder James P. Meik in Hindustanee between the years 1854 and 1859, but has not yet been published.

The first edition of the Book of Mormon was printed by Egbert B. Grandin at Palmyra, New York, in 1830. The edition was of 5,000 copies and the cost was \$3,000. On the title page of this edition the following appears: "By Joseph Smith, Junior, Author and Proprietor," and on the next page the copyright appears in full. The expression "Author and Proprietor" has caused some adverse criticism by enemies of the Church, but in making this statement Joseph Smith was merely complying with the law at that time governing copyrights. This book contains 588 pages and the testimonies of the Witnesses are in the back of the book. A few of the copies contain an index but most of them were published without this addition.

In the first year or two of the existence of the Church the missionaries were without tracts and other printed information on the principles of the gospel and the restoration, and therefore depended almost solely on the Book of Mormon. Each missionary took several copies of the Book of Mormon and tried to dispose of them among the people usually with excellent results. Among the first missionaries to go out, if not actually the first, was Samuel H. Smith, younger brother of the Prophet Joseph. Samuel carried several copies of the Book of Mormon but met with indifference among the people. Finally he reached the home of a Methodist preacher named John P. Greene and tried to interest that gentleman in the story of Joseph Smith and the coming forth of the Book of Mormon. Mr. Greene informed him that he had neither the time to read nor the means to buy the book as he was about to leave on an important preaching tour. However, said he, if Samuel desired to leave a copy of the book he would try to dis-

pose of it for him. The book was left and Samuel promised to call again in about two weeks to see what success had been obtained, and feeling somewhat discouraged departed. In the mean time Mr. Greene started to read the Book of Mormon, more out of curiosity than from any desire to gain information, for he had no faith in the story that had been told him. The more he read the more he became interested and when he had finished the book, was convinced of its truth. He took the book to the family of John Young, father of Brigham Young, and they read it, it was also read by the Kimball family, and others, with the result that the family of John Young, Heber C. Kimball, John P. Greene, grandfather of Lulu Greene Richards, and others were eventually brought into the Church. So the mission of Samuel H. Smith performed in June, 1830, and which he felt was a complete failure, added to the Church some of the most prominent members that ever embraced the gospel. This identical copy of the Book of Mormon presented to John P. Greene is now in the possession of the writer of this article.

The second edition of the Book of Mormon was published by Parley P. Pratt and John Goodson, at Kirtland. This issue contains a preface by the publishers in which they state that they have "obtained leave to issue 5,000 copies of the same, from those holding the copyright." The third edition was published by Don Carlos Smith and Ebenezer Robinson in Nauvoo, in 1840, from plates made by Shepherd and Stearns of Cincinnati, Ohio. Another edition was printed from these plates in Nauvoo, in 1842. In 1841 Brigham Young and the apostles who were then in England published the first European edition. In the first three American editions the testimonies of the witnesses were printed in the back of the book, but in the first European edition the testimonies were transferred to the front of the book as they have appeared in all editions since. This issue was to have been of 5,000 copies, but only 4,050 were delivered, the printing was done by J. Tompkins and Co., of Liverpool. The second European edition was published by Orson Pratt, in Liverpool, in 1849. Elder Franklin D. Richards published the third European edition, in 1852. In this edition Elder Richards numbered the verses in the chapters of the book. In 1879 Orson Pratt published an electrotyped edition of the Book of Mormon dividing the chapters and the verses and adding the footnote references as we have the book today. After these plates were made many editions appeared in Liverpool, which became for many years the publishing headquarters of the Church.

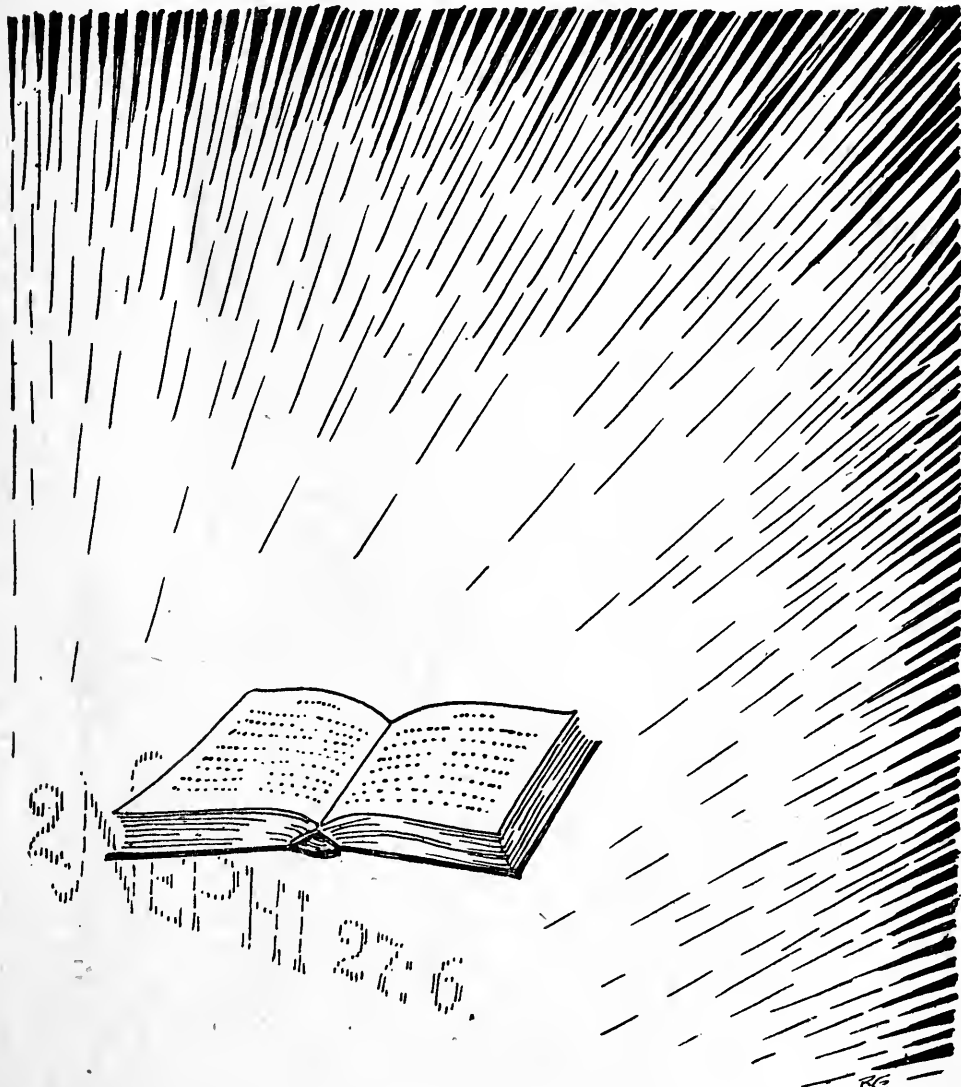
The following list of the editions of the Book of Mormon is not complete, but is the best information available at this time, copies of these editions being in the files of the Historian's Office, Salt Lake City:

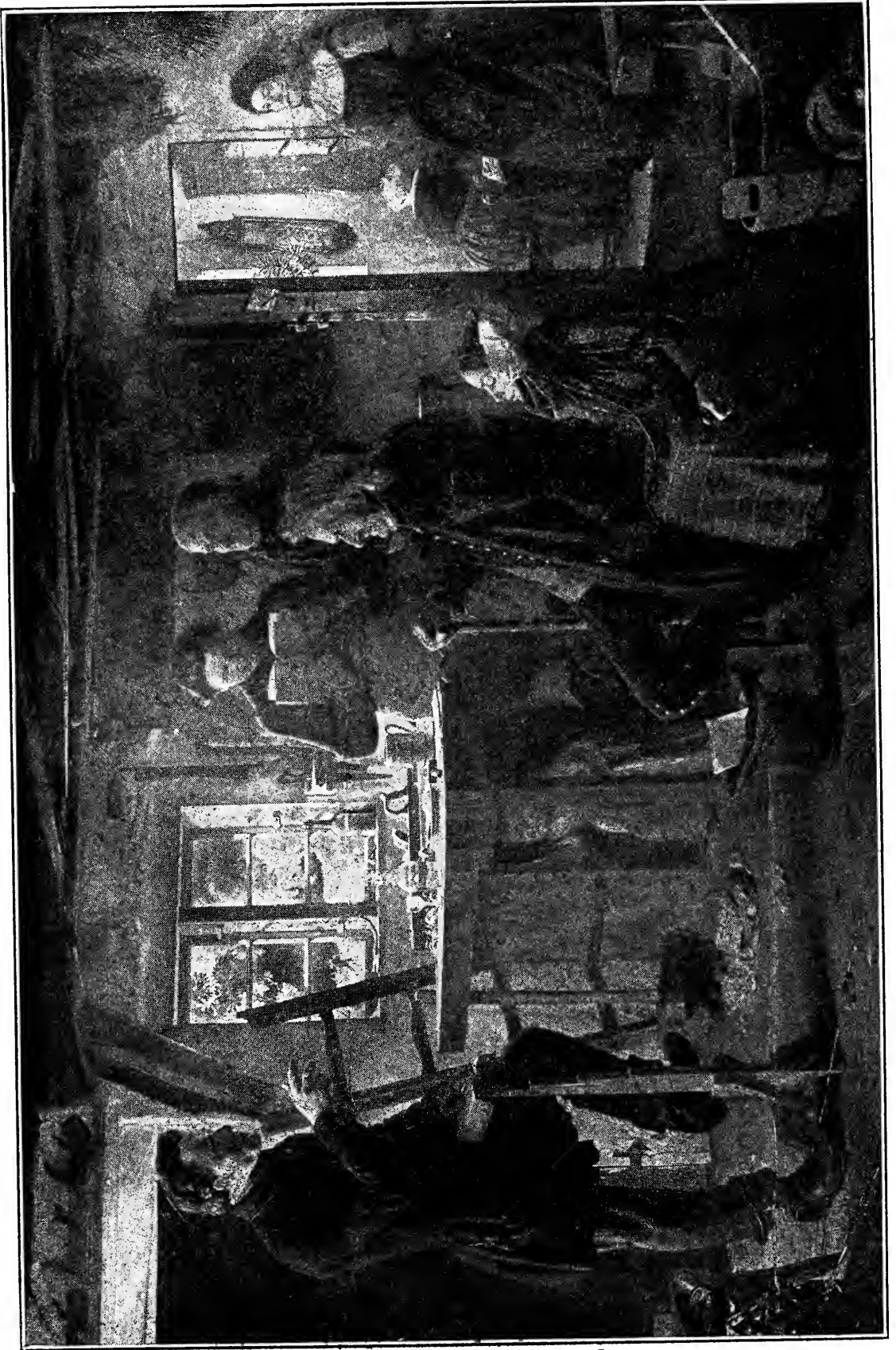
<i>Year</i>	<i>Place of Publication</i>
1830	Palmyra, New York
1837	Kirtland, Ohio
1840	Nauvoo, Illinois
1841	Liverpool, England
1842	Nauvoo, Illinois
1849	Liverpool, England
1851 (Danish)	Copenhagen, Denmark
1852	Liverpool, England
1852 (German)	Hamburg, Germany
1852 (French)	Paris, France
1852 (Italian)	London, England
1852 (Welsh)	Methyr Tidfil, Wales
1854	Liverpool, England
1855 (Hawaiian)	San Francisco, Calif.
1858 (Danish)	Copenhagen, Denmark
1866	Liverpool, England
1869	New York
(This is the "Wright" edition published by non-members of the Church)	
1869	New York
(This is the Deseret Alphabet edition)	
1871	Salt Lake City
1873 (German)	Bern, Switzerland
1874	Salt Lake City
1877	Salt Lake City
1878 (Swedish)	Copenhagen, Denmark
1879	Liverpool, England
(This is the first edition divided into chapters and verses with foot-note references which were prepared by Elder Orson Pratt)	
1881	Liverpool, England
1881 (Danish)	Copenhagen, Denmark
1881	Salt Lake City
1882	Salt Lake City
1883	Liverpool, England
1885	Salt Lake City
1886 (Spanish)	Salt Lake City
1888	Salt Lake City
1888	Liverpool, England
1889 (Maori)	Auckland, New Zealand
1890 (Dutch)	Rotterdam, Holland
1891	Salt Lake City
1898	Liverpool, England
(This edition was on India paper and the combination was made of the Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, and Pearl of Great Price)	
1900	Liverpool, England

1902	Kansas City, Missouri
1902	(Danish)	Copenhagen, Denmark
1902	(German)	Berlin, Germany
1903	Salt Lake City
1903	Liverpool, England
1903	(Samoan)	Salt Lake City
1904	Salt Lake City
1904	(Tahitian)	Salt Lake City
1905	Kansas City, Missouri
1905	Chicago
1905	Chicago, Illinois
1905	(Hawaiian)	Salt Lake City
1906	Salt Lake City
1906	Chicago, Illinois
1906	Liverpool, England
1906	(Turkish)	New York, N. Y.
1907	Salt Lake City
1907	(Swedish)	Stockholm, Sweden
1908	Chicago
1909	Liverpool, England
1909	(Dutch)	Rotterdam, Holland
1909	(Japanese)	Tokio, Japan
1911	Chicago
1912	Liverpool, England
1914	(Maori)	Salt Lake City
1920	Hammond, Indiana
(This is the first edition published with double columns and with added references and index, from plates made in Hammond, Ind.)		
1921	Hammond, Indiana
1923	Hammond, Indiana
1924	Hammond, Indiana
1924	(German)	Basel, Switzerland
1925	Hammond, Indiana
1926	Hammond, Indiana

In one year upwards of two hundred thousand copies were issued from the press of the missions at Independence, Missouri. These copies were distributed by the missionaries as many more thousands have been in the past few years. Thousands of copies were printed from the Hammond plates and are now being used by the missions of the Church as well as in all the stakes of Zion. Besides the list presented here there were several editions printed not included in this list among which are the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th editions from Independence and also pocket editions published by the Deseret Book Company in 1905, 1907, 1908, 1913, 1916, and one or two other editions without imprint of date. Because we do not know just when the editions printed in Independence and elsewhere were published, it has not been possible to place them

in chronological order. However, it is evident that the words of the prophets are being fulfilled in a most remarkable manner in the going forth of the Book of Mormon among the nations, kindreds and peoples of the earth to the convincing of the Lamanite, the Jew, and the Gentile, that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God.





A "MORMON" IN THE COUNTRY AT A CARPENTER'S HOME

Items of Interest Concerning the Book of Mormon

A Danish Painting

The copy of the painting on the opposite page is entitled "A Mormon in the Country at a Carpenter's Home." It is in the famous Statens Museum at Copenhagen, Denmark and was painted by Dalsgaard. The picture is that of a "Mormon" missionary preaching the gospel. In all probability he has the Bible in his hand, but the artist calls him a "Mormon." He would never be known to the world of art or the world at large as a "Mormon" had not the Book of Mormon been delivered to the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Excerpt Taken From a Letter of Professor Hull of Cornell University

An excerpt from a letter written by Mr. Charles H. Hull, Professor of American History at Cornell University, to President George H. Brimhall, will, we feel, be of interest to our readers:

"Miss Effie Smith, a former student in my classes, is now, or lately was, Mr. North's secretary and bibliographer. She sent me a catalogue, in which she took some justifiable pride, of 'First Editions of One Hundred Famous American Books'—some such title—and in acknowledging it I remarked that it did not contain what I supposed to be one of the most famous, or perhaps I may have said the most widely discussed, books ever published in America: could she guess what it was? She and Mr. North gave it up, but when I mentioned the Book of Mormon they agreed, and eventually Mr. North bought one of my copies.

"I am perfectly willing to say to anyone that I suppose the Book of Mormon to be one of the most famous and widely discussed books ever published in America. I think an arguable case can be made for the assertion that it is the most famous and widely discussed book ever first published in America."

Testimony of Madam Mountford

When I was visiting Palestine in the spring of 1925 I met Mr. Tadrus, a gentleman who has lived in that land all his life, and knows the people of the country well. He told me that the most clever person who had ever gone from the Holy Land to explain the manners and customs of the country to the people of the Occident was Madam Lydia M. V. F. Mountford.

Madam Mountford visited Utah many times. During the Summer of 1897 she came to take part in the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the pioneers entering the valley of the

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Great Salt Lake. While there Mr. Charles Burton tendered her his home. For a number of days I was her guest in the Burton home. One day I entered her room to find her reading the Book of Mormon. She looked up from the book and said in substance, Miss Reynolds, this book is an account of the life and doings of Oriental peoples written by Orientals, and not the life and doings of Occidental peoples written by Occidentals. It never could have been written by any person or persons who were not of themselves part and portion of an Oriental civilization.

Excerpt from an article entitled "The Land of 'The Dry Guillotine'," published in the magazine section of the *New York Times* of Sunday, July 3, 1927.

"The mainland of French Guiana is mostly jungle—miles of it unexplored—with only a fringe of habitation along the coast and for a short distance up the main streams. Where there are settlements of any size they have grown up about one of the larger prisons of the great system. There are prisons at Cayenne and at Kourou, on the north coast; while radiating from St. Laurent, on the Maroni River, is a network of jungle prisons, where every night the men locked in their dormitories hear the wild, free chorus of the howling monkeys."

It seems almost certain, does it not, that Maroni River is a corruption of Moroni River. Particularly does such a conclusion seem warranted when we take into consideration that we are talking of South America, where we should naturally expect to find Book of Mormon names.

Lord Help Me Live

By Mrs. W. R. Forkner

Lord, help me live from day to day,
 In such a self-forgetful way,
 That even when I kneel to pray,
 My prayers will be for others.

Help me in all the works I do
 To ever be sincere and true;
 And know that all I do for you
 Must needs be done for others.

And then, when my work on earth is done,
 And my new work in Heaven begun,
 May I forget the crown I won
 While thinking still of others.

Others, Lord, yes others,
 Let this my motto be
 Help me to live for others,
 That I may live like Thee.

A Treasured Volume

By Lulu Greene Richards

Valued—and justly so—above all common price,
This copy of the Book of Mormon is.
It is the one identical which Hyrum Smith,
The martyred Patriarch, took in his hand
Upon the morning of that fateful day
When the Prophet Joseph and Hyrum, Patriarch,
Were seized as criminals by ruthless men
And taken prisoners to Carthage jail.
Where, on the twenty-seventh day of June,
Eighteen hundred and forty-four,
Eighty-three years ago this present year,
Those two brave, noble and heroic men,
Spotless and innocent of any wrong,
Valiant and true defenders of Jesus' faith and cause,
Like Him were sacrificed for that same truth.
Their testimony with their blood was sealed.
They were shot down by murderers who knew not what they
did.

On being taken from his home the Prophet said:
"I go like a lamb to the slaughter, but I am
Calm as a summer's morning."
His brother martyr, Hyrum, took
This Book of Mormon from the shelf.
The book was opened in the Patriarch's hands
At page six hundred ten of that, the third edition,
And there he read and marked prophetically
The noted lines which have been often told,
And are again repeated here,
Marked as he marked them then.
He folded down a corner of the leaf
Which still remains as it was left by him.
The book of Ether, chapter five of that edition,
Contains those words, appropriate, which Hyrum marked.
They follow here copied from that same leaf:
"And it came to pass that I prayed unto the Lord
That he would give unto the Gentiles grace,
That they might have charity. And it came to pass
That the Lord said unto me: If they have not charity
It mattereth not unto thee, thou hast been faithful;
Wherefore, thy garments shall be made clean. And
Because thou hast seen thy weakness thou shalt be
Made strong, even unto the sitting down in the place

Which I have prepared in the mansions of my Father.
 And now I, Moroni, bid farewell unto the Gentiles, yea,
 And also unto my brethren whom I love, until we
 Shall meet before the judgment seat of Christ, where all
 Men shall know that my garments are not spotted with your
 blood."

This copy of the Book of Mormon was a gift
 From Hyrum to his sister-in-law, Mercy Fielding Thompson.
 By her the book was cherished carefully,
 Through all the after persecutions of the Saints,
 And brought intact unto their place of refuge
 Near the Great Salt Lake.

Her grandson, Robert B. T. Taylor owns it now
 And through his courtesy it is shown to me.
 With reverential and appreciative touch
 I hold the book and read again those words
 Significant, marked by Hyrum's hand.
 Realizing that this privilege now granted me
 May not be reached by thousands who would prize it,
 I offer as a substitute these truthful lines,
 That many interested may behold and read
 Again the words which Hyrum read and marked,
 And see a duplicate of the marks he made
 And left as a last testimony of his love,
 His loyalty and faithfulness to God
 And to His Prophet, Seer and Revelator,
 Hyrum's brother and companion martyr, Joseph.



FRIEZE ON WALL OF HAWAIIAN TEMPLE

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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Room 28, Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah

Magazine entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah

Vol. XIV

SEPTEMBER, 1927

No. 9

EDITORIAL

The Centenary of the Coming Forth of The Book of Mormon

Everywhere in the world today everything that is American is being played up. An article in the *Century*, for July, calls the United States the "most talked-of country" in the world. This is a natural outgrowth of the fact that America has assumed world leadership, in a number of ways, since the war. As a consequence, everything that is intrinsically American has taken on added importance and has received added emphasis. This added importance and added emphasis has not failed to reach the "Mormon" people. The editor of the *Forum* in writing of the "Mormon" people, in the July issue, 1926, displayed some pride in the fact that the "Mormon" religion is American and for a very obvious reason. The "Mormon" religion in connection with Christian Science makes it possible to refute a familiar charge from the old world, that the new world has given us no religions that are indigenous to American soil. As years go on and the United States becomes a more potent factor in the world than she is at present, when all well informed people will be as ready to admit that the United States has assumed spiritual and intellectual leadership as they are now willing to admit that she has assumed financial

leadership, then the pride of the American people will increase in the fact that the "Mormon" religion is an American religion and that the Book of Mormon is an American book.

The Book of Mormon an Inspirer of Art

The Book of Mormon has inspired a good deal of art, already, and it is safe to say that it will be the inspiration of much more in the future. Sculpture, painting, stained glass windows, hymns, drama, pageants, poems have each in turn drawn their material from the Book of Mormon, making a contribution of real worth to the lives of Latter-day Saints and helping to develop a distinctive civilization.

At the present, sculpture appears to be in the lead in Book of Mormon art. We have on the west side of the Hawaiian temple, an elaborate frieze depicting characters and events in Book of Mormon history. At the rear of the temple is a piece of statuary representing Lehi blessing his son Joseph prior to his death. The frieze is very beautiful. It contains statues of Moroni, Columbia, (U. S.), Mormon, Hawaiians, Laborers, Hagoth, Sincere Refinement, Gadianton, Korihor, Kishkumen, Humble Believer, III Nephi, Christ, Ammon, Father and Mother of Lamoni, Samuel, Moroni, Teancum, Amalekiah, Coriantum, King Noah, Alma, Lamon, Nephi, Joseph, Lehi. We feel sure our readers will be glad to note the very soulful piece of work representing Lehi blessing Joseph. These two pieces of work are the work of Avard Fairbanks, a son of the artist, J. B. Fairbanks, born in Provo, Utah, who is constantly attracting attention because of his work. Avard Fairbanks is the sculptor of the monument to the Three Witnesses unveiled during the April conference of the current year.

Perhaps no other piece of sculpture inspired by the Book of Mormon has stirred more souls and elicited more favorable comment than the statue of the Angel Moroni crowning the east spire of the Salt Lake Temple. This beautiful image is the work of Cyrus E. Dallin, born in Springville, Utah. It holds a very high place in American sculpture.

Many will recall pictures, paintings and stained glass windows decorating Latter-day Saint places of worship that have used Book of Mormon material. Our beautiful hymn, "An Angel from on High" has thrilled thousands. The play, "Corianton," as well as the pageants that have been put on by the auxiliary organizations of the Church are all indicative of a future of art inspired by the Book of Mormon, that cannot fail to be both great and glorious. There is a story current that Martin Harris, one of the three witnesses of the Book of Mormon stepping on to the Temple

Block, exclaimed, "See what the Book of Mormon hath wrought!" In a sense the Book of Mormon is responsible for the buildings on the Temple Block, Salt Lake City, and all other Latter-day Saint temples.

The Greatest of all American Books

One hundred years ago on the 22nd of September, 1827, the Angel Moroni delivered the plates containing the Book of Mormon to the Prophet Joseph Smith. We do not hesitate to call it the most important of American books. We do this because the book contains the history of people who lived on this continent from the time of the confounding of tongues at the Tower of Babel to 400 A. D. It contains the gospel in its simplicity and is a new and powerful witness for Christ. If any other American book can lay claim to such importance as the Book of Mormon, we shall retract what we have said, for this challenge is issued in all sincerity.

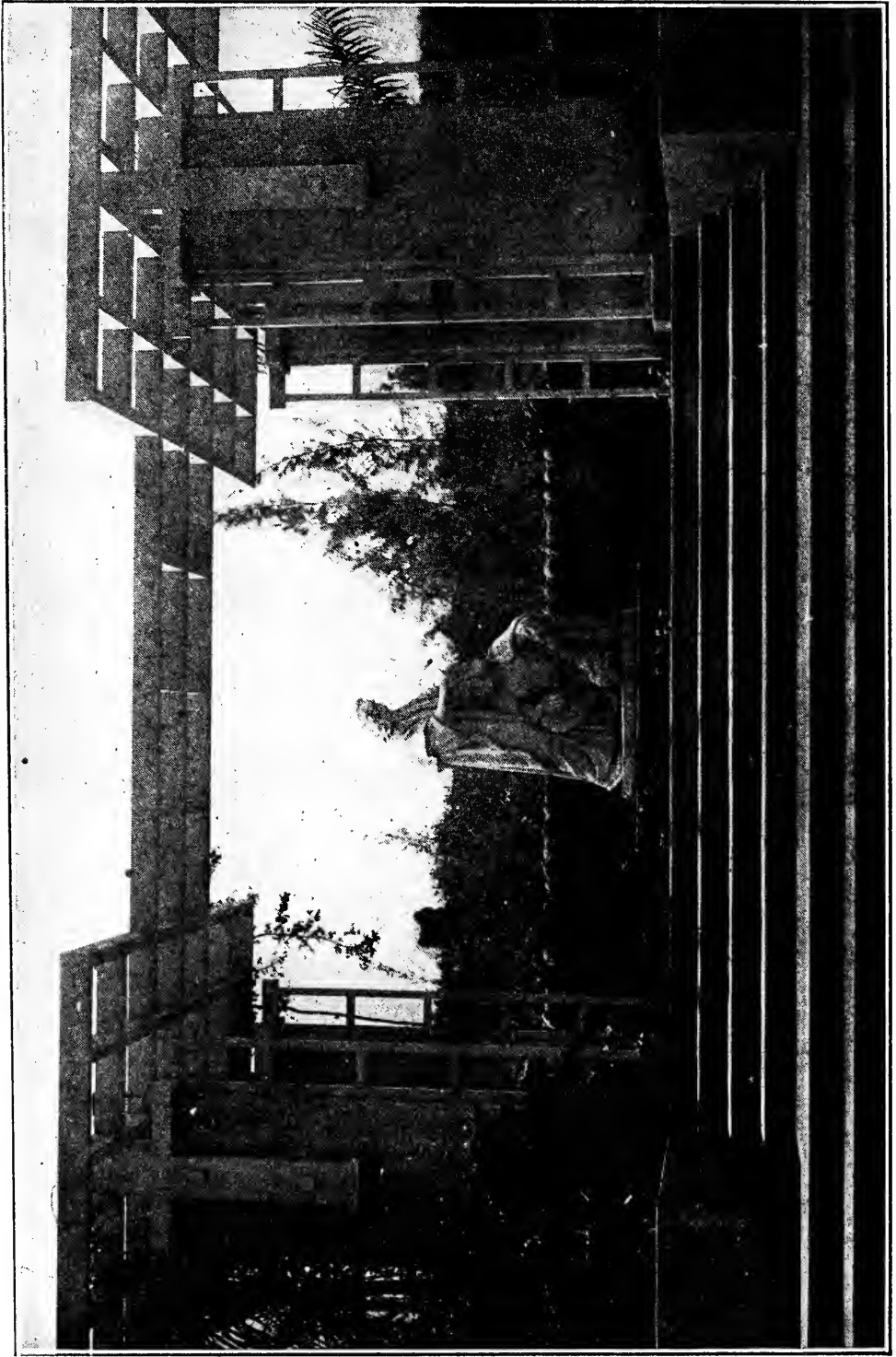
The Evening-Tide

By Henry F. Kirkham

How peaceful is the gentle evening-tide!
The setting sun has gone to final rest,
The cooling breezes from the canyon come,
And robin red-breast sings his parting song.

Over earth a solemn silence falls,
The evening star shines faintly in the east,
The busy cares of day are laid aside,
And calm and quiet settles over all.

Brief period, ere the shades of night descend,
And darkness takes the burden of the day,
A sudden pause, as if God said to man,
"Turn thee from things of life—and worship me."



LEHI BLESSING HIS SON JOSEPH

Biblical Mothers' Pageant

By Laura M. Jenkins

(This pageant is recommended by the committee for
Special Occasions)

EVE

Thou wert a wonderful mother,
Chosen by power divine;
Brought to this earth from another
Sphere, of the heavenly shrine.
Mother thou art of the races,
Eve thy adorable name,
Grief on thy brow left its traces:
Earth's children honor thy fame.

Sarah, Rebecca and Rachael,
Mothers of Bible renown,
Honored forever in Israel—
Worthy of Motherhood's crown.
Miriam, silver tongued songstress,
Woman by Israel revered,
Gladdening their wearisome wanderings,
Over the desert so weird.

Deborah, deliverer of Israel,
Conqueror of Sisera brave.
Long shall we sing of thy victory,
Israel from bondage to save.

Fair Ruth, the Moabite maiden,
Gleaning in Boaz's field,
With sheaves from the harvest laden
Truly a bounteous yield.
Cherished her life through the ages,
Ever remembered shall be;
Written on history's pages,
David's ancestress was she.

Esther, thou fair Jewish daughter,
Chosen, though captive, a queen,
Saving from Haaman's fierce slaughter.
The Jews, by strategy keen.
Honored for aye by thy people,
Thy deeds in Biblical lore,
Spoken and sung by all nations,
Worthy, I mean, to adore.

Mary, Christ's mother, we hail thee!
 Thine was a mission divine;
 True e'er, though demons assailed thee,
 Ever thy glory shall shine.
 Virgin of Deity's choosing,
 Mother of God's only Son.
 Saving a world, in thy losing,
 Life hath its victory won.

Mother through Gabriel's promise,
 Eliz'beth stricken in years.
 Thy son—Emmanuel's forerunner,
 Now in our story appears.
 Clean through his life, he was worthy.
 In Jordan's waters he gave
 Baptism e'en to earth's Savior,
 He who was mighty to save.

Sisters of Laz'rus, we hail thee!
 Mary and Martha so true,
 Honored your home in old Bethany,
 Jesus our King dwelt with you.

Mary of Magdala, faithful
 To Jesus right to the end.
 Last at the Cross—first at the tomb.
 More than follower and friend.
 "Mary," thy name the first spoken
 By his resurrected voice,
 Sweetly those accents betoken
 Woman thou art of his choice.

Tabitha, angel of mercy,
 Feeding and clothing the poor;
 When death laid his hand upon thee
 Their tears and pleadings were sore.
 Till Peter's faith interceded
 With Heaven thee to restore.
 Raised from the dead midst rejoicing
 Able to mingle once more.

Now in this last dispensation
 God, through his Prophet, again
 Opens the door of salvation,
 Which through dark ages had been
 Closed; while earth's children in darkness
 Wandered and prayed for the light.
 Now it shines forth in its brightness,
 Breaking the shades of the night.

Gone are the darkening shadows,
 Angels from heaven have flown;
 God to his prophet has spoken
 Making his great power known:
 Breaking the fetters of ages,
 Turning to woman the key—
 Joseph the emancipator
 Of womanhood, e'er shall be.

Emma, Eliza and Zina,
 Bathsheba, Emmeline, too,
 Clarissa last, yet we love thee
 None less, but homage we do
 To all our God given leaders,
 Women whose lives have been spent
 In helping to make this world better:
 Service to God you have lent.

This pageant is very effective with an oriental setting. Let each woman be dressed in the costume of her time, enter with rhythmic step as her name is spoken by the reader, advance to front of stage and glide gracefully off. Sarah, Rebecca and Rachael follow one another as their names are spoken, advance to the center of the stage together; Mary and Martha of Bethany do the same. Rebecca may carry an oriental pitcher, Miriam a lyre, Deborah wears a helmet and carries a spear, Esther wears a crown and holds her scepter, Ruth carries her sheaves of wheat. Each woman should try to look and act the part of the woman she represents.

The reader of the lines stands at extreme right of stage.

The song, "Dear Old Mother O' Mine," may be played softly by the violin with piano accompaniment through entire pageant, the reader can bring the lines easily to the rhythm of the music.

Pageant closes with tableau.

If only the Bible women are wanted close with Tabitha.

Tableau

Mary, the mother of Jesus, may hold a babe, and is seated in center of stage, with Eve to the right and Elizabeth at the left.

Standing at the right, Esther, with her scepter in her hand; Deborah, at left leaning on her spear; Miriam with her lyre is seated at the right of stage near the front; Ruth with her sheaves of wheat at the left—the rest of the women take a reclining position and group on floor in oriental fashion.

With music and colored lights this forms a very beautiful tableau.

The Movement away from the Home

Lowry Nelson

We used to do most of the manufacturing of the world in the home. The weaving industry, the knitting industry, food preparation, and a hundred other lines of manufacturing was done in the home. The home is still a manufacturing plant of considerable consequence. Despite the fact that many of the manufacturing processes have been removed to the factory, the home still holds a commanding position with respect to certain commodities.

Take for example the preparation of food. Every home is a small canning factory. Practically every housewife "puts up" a quantity of fresh fruit, jams, vegetables, and occasionally meats. But even though the housewife should not put up any canned food, she still is a manufacturer, for she takes the raw meat, vegetables and fruit from the farm and transforms them for the dinner table. We still have "home-cooked meals." Since manufacturing is merely the act of changing materials from the raw to the finished state, the housewife who cooks her own meals is a manufacturer.

But there is a great reduction, even in food, of the amount prepared in the home. The restaurant, the cafeteria, the delicatessen, have all conspired against this last stand of the home as a factory.

Then there are still other manufacturing functions which go on in the home, despite the Industrial Age. The making and renovating of clothing amounts to considerable, when all homes are considered. We have thrown the spinning wheel and weaving loom out of the home, but we still keep the sewing machine.

However, the real purpose of the home never has been to spin wool, or weave cloth. Its time-honored function is the production and care of children. Men and women marry—and always have married for the purpose of having children and rearing them to manhood and womanhood. This is its one excuse for existence. The making of clothing and food are incidentals, and can be done more efficiently, economically, and usually better, outside the home, because they are done by experts.

And there are people—George Bernard Shaw, for example—who hold that the home is no place to rear children. "More children are ruined," he says, "by the pampering influence of mothers, than are ever helped." So he advises putting infants in a public nursery, under the care of child experts. Thus mother, as well

as father, is left free to "live their own lives." Well, you may think about Shaw's idea, anyway!

But in connection with this fundamental business of child-rearing, the home has been at once an educational institution, house of worship, and a place for recreation. Here again, it has been relinquishing its functions to the respective specialized institutions.

While the home is still an important force in the education of the child, it does not hold the place in this respect which it once held. The private school, first came to relieve the homes which could afford it, of the responsibility of education. Then came universal and compulsory education fostered by the state. Today the average child leaves the home at the age of six—sooner if the anxious mother can manage it so—and from then, until the age of 18 or more, is the charge of the school for about 180 days of each year.

Religious teaching and worship formerly was a part of the parental function in each home. In Burns' poem, "The Cotter's Saturday Night," the peasant father calls his family about him and says, "Let us worship God." Bible reading, hymn singing, and praying, were engaged in by the entire family.

That condition, unfortunately, has largely passed and gone. We leave our religious education to the church. There are millions of young people under 21 years of age in the United States, who do not come under the influence of any church organization whatsoever. What percentage of young people of "Mormon" faith are not reached by any of the church organizations, I do not know, but I suspect it to be larger than we realize.

As a place of entertainment, the home again has lost ground. The most significant decline in this respect has come within the last two decades. The United States has been a country of more or less isolated homes. Only in 1920 did we achieve a greater city than country population. That is, for the first time in history the city folks outnumbered the country folks by a slight margin.

This is important because it indicates that the percentage of farm folks becomes less year by year. And it has been these farm folks who, in the past, have kept their homes as places of recreation. House parties used to be the chief source of amusement. The spelling bee, and other competitive games grew out of these parties. The essential thing about them was that the participants created their own fun. It was therefore real recreation.

Gradually the providing of amusement also became a function of private enterprise, until at the present time it forms one of the leading industries of the nation. In fact, the motion picture industry ranks fourth in magnitude among the industries of the nation.

The fact is that we are purchasing most of our amusement today, rather than creating it ourselves. It is so easy to entertain our friends at the movie, or the theatre, or the resort, and we are all so busy with this or that, we cannot give a home party the time and energy it requires.

Nor do I deplore the coming of these things. We can all enjoy the blessings of modern science as they come, from its application to transportation, communication, and amusement. The aim here is merely to get clearly in mind the situation as it exists at the present time, with the thought in mind that the home is losing its old functions, and is in a manner, in competition with these new institutions which have grown up around these functions.

What actually remains for the home to do? Is it losing its power as an institution in society? How can it hold its own and grow in power and influence? Some attention will be given these questions in a later article.

The Tryst

By Mary Hale Woolsey

Day is a maiden light of heart,
 Marking her path with gold;
 Night follows after, adoringly—
 He is her lover bold.

One little hour she gives to him,
 A trysting-hour each day,
 When the sun is sinking in the west
 And shadows grow long and gray.

She, in a gown of rainbow hues,
 With jewels in her hair,
 Waits on the rim of a purple hill;
 Anon he will meet her there.

. . . She yields herself to his fond embrace;
 He would claim her for his own—
 But at his kiss, she blushes and flees!
 Night rules the world . . . alone.

The Value of Bible Reading

By Mrs. Jacob N. Lybbert

In literature, the world has a heritage from the past with which no other of its possessions can compare. Literature is more than mere history, because it records man's thoughts, emotions, and aspirations. It preserves to us the ideals of the race upon which all our civilization is founded, and because the Bible does this better than any other book it is the greatest of all.

It contains the best interpretations of human life, both man's everyday life and his ideals; it teaches his relations to other men, and above all his relation to God, the Father.

Jesus said, "Search the scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me."

The great influence of the Bible over millions of people, through centuries of time is due to the fact that it speaks with an authority from God himself. Every part of it bears witness to his existence and gives us information concerning his character and attributes.

Men everywhere recognize an intelligent Power higher than themselves who controls the universe. The whole experience of the race teaches this, and the Bible appeals to them because it is true to these truths of life and satisfying to the yearnings of the spirit. They are convinced that it is indeed the word of God to his children.

Our reverence for the Bible is increased by a knowledge of how it has been handed down to us through centuries of time, through many languages, and many versions,—yet it has preserved its unity of doctrine in spite of the frailties of human copyists or the attacks of evil men.

What man has made, man can destroy, but because our Father himself inspired the writing of the scriptures man has not been able to destroy them although every effort has been made to do so.

Almost from the beginning opposition has been hurled against these sacred writings. Because this Book denounces sin; sinful men have always been its enemies.

At the time when the printing press was invented, making it possible to produce enough copies of the Bible so that the common people could have access to it, the jealous churchmen tried to burn every copy and even put to death every person who owned a copy. Every effort that human knowledge of science, philosophy, ridicule or force, could conceive has been directed against it, yet the Bible has survived. At times all the great of earth have been against it, and only an obscure few for it, but today it

has a firmer hold upon the confidence and love of the best and wisest of men than ever before.

If it had been man's book it would have gone down and been forgotten centuries ago, but because our Father's power upheld it, each new attack has but showed more completely its great truths and divinity.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error wounded writhes in pain
And dies among her worshippers."

The word "Bible" is taken from the Greek word "Biblia" meaning "the books." The Bible is composed of sixty-six books written by at least forty different authors scattered through about sixteen centuries of time. Originally it was written in three different languages, Hebrew, Aramaic and Greek; and by men of every plane of life from the king on his throne to the lowly shepherd and fisherman, and yet it has a marvelous unity of underlying thoughts and purposes.

The only way we can account for it is that back of the many human authors was the one all-controlling, all-governing, and directing mind of God. And the only way we can account for the reverent care those people have shown, whose duty it has been to preserve this Book through its darkest days, is that they were inspired of God as to its value to the human race.

Not only because of its divine origin should we prize the Bible, but also because of its truly great literary value. There is no finer literature in the world. Many of our greatest writers gained their strong, beautiful style from reading the Bible. Ruskin's mother had him read from Genesis to Revelations, again and again. Later in life he said he considered this training "the most precious and the one essential part of all his education."

William Cullen Bryant when asked where he got his lofty style for writing "Thanatopsis" said, From reading the Bible:

All of the Old Testament stories show wonderful literary and artistic power. The Book of Ruth, because of its simple story of loyalty and affection, is one of the loveliest pictures we have of life in Palestine. "It has been said that no other poetry ever written has been read and studied and sung by more people than the Hebrew Book of Psalms, and this because they express better than any other poetry, the feelings of the devout soul toward God." Take, for instance, that Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd;" the secret of its power lies in its perfect expression of the religious emotions common to humanity.

It is impossible to measure the influence of the Bible on all subsequent literature. Every part of it, its prophecies and their fulfilment, the Proverbs or Wisdom Books, the Beatitudes and Parables of the Savior, all have left their impress on our best

writings, songs, and art. Its influence is seen in every phase of life, in business and education as well as religion. The laws of Moses have formed the basis for all that is best in our modern governments.

One great man who had been a life-long student of letters, and especially Oriental letters left these words on the last fly leaf of his Bible, "I have regularly and attentively read these Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion that this volume, independently of its divine origin, contains more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books in whatever age or language they may have been collected."

So we should place the Bible among our literary treasures to be read and reread.

Where can we find more beautiful expressions than those of this Book? Take, for instance, the narrative of the birth of the Savior as told by Luke, and note its simple, yet impressive, words: "And there were, in the same country, shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

"For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.

"And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes; lying in a manger.

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of heavenly hosts praising God, and saying,

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

The author of one of our text books in English literature states that the greatest literary achievement of the age of Elizabeth, the age which produced Bacon and Shakespeare, was the King James version of the Bible, which appeared in 1611. He further states:

"The great original Hebrew and Greek books; the aid in style which the translators found in the Latin Vulgate; the pioneer work done by Wycliffe, Tyndale, and Coverdale; the fact that the translators, themselves men of great literary ability, worked in the midst of the most noteworthy ferment in all literature—all these forces produced a matchless result. A volume is compressed into the line, And God said, Let there be light, and there was light; a page into the two words, Jesus wept. Beside the splendor of the Psalms, of the Book of Job, of the Prophets, and of the Apocrypha, the Odes of Sappho and Pindar seem tame and absurd. Even Shakespeare's prose is not impressive in comparison with the vigor

of the English Bible. No other book has so penetrated the hearts and speech of the English race. Huxley calls it the national epic of Britain. Coleridge says: 'After reading Isaiah or St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, Homer and Virgil are disgustingly tame to me.' Milton's opinion was that there are no songs to be compared with the songs of Zion, no orations equal to those of the Prophets. Sir Walter Scott, on his death bed, asked Lockhart to read to him. When asked from what book, he replied: 'Need you ask? There is but one.' Wordsworth called the scriptures the grand storehouses of imagination. Ruskin counted the fact that his mother made him learn by heart certain portions of the Bible the one essential part of his education. Among others who have expressed similar opinions are Carlyle, Newman, Macaulay, Froude, and Swift. The Bible was the chief model of Bunyan in *Pilgrim's Progress*, of Andrew Lang in his wonderful prose versions of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, of Walt Whitman, and of the greatest speeches made in the nineteenth century, those of Abraham Lincoln. Coleridge indeed says that intense study of the Bible will keep any writer from being vulgar in point of style. Prof. Albert S. Cook declares it, finally, "the chief bond that holds united, in a common loyalty and a common endeavor, the various branches of the English race." (*English Literature* by Edwin L. Miller, A. M., page 161.)

So we find that until the time of the restoration of the gospel in our day, the Bible was the one book to which all Christians looked for comfort, wisdom, and spiritual guidance.

The Lord has always instructed his servants to write his word and preserve it for future generations. In the very beginning when he taught the gospel to Adam, in answer to his first prayer, he also said: "Teach these things freely to your children." To Moses, just before his death, the Lord gave the command that he write all the laws and the statutes in a book and instruct Joshua to teach them to the children of Israel. He said: "Thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk about them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up."

Can anything be more plain as to our duty? And we have received just as emphatic instruction in our day.

Another fine example of the importance that our Father placed on the written history of his dealings with his children was the command to Lehi to send back to Jerusalem for the record of his fathers, and the injunction to each succeeding prophet, in Nephite history, to keep a written record and preserve it with the greatest care.

The need for such a record was made plain to Nephi when it was necessary for him to take the life of Laban in order to obtain the plates. When he hesitated the Lord said, "It is better

that one man should perish than that a nation should dwindle and perish in unbelief."

The finest example we have of the value or need of reading the scriptures is the example of Christ himself. That Christ studied the scriptures is evident from the many quotations he made from them. After his resurrection when he met the two disciples on the way to Emmaus and conversed with them, it is written, "And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the scriptures the things concerning himself." This not only proves that he was familiar with the scriptures, but also that he conformed his life to their teachings.

Another fine instance is found in the temptations. Jesus answered each one by saying, "It is written," and then by quoting directly from the scriptures. To the one where he was tempted to turn stones into bread, to satisfy his hunger, he answered, "It is written, man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God," proving that Jesus believed that man should become familiar with, and live up to, the scripture teachings. Many instances could be cited where Jesus, also the apostles, quote from the Old Testament.

The race has never outgrown the Bible, and never will. Its teachings are ever ahead of its time, and only as we grow in knowledge and intelligence can we fully appreciate its great truths. If we notice we shall find that every great truth of human life that man discovers is taught in the Bible, but is not understood until man develops far enough.

The great statistician, R. W. Babson, has contributed a great truth to the American public in his book, *Fundamentals of Prosperity*, in which he teaches that men as well as nations are truly great just in proportion as they are truly and consistently religious. But Jesus expressed this same thought more beautifully when he said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

To see that the Bible has wielded an immeasurable influence on the progress of the world, it is only necessary to study the causes that brought about the Reformation.

It is difficult to analyze all the causes of the Reformation or to separate them from the whole movement of the times known as the Revival of Learning. But those great men, Erasmus, Wycliffe, Coverdale, and Tyndale did a great service in translating the Old Bible manuscripts into English so that the common people could read it for themselves. Then came the printing press to England, in 1476, so that copies could be made so rapidly in comparison with the slow and painful way of hand-copying that the masses could own Bibles as well as read them.

It is interesting to know that the Bible was the first book to be printed in the English language. The people awakened to its wonderful teachings. For the first time they came in direct con-

tact with the simple text, and it gave them new ideas of freedom in religion and politics.

They began to see the difference between the simple teachings of the "Master," and the great corruptions of the church. All this had a profound influence on the revival of learning. It fostered education for the masses. It was a big part of that great movement which changed the industrial, political, and religious life of western Europe, and helped to bring about the settlement of America by the Pilgrims. It was said, at that time, that "Theology rules in England." "The English became the people of one book, and that book was the Bible."

It is easy to see the hand of God in all this, in shaping the destinies of men, and in preparing the world for the new revelations given to Joseph Smith.

It is inspiring to trace the influence of the Bible on the Pilgrims in their ideals of religious and political freedom, and to see how it paved the way for our democratic form of government, and how it wove itself into the very fabric of our great laws and constitution.

The ideals of the Pilgrim fathers are found in that phrase of the Declaration of Independence, "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Behind all this we see the influence of God in the Bible teachings of service, and love, and the brotherhood of man.

We cannot help but be impressed with the fact that results come in conformity with that great law of the universe—the law of growth. Our Father in heaven never forces the human mind, but he reveals his truth to us as we seek diligently and persistently for it. "Seek and ye shall find," is the divine formula for obtaining any of the gifts of God.

As man advanced toward the light, he became convinced that true authority was not in the churches. Joseph Smith studied his Bible to find an answer to the yearnings of his heart after truth. He found the answer just as all will who approach it with the proper attitude.

And after all, the greatest value of reading the Bible is individual. "Intelligent reading of this book gives a breadth of vision, a culture, a moral strength, and a spiritual outlook that are beyond price." It has the power to lift man up to God.

Dr. Torrey says, "We owe all that is best in modern civilization to the influence of this book."

All of our great men have been sincere Bible readers and bear testimony to its value to the individual.

With the added light that has come to the Latter-day Saints, how much more should we appreciate it! Although the *Book of Mormon*, *Pearl of Great Price*, and *Doctrine and Covenants* have

given more light, they supplement and in no way contradict the Bible teachings. They furnish some of the strongest evidence we have of its truth and value.

Human nature is the same the world over and in every age, and the Bible is so true to human nature that it bears a personal message to every individual. It is an unfailing guide-book in all the affairs of life. Someone has called it "The rule book of life," and we should learn to use it as such, as a rule to solve our everyday problems, and to measure our progress toward eternal life.

"This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." Our best means of knowing him is by studying his holy word. But to gain this knowledge we must read with faith and sincerity, and a real desire to do the will of the Father. Jesus said, "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrines, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself."

On our individual testimony rests our chances for salvation, and it is our duty and privilege to gain that testimony. We need it, especially, to meet the doubt and disbelief of the world today, and we need it if we are to be effective teachers in our organizations or in our homes.

Our Church offers every incentive for study. The leaders are especially emphasizing Bible reading and the need for an individual testimony of the Divinity of Jesus Christ.

May our Father in heaven help us to gain that testimony, and to understand more fully the great truths of the Bible, that we may conform our lives to them.

And Day is Born

By Grace Ingles Frost

A tremor quivering through the earth,
(The lifting of the veil of night ;)
A breath of rose leaves cool as sylvan streams,
The flute-notes of a bird's lone call,
A gleam of golden light,
And then, a rippling throb of ecstasy
That breaks forth into silver-throated song.
Mellifluous, ascending in its flight
To one superb, divine magnificat,—
And day is born.

Notes from the Field

Amy Brown Lyman

San Francisco Stake (Organized)

On July 10, 1927, the San Francisco stake was organized in the Oakland chapel with President Rudger Clawson, Elder George Albert Smith and President Joseph W. McMurrin officiating. In connection with the organization of the stake, auxiliary organizations were also effected. Mrs. Eva Brown Merrill was chosen president of the Relief Societies of the stake, with Mrs. Sara H. Carruth and Mrs. LaPrele Hoeft as counselors. Following is a list of the wards of the new stake: Berkeley, Diamond, Elmhurst, Martinez, Mission, Oakland, San Francisco, Richmond, Sunset, and Daly City.

Boise Stake.

The Boise stake Relief Society held a very successful and illuminating two days Social Service convention in the Boise tabernacle at the close of the year 1926, for all stake and ward workers. There was an excellent attendance, and great interest was manifested throughout. The convention was arranged under the direction of President Bessie G. Hale, and Mrs. Iva B. Ward and Mrs. Laura L. Campbell of the stake social service committee. The following instructive program was carried out:

1. "Work of the State Welfare Department," Dr. Ralph M. Fouch, who said, among other things, that the main function of public health departments is preventive medicine, not curative. He told of efforts being put forth to better conditions in Idaho; said the state had held 97 clinics and examined 22 mothers and 4,205 children.

2. "Present Status of Juvenile Court Work in Idaho," by Mrs. Clara Brown, state probation officer. Mrs. Brown gave a splendid report of how the state is taking care of delinquent children, and of the efforts being put forth along preventive lines.

3. "The Visiting Teacher Movement" was discussed by Miss Reta Martin, assistant principal of the Boise high school. She said this is a new movement in educational advancement. The visiting teacher is a "go-between" connecting up the work of the school and the home. Comparatively few cities have the visiting teacher; however, Idaho boasts of one city, Pocatello, which is one of the first cities in the United States to adopt the plan.

4. "Work of the Salvation Army Rescue Home," by Commander Hamman. Mrs. Hamman has spent 30 years in this work,

and told of the help given unfortunate girls who enter the home, and of the efforts made to prevent further delinquency.

5. "The Mentally Deficient Child," by Dr. Harmon Tremaine, who discussed the child from birth, taking the development of the brain through different stages. He made a plea for fair treatment for the deficient children.

6. "Problems in the Administration of the State Prison," by F. A. Jeter, secretary of state. Mr. Jeter discussed the many problems that exist in the prison, and the efforts being put forth to better conditions.

7. "Preventative Dentistry," by Dr. H. B. Cohen. He said building sound teeth depends largely upon the pre-natal state, and that if the teeth are carefully cared for much disease would cease to be.

8. "Care of the Insane in State of Idaho," by Judge J. W. Givens, who gave a splendid report of conditions as they exist. The doctor has spent 50 years in work connected with asylums, and he has often wondered why God permits his children to suffer this terrible affliction. He also discussed means of relief by which many crimes caused through insanity might be stopped.

9. "Problems of Welfare Work," by Miss Adeline Johnesse. Miss Johnesse gave a constructive talk on problems of the welfare worker, and stressed the importance of sending traveling families who stop off in your city back to their original home towns.

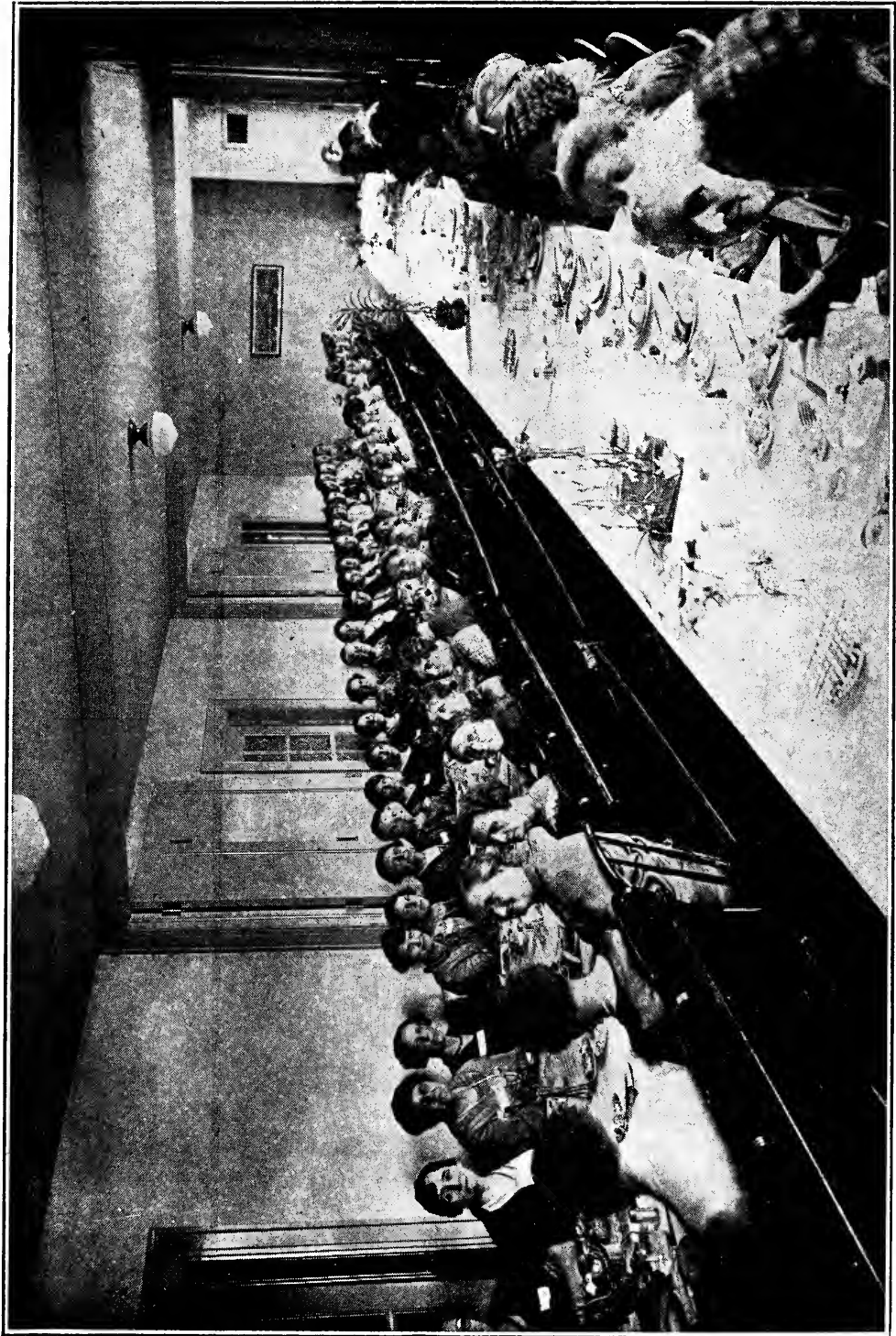
10. "The Pre-School Child," by Dr. Harmon Tremaine. Dr. Tremaine said that people who give normal children proper attention from birth are sure to have progressive children. He complimented the Latter-day Saints and likened them to a tribe who are taking interest in the rearing of their children, and especially in planning their recreation.

11. "The Adolescent Child," by Mrs. Laura Butts, assistant superintendent of Public Instruction, who said it is our duty to safeguard the child from birth and to guide and control him until he adjusts himself. She urged that more effort be made to keep the home intact, that we can prevent wrong doing easier than to cure it.

12. "Character Education as a Community Responsibility," by Dr. S. B. Brown, of Weiser. Dr. Brown gave seven reasons why children go astray—lack of religious training in the home; absence of parental control; failure to teach self-control; liquor habit; unsupervised amusements; lack of recreation; child labor.

13. "Conservation of Health," by Dr. L. D. Anderson. He said, as we care for every detail of our business and home, we should care for our health. We should conserve our bodies, and subject them to a thorough examination occasionally.

14. "Prevention of Heart Disease," by Dr. Ernest E. Lau-



UTAH STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY BANQUET IN HONOR OF WARD OFFICERS

baugh. Dr. Laubaugh gave a splendid lecture, using a chart to picture the heart and show the delicate valves. He said, when a person is running even the slightest temperature, he should remain in bed, as the heart action is twice what it should be. The higher the temperature the greater the heart beats. This should be carefully watched in children, as often a weak heart will follow a sickness on account of insufficient rest during convalescence.

Utah Stake

Toward the conclusion of the season's work each year, the Utah stake Relief Society entertains in honor of the ward officers. This Spring a banquet was prepared by the stake officers, and served by their daughters, to 100 guests, including ward executive officers of the sixteen wards, stake officers of the Y. L. M. I. A. and Primary, former stake officers of the Relief Society and members of the General Board. As one purpose of the entertainment was to obtain a better understanding through closer acquaintance and fellowship, the guests were divided into family groups of twenty, and were known as the bird, fish, vegetable, flower and animal families. Appropriate centerpieces were placed on the banquet tables for each family, such as a willow, encircled pond of goldfish, a tree of birds, a pasture of tiny animals and bowls of vegetables and flowers. The table decorations, as well as those of the banquet hall, were in Relief Society colors—gold and white. Tiny baskets of white and yellow pansies were used as favors, and vases of dainty yellow and white spring flowers lent beauty and fragrance to the scene. Preceding the banquet a reception was held, and a program of music, readings, drama and speeches enjoyed. Both stake and ward officers were elated over the fact that they had as special guests President Clarissa S. Williams, Counselors Jennie B. Knight and Louise Y. Robison, and Miss Alice L. Reynolds of the General Board. The toasts given at the banquet by ward, stake and general officers reflected the love of Relief Society work and the unity existing among officers of the organization. A spontaneous tribute to presiding officers paid by one of the ward presidents at the close of the festivities was expressive of the pleasure and success of the occasion.

Lyman Stake

With a view of improving the diet among the school children of this locality, Mrs. Retta Blackner, president of the stake Relief Society, and former president of the Parent Teachers' Association, solicited the aid of the state nutrition expert of Wyoming in planning for a campaign along this line. The expert went to Lyman to confer with the promoters and has prepared for them 25 typewritten sheets for each member in the ward associations on the following subjects: Vegetables: The need of vegetables in our diet; Foods that are high in minerals; Foods that

are high in iron; Foods that are high in phosphorus; The important part these foods play in building up the body; Principles of vegetable cookery and recipes. Milk—its value to the body; Care of milk; Milk recipes. Cheese—its value; cheese recipes. Cereal foods or whole grains: Graham and whole wheat breads. Eggs—their value; Egg recipes. Meetings on nutrition are to be held on the third Tuesday during the summer months, with demonstrations of two or three recipes in the meeting, where possible.

A demonstration of the "Teachers' Topic and the Visit to the Home" was recently given in the form of a play at one of the union meetings.

In about half of the wards of this stake there are no doctors, and the women live a good many miles from a doctor, so the Relief Society is devoting a part of the time of the union meetings (about 30 minutes) this Summer to lectures from the local doctor on health work. The doctor has offered her services free, and will hold classes and make examinations of such mothers and children as are recommended by the Relief Society free of charge. Already over 100 examinations have been made, and a number of patients have been sent to hospitals; health bulletins from the government are also being distributed.

California Mission (Richmond Branch)

The Richmond branch Relief Society has made a most enviable record for the year 1927 in the matter of *Magazine* sub-



RELIEF SOCIETY, RICHMOND BRANCH, CALIFORNIA MISSION
scriptions. This energetic branch has a membership of 24, and has secured 29 *Magazine* subscriptions. The officers of the or-

ganization are: president, Mrs. Eliza R. Gledhill; counselors, Mrs. Nettie Dewsnup and Mrs. Blanch Pacord Post; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Clara Edleffsen; organist, Mrs. Elizabeth Salmon; *Magazine* agent, Mrs. Elise Pickelsimer.

Hawaiian Mission

A report has just reached the office from Mabel A. K. Kaulia, secretary, of a very successful Relief Society conference held in Honolulu recently in connection with conference of the M. I. A., Sunday School and Primary Association. Mrs. Olivia Waddoups presided at the Relief Society meetings. President William Waddoups, president of the mission; Elder Harold Allred, presiding elder of the conference; and Mrs. Jeanette A. Hyde, member of the General Relief Society Board, were special guests. The meetings were most inspiring and the attendance excellent, with a total of 415. The decoration was in charge of Mr. J. W. L. McGuire, and not only were there choice palms and ferns, but beautiful rare orchids from Mr. McGuire's fern house, which he loaned for the occasion. The following numbers were given on the program, in addition to opening and closing hymns. Opening and closing prayers were offered by Mrs. Piwai Kuamu, president of Lahaina Relief Society, and Mrs. Julia Plunkett, president of Laie Relief Society.

1. Welcome AddressPresident Olivia Waddoups
2. SongMaui Relief Society
3. Reading, "Mother"Eva Parker
4. SongHawaii Relief Society
5. Report of Utah April Conference.....Delegate Annie Lau
6. SongMrs. Mulang Kaaikala
Member of the Hoolehua Relief Society
7. AddressMrs. Jeannette A. Hyde
8. SongKauai Relief Society
9. Roll Call of the Relief Societies of the Islands.....
.....Mabel A. K. Kaulia, Secretary
10. SongMrs. Sarah Waihako
Member of the Hana Relief Society
11. Remarks
Counselor Minerva Fernadez; Counselor Frederickie
McGuire; Mrs. Vilate Ivins; President
William Waddoups

South African Mission

Mrs. Clara A. Martin, president of the Relief Societies of the South African mission reports that she has just completed a seven weeks tour of the mission in company with her husband President Samuel Martin. They found the Relief Society work pro-

gressing favorably and with renewed interest on the part of members.

Northwestern States Mission (Eugene, Oregon)

A Relief Society was recently organized in Eugene, Oregon, with 10 members and 4 prospective members. Meetings at present are being held in the homes of members. On March 17 a celebration was held in this little branch, with a social in the evening. The officers are: president, Mrs. Lizzie Fleeman; first counselor, Mrs. H. Jacobson; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. M. Henrie.

NEW STAKES ORGANIZED

Jordan and Los Angeles Stakes Divided

During the month of May, two stakes were divided—the Jordan and the Los Angeles.

Jordan Stake: The Jordan stake was divided into the East Jordan and West Jordan stakes. The wards comprising these two stakes are—*East Jordan:* Butler, Crescent, Draper, East Midvale, Granite, Midvale, Sandy First, Sandy Second, Sandy Third, Union; *West Jordan:* Bingham, Bluff Dale, Herriman, Lark, Riverton, South Jordan, West Jordan. Mrs. Elfleda L. Jensen, who was formerly president of the Jordan stake, was retained as president of the East Jordan stake, and Mrs. Mary J. Pixton was appointed president of the West Jordan stake. *Los Angeles Stake:* The Los Angeles stake was divided into the Los Angeles and Hollywood stakes. The wards comprising the stakes are—*Hollywood:* Alhambra, Belvedere, Boyle Heights, Garvanza, Glendale, Hollywood, Lankershim, Ocean Park, Pasadena, Wilshire; *Los Angeles:* Adams, Home Gardens, Huntington Park, Inglewood, Long Beach, Mathews, Redondo, San Pedro, Virginia City. Mrs. Katherine Romney Stewart, formerly president of the Los Angeles stake, was appointed president of the new Hollywood stake, and Mrs. Laura P. Hotalling was appointed president of the Los Angeles stake.



Guide Lessons for November

LESSON I

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in November)

DOCTRINES OF THE MESSIANIC DISPENSATION

(Continued)

1. *The First and the Great Command.* "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment." So spake Jesus in answer to the question of a lawyer. See Matt. 22:35-40.

2. *The History of the Law.* As written scripture, the law was in force among the Israelites, as Jesus evidently either quoted or read from Deuteronomy 6:4-5 when he was in the Temple on Tuesday, the third day of the passion week, and answered the question of the Scribe or government clerk who with others was there to entrap him or get court evidence against him. See Mark 12:28-30.

3. *The law stated in Deuteronomy* is but an expansion of the command written by the finger of God at Sinai. "Thou shalt have no other Gods before me," meaning you shall have no other love greater than your love for God.

4. *That the law was given to Adam and Eve is evident* from the following: "And he gave unto them commandments that they should worship the Lord their God, and should offer the firstlings of their flocks for an offering unto the Lord." A command to worship is a call for homage through either fear or love. Which was it to our first parents? We read that "Adam blessed God" and that Eve "was glad." Pearl of Great Price, Book of Moses 5:4-12.

Whether Abraham ever read the law or had it formulated for him, he lived it. "Friend of God" and "Father of the Faithful" are titles not obtained without a whole-souled, whole-minded, whole-hearted love for God.

5. *The First and Great Commandment.* A love call has been with the people of God in all the gospel dispensations.

It is a part of the everlasting gospel. It has always been the first section of the perfect law of liberty. It has out-lived the call of fear, and survives in the field of thought under the law of the survival of the fittest, in the spiritual universe. This love for God like all other love comes not by demand. It cannot be willed, it must be won, and so this first great command stands before us as a call, an invitation, the announcement of an opportunity, the pointing out of a way to be happiest.

It is a provision in the scheme for the happiness of man, calculated to make one exclaim:

O may I know the Lord as a friend,
And love of him my life attend.

And the second commandment leads us to exclaim:

May one sweet joy be mine to know
That I have lessened others woe.
May life eternal be my share,
Under my Redeemer's care,
With those I love, eternal joy,
Eternal work in God's employ.

What it means to "love God with all thy soul"

The soul is the whole individuality, so that loving God with all one's soul means giving him a love that is unfeigned, undivided, and unmeasured. First, by counting our blessings which means thinking of how much has come to us, and is coming to us, that could not come except through God. Second, by expressing our appreciation and gratitude to God for these blessings. Third, by rendering service to God under the law of love which provides that we grow to love in the direction of willing service. Fourth, do the works, and ye shall know, to love is akin in truth to the saying, "Do the works, and ye shall know of the doctrine."

What does it mean to love God? It means, first, to have an attitude of reverence toward God. "Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name." Who can honestly and intelligently utter that part of the Lord's prayer without a feeling of reverence?

It means, second, to have an attitude of acquiescence in the will of the Lord, i. e., a state of mind such as Jesus had in Gethsemane, such as is provided for in the prayer. When we can fervently pray, "Thy Kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven" we have the attitude of acquiescence in the will of God, the second essential attitude to a state of love for God.

Third. A desire to serve him is an attitude indispensable to the love of God. Saul of Tarsus, in distress, called out, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Judging from his valiant life we may think of how many times Paul may have prayed in his heart, "Lord how can I help thee?" The cry at pentecost, "Men and brethren, what shall we do to be saved?" had behind it fear, and it is rarely if ever void of selfishness. Their state of mind was not comparable with that which prompted John to ask that he might remain on earth and work for Christ. John has been called the beloved apostle, meaning that he was loved more than were the others by the Savior. Be that as it may, did he not, in his re-

quest to remain and work for the Lord, instead of going to him as the others all desired, prove that he was the greatest lover of them all?

So, then, love of God has in it three attitudes: reverence, acquiescence, and a desire to serve. But attitudes are not all of that love of God spoken of in the first great commandment. To love God means more than to have favorable attitudes towards him, it means reverence reinforced by obedience. Acquiescence must be supplemented by uncomplaining endurance; and a desire to serve, must be added to by work for the Lord. If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments, "If a man love me, he will keep my words," (John 14:23) said the Savior. But there is a kind of commandment-keeping that has no love of God in it. The command to pray may be kept in a counterfeit fashion as was the case with the Pharisees who uttered long prayers to be heard of men, who paid tithing in order to be popular. Jesus said of their action, "Woe unto you, Pharisees! for ye tithe mint and rue and all manner of herbs, and pass over judgment and the love of God." Luke 11:42.

Their tithing was one of the hand alone. There was no heart in it. It was action minus attitude, and therefore unacceptable, under the first great law which provides for a whole-hearted love. Petitions with a mental reserve, though addressed to Heaven, never even start on their journey because of the lack of whole-mindedness or sincerity. The mother who said, when making up her family budget: first, our tithing, one tenth of our average yearly income must be set apart for the Lord; come what will, our tithing shall be paid; that woman had the love of God, love-attitude plus love-action. She loved with all her "heart," with all her "soul," with all her "mind," and with all her "strength." She could pray thus:

"I would not have thee deem my love
A fleeting transient thing
To perish as the winter snow
Beneath the breath of spring.

To be consistent with the theme the word Father is substituted in the second stanza,

"But Father, I would have thee know
That in my inmost soul
There dwells a love as true to you
As needle to the pole.

"A love that's founded on the rock
Defeats the storms of earth,
A love that never can forget
The one who gave it birth."

The man who said, whatever else my boy may have, I want him to have a mission, not for what he may learn, because he can get learning at home, but for what he can do for the Lord, in part payment for what the Lord has done for him, and all the family. This man's love of God was of that type possessed by one of Zion's poets when she wrote:

"My heart is fixed, I know in whom I trust."

A brilliant young man, after taking his college degree, said in substance to the President of the institution, there are many opportunities before me, but the one I most appreciate is that of going on a mission. My gratitude to God prompts a desire to help in his work, and I hope to put in at least two years of my whole time in the service of the Church, and he did.

The love of God includes the love of the things that make him God. God is glorious and his glory is intelligence. Can one who enjoys ignorance, and who has no yearnings for knowledge, no interest in intellectual progress, can such a one love a God whose glory is intelligence? Justice is a characteristic of God. It is hard to conceive of the existence of a person who does not love justice. Yet we know there are many who love justice but who consort with injustice. What shall we say of their love of the God of justice. Mercy is something without which God could not be God, and here we may ask if anyone who enjoys the anguish of another can be said to love mercy, and can anyone who does not love mercy love a being who would cease to be what he is were he not merciful?

Questions and Problems

1. Quote from Job to illustrate acquiescence as an element of the love of God.
2. Wherein is the sacrament prayer on the bread a declaration of acquiescent attitude?
3. Show that the sacramental prayer on the water is a declaration of action as an essential in our love of God.
4. Discuss in the light of the great commandment: "Love levels all ranks, and puts the shepherd's crook beside the scepter."
5. Distinguish between compliance with and acquiescence in.
6. Which part of the great commandment provides for whole-heartedness in love of God?
7. What part of the great commandment is being neglected by those who neglect the study of theology?
8. Wherein does the great commandment require going beyond the point of convenience in our religion?

LESSON II

Work and Business

(Second Week in November)

TEACHERS' TOPIC FOR NOVEMBER—CIVIC PRIDE

Water Supply

- I. Source of Supply:
What is the source of your drinking water? If you have a water system is the source carefully protected from contamination? How is the water distributed? If you use surface wells are you sure the water is pure? (Drainage from corrals and privies often finds its way into surface wells.) If water source is open ditches, is any precaution taken to protect the water from pollution?
- II. Purity of Water Supply:
Has your drinking water been analyzed by the State Board of Health or the State Chemist? If so, what were the results of the analysis?
- III. Control of Water:
Is your water system owned and controlled by the municipality or by a private company?
- IV. The Boiling of Water Insures its Safety:
If you are in doubt regarding the safety of water do you take the precaution to boil it?
- V. Results of Impure Water:
Typhoid fever, many types of intestinal troubles and other diseases are often the results of impure water.

LESSON III

Literature

(Third Week in Noyember)

EDGAR LEE MASTERS

Our readers will be interested in knowing that Edgar Lee Masters, whose *Spoon River* is a pioneer form in English literature, is a son of Illinois pioneers. He is not only a great poet, but also a great historian. His love of liberty and his concept of democracy make him an unusual figure in American letters. His love of liberty is hereditary, for his great, great grandfather, Hillary Masters, went off from Wythe county, Virginia to the Revolutionary War.

It was in 1847, also, that Mr. Masters' grandfather moved to an Illinois farm that had been surveyed by Lincoln ten years before. In his grandfather's court, Lincoln appeared as an attorney before Judge Masters many times.

As an attorney, in Chicago, the law partner of Clarence Darrow, Edgar Lee Masters was earning the equivalent of eighty thousand dollars a year. Sickness, and a growing distaste for his large legal practice, determined him to follow the light of his own soul.

One may gain some feeling for the depth of Masters' spiritual understanding from his poem, "Silence." This is one of the finest poems in American literature. It was published by permission recently in *The Deseret News*. It may also be found in *Doomsday Book*, and in *Selected Poems* (1925).

SILENCE

I have known the silence of the stars and the sea,
 And the silence of the city when it pauses,
 And the silence of man and a maid,
 And the silence for which music alone finds the word,
 And the silence of the woods before the winds of spring
 begin,
 And the silence of the sick
 When their eyes roam about the room.
 And I ask: For the depths,
 Of what use is language?
 A beast of the field moans a few times
 When death takes its young.
 And we are voiceless in the presence of realities

We cannot speak.
 A curious boy asks an old soldier
 Sitting in front of the grocery store,
 "How did you lose your leg?"
 And the old soldier is struck with silence,
 Or his mind flies away
 Because he cannot concentrate it on Gettysburg.
 It comes back jocosely
 And he says, "A bear bit it off."
 And the boy wonders, while the old soldier
 Dumbly, feebly lives over
 The flashes of guns, the thunder of cannon,
 The shrieks of the slain,
 And himself lying on the ground;
 And the hospital surgeons, the knives,
 And the long days in bed.
 But if he could describe it all
 He would be an artist.
 But if he were an artist, there would be deeper wounds
 Which he could not describe.

There is the silence of a great hatred,
 And the silence of a great love,
 And the silence of a deep peace of mind,
 And the silence of an embittered friendship;
 There is the silence of a spiritual crisis,
 Through which your soul, exquisitely tortured,
 Comes with visions not to be uttered;
 Into a realm of higher life,
 And the silence of the gods who understand each other
 without speech,
 There is the silence of defeat.

And there is the silence of the dead.
 If we who are in life cannot speak
 Of profound experiences,
 Why do you marvel that the dead
 Do not tell you of death?
 Their silence shall be interpreted
 As we approach them.

Masters' gift for divining nobility of character in humble folk is pronounced. He is truly great in that his interest in simple people has not been sacrificed by his knowledge of the classics and the sciences. Great sufferers who bear their burdens silently find a clear voice in Edgar Lee Masters.

Witness the following poem from the *New Spoon River*:

CONRAD HERRON

I wrote no book, Spoon River ;
 I left no library to you ;
 I endowed no school for you ;
 My face is not embossed in bronze
 In the court-house corridor,
 As the faces are of Editor Whedon,
 And Thomas Rhodes, the banker:
 But did I do nothing for you,
 Did I leave you no legacy?
 Is it worth nothing to you
 That, dying with cancer
 I endured with fortitude and patience?

Even the simple little kitchen slave, "Slip Shoe Lovey," is not too mean for interpretation. This poem, too long to quote here in full, may be found in *Selected Poems*, 1925.

SLIP SHOE LOVEY

You're the cook's understudy
 A gentle idiot body.
 You are slender like a broom
 Weaving up and down the room,
 With your dirt hair in a twist
 And your left eye in a mist,
 Never thinkin', never hopin'
 With your wet mouth always open.
 So bewildered and so busy
 As you scrape the dirty kettles,
 O Slip Shoe Lizzie,
 As you rattle with the pans.

In the 1926 *Selection of Best American Verse* is a delightful poem of Masters entitled "Contentment." It could not be quoted here since the book is not available. It originally appeared in *The Mercury*.

Those readers of Masters, whose acquaintance with his books is limited to his *Spoon River* and his novels, will have many delightful moments with his earlier lyrics. In *Songs and Satires*, he published the following delightful poems about his little daughters. (They are republished in *Selected Poems*, 1925:)

MADELINE

I almost heard your little heart
 Begin to beat, and since that hour
 Your life has grown apace and blossomed,
 Fed by the same miraculous power

You sleep. I wait to see you wake,
 With wonder-eyes and hands that reach.
 I laugh to hear your thoughts that gather
 Too fast on your budding lips for speech.

Now all day your steps are a-patter.
 And made your heart begin to beat.
 That moved the rivulet of your life,
 Oh, what swift and musical feet!

Your sunny hair is cut as if
 'Twere trimmed around a yellow crock.
 How gay the ribbon, and oh, how cunning
 The flaring skirt of the little frock!

Why do you never tire of playing,
 Or cease from mischief, or cease from noise?
 You build and play and search and pry,
 And hunt for dolls and forgotten toys.

You will not sleep? You are tired of the house?
 You are just as naughty as you can be.
 Madeline, Madeline, come to the garden,
 And play with Marcia under the tree!

MARCIA

Madeline's hair is straight, and yours
 Is just as curly as tendril vines;
 And she is fair, but a deeper color
 Your cheeks of olive incarnadines.

A serious wisdom burns and glows
 Steadily in your dark-eyed look.
 Already a wit and a little stoic—
 Perhaps you are going to write a book.

Or paint a picture, or sing, or act
 The part of Katherine or Juliet.
 I believe you were born with the gift of knowing
 When to remember and when to forget.

And when to stifle and kill a grief,
 And clutch your heart when it beats in vain.
 The heart that has most strength for feeling
 Must have the strength to conquer the pain.

You understand? It seems that you do—
 Though you cannot utter a word to me.
 Marcia, Marcia, look at Madeline
 Building a doll-house under the tree!

Utah people who are interested in pioneer novels would do well to become acquainted with Masters' stories since they deal with the pioneers of the Middle West and their descendants. Masters revived interest in Stephen A. Douglas (Lincoln's opponent), in his *Children of the Market Place*. *The Mirage*, the *Nuptial Flight*, and *Mitch Miller*, all weave about the pioneer families.

His latest novel *Kit O'Brien* is just off the press. It is a most delightful boy's story, as clever as Tom Sawyer in the matter of magic. It has all the charm of the pioneer people who have passed away, and it is of the most unusual interest for Utah writers who would preserve something of the flavor of early Utah days. (Boni and Liveright, publishers, 1927.)

One of the finest tributes ever paid to a parent was uttered by Edgar Lee Masters as he stood beside the open grave of his own father a short time ago in a little Illinois cemetery. It may never appear as a literary contribution, but it is so beautiful that it is given here.

Mr. Masters said: "If, before coming into this world, I could have chosen my father with all the understanding I have today, he is the man I would have chosen. Whatever I have inherited from him in strength, or health, or gifts, or understanding of life, I count as more precious than all the riches in the world."

(Read address on Edgar Lee Masters, published in the *Magazine*, for additional information on *Spoon River*.)

(Books of Edgar Lee Masters recommended for reading: *Selected Poems*, 1925; magazine articles and poems in various volumes of *The Mercury*. Of his novels: *Kit O'Brien* and *Children of the Market Place*; *Mitch Miller*; *Historical Poems*; *Lee*, *A Dramatic Poem*.)

Questions and Problems

1. State in your own words what Masters means in this line in "Silence:" "For the depths, of what use is language?"
2. Tell the effect of "Silence" on you.
3. What do you understand to be the poet's meaning in this line: "Their silence shall be interpreted as we approach them."
4. What is your reaction to his brief for the sufferer of cancer?
5. What philosophical quality is most dominant in the poems you have read of Masters?
6. Tell in your own words your understanding of fatherhood that Masters exhibits in his poems, "Marcia, and "Made-line."

7. Is "Slip Shoe Lovey" worth your study at all?
8. From Masters' statement about his father, what principles of sterling value must that departed father have instilled into one of our greatest poets?
9. Read address published in the *Magazine* that was made to Relief Society on Edgar Lee Masters as a poet. Published in the *Relief Society Magazine*, June issue, 1927.

LESSON IV

Social Service

(Fourth Week in November)

ELIZABETH

Every community must frequently answer the question, "What shall we do with Elizabeth?" Our story today will not be entirely about the particular Elizabeth who was deprived of a home, but of all the Elizabeths and their brothers who have lost their own homes.

This Elizabeth was placed in an institution for orphans. Her parents had both died of tuberculosis, and the children were placed among the interested relatives. Elizabeth had to be cared for in a hospital because of a tubercular hip, and later, she was sent to a home for orphans. She was in good health but retained a slight limp.

For several years Elizabeth remained at the institution, attending public school, receiving good marks, observing all the rules of the institution, and was considered a fine, bright, obedient girl when she graduated from high school.

But Elizabeth was unhappy. In fact, she was often so distressed and moody that she contemplated taking her own life. She was sensitive, self-conscious, lonely and forlorn.

The question had then to be asked again, "What shall we do with Elizabeth?" The state had accepted its obligation and given the child every advantage for good physical and medical care, and provided excellent educational opportunities. But unquestionably, all this care had not made of Elizabeth a happy, normal, useful individual.

Elizabeth's unhappiness was undoubtedly related to her social environment. She felt alone and abandoned and inferior. She felt that the large unknown world beyond the institution was too difficult to face. She preferred complete escape and obliteration.

It is difficult to analyze what elements in normal child life and development are lacking in a well managed institution. There

is usually kindness and personal interest. There is excellent physical care. There are opportunities for education and self-expression.

But there are certain experiences that a child in an institution loses that makes him feel apart and different from the rest of human-kind. He has little opportunity for deep feelings of affection, which are part of a normal life in a home of parents and brothers and sisters. He has no feeling of being a part of the community, as a child does, who has parents, brothers and sisters in the world of affairs—at work, school, college, clubs, etc. Perhaps the greatest feeling of insecurity that comes to a child in an institution is his own conception that he is “different,” that for some unknown reason fate has marked him to play the role of an outcast.

As with all generalizations, there are exceptions to these statements. Some children may spend years in an institution, find certain satisfactory outlets for their thwarted desires for a home and family affection, and later make a good adjustment in the community. Studies of children who have been reared in institutions, however, have raised serious questions about the advisability of placing orphans, delinquent and homeless children, in institutions, for long periods of time.

To return to Elizabeth, the treatment proposed to relieve her from her unhappy state was to place her in a private home. In this closer relationship within a family group and with persons who were a part of a community, she lost the feeling that she was a queer, inferior sort of person. She was then given opportunity to earn part of her livelihood, which gave her confidence that she could later succeed in making her way in the world. It was also arranged for her to continue her school work, as her intellectual endowment justified the belief that a college course would be profitable for her.

In the new environment, she gained a confidence in herself and a satisfaction in finding herself in her relationship to the community that she had never found in the sheltered environment of an institution. She progressed in school, she took new interest in her work, and she became cheerful and happy. She learned to enjoy life because she was no longer oppressed with fears of the unknown world, and with her fear of her own inadequacy.

It may be that her early physical disability and the slight limp she retained accentuated her feeling of insecurity. Any feeling of being inferior or different may be the cause of emotional distress, so the combination of a physical infirmity and the loneliness of an orphan's home proved more than she could endure. But with the new regime, and the satisfactory expression of her abilities, the slight physical handicap did not interfere with her adjustment. The new experiences which released her from her in-

ferior feeling of being an institutional child also released her from the feeling that she was inferior because she was physically handicapped. The treatment for any feeling of inferiority is to find constructive expressions and outlets, that give the individual a satisfying experience of success and achievement.

The chapter dealing with Elizabeth's difficulties raises many questions. One is the practical one of what is to be done with orphans and homeless children? Most states have provided institutions for homeless children and also training schools for delinquents. If the authorities on child welfare are convinced that institutional life, because of its abnormal environment, does not develop the highest possibilities of the children placed in them, what alternatives are there?

The first suggestion is that greater care should be taken in planning for children in their own homes. Often, if an attempt is made to keep an unstable home together by effort on the part of welfare agencies, the children have a better opportunity for normal development. The institutions for orphans are not housing orphans at all, but usually children of widows, deserted women, or children of broken homes. Effort should be made to have parents realize the advisability of keeping a home together, even if it means long treatment in development of parental responsibility or even financial assistance in the homes of widows or where the man of the family is ill or has failed to provide. Such care is less expensive than care in institutions and has possibilities of better results in making happy, useful citizens of both the parents and the children.

When care outside the home is imperative, the institution should perhaps be used for a short time in order to study the child's health, mentality and attitudes and habits. If the child has no relatives who claim custody, an adoption into a suitable foster home might be made. The adoption should be legal, to protect both the child and the adopting parents, but should not be made legal until after a period of trial—perhaps of about a year. This principle should apply to infants, too, as the period of probation would give both the adopting parents and the agency placing the child an opportunity to determine if the arrangement should be permanent.

But the majority of children in training schools and orphan's homes are not free for legal adoption. The new program for the care of these children is to find them suitable places to board,—either free homes or homes that will accept children for a nominal fee. Care, of course, must be exercised so the older children are not taken because of the service they can give. Also the matter of a fee should not be the main reason that a child is accepted in a boarding home.

Experience in many communities has shown that many pleas-

ant, comfortable homes can be found with intelligent sympathetic parents, who find pleasure in the companionship and the progress of children placed in their care.

Elizabeth was given new hope and courage in her pleasant boarding home. Many other children are now given this same opportunity to find a substitute for their own lost home in this manner. Such programs of child care are promoted and financed by private agencies, by the boards of orphan homes, and by state funds.

In closing the discussion of the social problems of childhood, the author emphasizes the importance of a home environment for a child, and also the need of parents becoming aware of their significance in shaping the lives of their children. A parent's obligation does not end when he provides for the physical needs of his child. Parenthood entails an obligation to give the child an opportunity for the harmonious development of his personality.

Reference: *Challenge of Childhood*, Dr. Ira S. Wile, Elizabeth, pages 284-294.

Questions and Problems

1. Why was Elizabeth unhappy?
2. What treatment was proposed?
3. Why did her new environment change her attitudes?
4. Why should children be kept in their own homes if possible?
5. Under what circumstances should adoptions of children be made?
6. What is meant by boarding homes for children?
7. What are the advantages of boarding homes over institutions?
8. What are the provisions for boarding children in your community?



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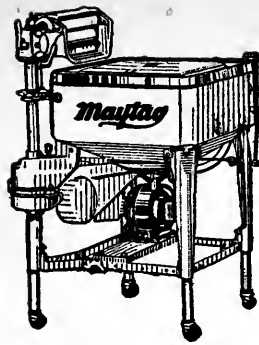
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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Vol. XIV

OCTOBER, 1927

No. 10

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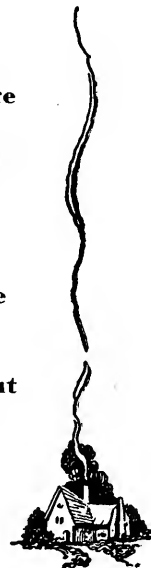
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HOLLYHOCKS

By Elsie E. Barrett

*Dear Hollyhocks! I hear you call to me
With faintly fluted voices as I pass
The old deserted garden tall with grass,
And weeds. I pause, with heartfelt sympathy,
Beneath the full blown, unpruned apple tree
That still holds nectar for the busy bee.*

*Dear Hollyhocks! Your petaled faces lift
So dreamily, as though with thoughts adrift,
With smothered sighs, reciting as a class
You tell of lonely years since lad and lass
Once climbed and romped near you so merrily.*

*Dear Hollyhocks! Perhaps some coming year,
From halls of Art, with tender eagerness
And mem'ries stirred, they'll come and paint your dress
Of quaintly ruffled edges, soft and sheer,
And fill, once more, your days with bygone cheer.
Oh that my brush could portray! But I fear
That since I've heard your voices sweet and low,
And noted well how daintily you grow,
That I can never have the great success
To place on canvas e'en your soft caress,
Because to Me You Are So Very Dear.*



HOLLYHOCKS

THE Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XIV

OCTOBER, 1927

No. 10

Two Outstanding Features of Book of Mormon History

By J. M. Sjodahl

Part I

In the historical portions of the Book of Mormon, there are two outstanding features that deserve special study. One is the determination of the people of Anti-Nephi-Lehi not to defend themselves against the attacking Lamanites, but to meet death as martyrs for the cause of peace. The other is the long era of Millennial harmony that prevailed among the people here after the appearance of our Lord and the establishment of his church.

The Peace Movement. Concerning the first of these features we read in Alma 24:5-18, as follows:

“Now when Ammon and his brethren and all those who had come up with him saw the preparations of the Lamanites to destroy their brethren, they came forth to the land of Midian, and there Ammon met all his brethren; and from thence they came to the land of Ishmael that they might hold a council with Lamoni and also with his brother Anti-Nephi-Lehi, what they should do to defend themselves against the Lamanites.

“Now there was not one soul among all the people who had been converted unto the Lord that would take up arms against their brethren; nay, they would not even make any preparations for war; yea, and also their king commanded them that they should not.

“Now, these are the words which he said unto the people concerning the matter: I thank my God, my beloved people, that our great God has in goodness sent these our brethren, the Nephites, unto us to preach unto us, and to convince us of the traditions of our wicked fathers.

“And behold, I thank my great God that he has given us a portion of his Spirit to soften our hearts, that we have opened a correspondence with these brethren, the Nephites.

"And behold, I also thank my God, that by opening this correspondence we have been convinced of our sins, and of the many murders which we have committed.

"And I also thank my God, yea, my great God, that he hath granted unto us that we might repent of these things, and also that he hath forgiven us of those our many sins and murders which we have committed, and taken away the guilt from our hearts, through the merits of his Son.

"And now behold, my brethren, since it has been all that we could do (as we were the most lost of all mankind) to repent of all our sins and the many murders which we have committed, and to get God to take them away from our hearts, for it was all we could do to repent sufficiently before God that he would take away our stain—

"Now, my best beloved brethren, since God hath taken away our stains, and our swords have become bright, then let us stain our swords no more with the blood of our brethren.

"Behold, I say unto you, Nay, let us retain our swords that they be not stained with the blood of our brethren; for perhaps, if we should stain our swords again they can no more be washed bright through the blood of the Son of our great God which shall be shed for the atonement of our sins.

"And the great God has had mercy on us, and made these things known unto us that we might not perish; yea, and he has made these things known unto us beforehand, because he loveth our souls as well as he loveth our children; therefore, in his mercy he doth visit us by his angels, that the plan of salvation might be made known unto us as well as unto future generations.

"Oh, how merciful is our God! And now behold, since it has been as much as we could do to get our stains taken away from us, and our swords are made bright, let us hide them away that they may be kept bright, as a testimony to our God at the last day, or at the day that we shall be brought to stand before him to be judged, that we have not stained our swords in the blood of our brethren since he imparted his word unto us and has made us clean thereby.

"And now, my brethren, if our brethren seek to destroy us, behold we will hide away our swords, yea, even we will bury them deep in the earth that they may be kept bright, as a testimony that we have never used them, at the last day; and if our brethren destroy us, behold, we shall go to our God and shall be saved.

"And now it came to pass that when the king had made an end of these sayings, and all the people were assembled together they took their swords, and all the weapons which were used for the shedding of man's blood, and they did bury them up deep in the earth.

"And this they did, it being in their view a testimony to God, and also to men, that they never would use weapons again for the shedding of man's blood; and this they did, vouching and covenanting with God, that rather than shed the blood of their brethren they would give up their own lives; and rather than take away from a brother they would give unto him; and rather than spend their days in idleness they would labor abundantly with their hands."

The evident lesson of this remarkable historical incident is this, that the doctrine of non-resistance, which our Lord and his apostles proclaimed;¹ when carried out in practice, even in the

¹Matt. 5:38-42; Rom. 12:17-21.

face of death, is a conquering, regenerating, irresistible force.

It is all the more remarkable to find this distinctively Christian

doctrine set forth so forcibly and clearly in the Book of Mormon, as, at the time when this sacred volume was published in its modern dress, there were very few advocates of the cause of the Prince of Peace in the world, and it is a question whether the youthful Prophet Joseph, in his rural home, had even heard of such a thing as disarmed patriotism. If he had heard of the stand taken by the Quakers on that question, he had heard of it as an error of one of the sects, all of whom had gone astray, and not as something pleasing in the sight of God. It is quite certain that he, at that time, knew nothing of the views of Erasmus, of Grotius, of Emanuel Kant, or Henry IV, on peace and arbitration, and as for peace societies, they were unknown at that time. The Prophet Joseph could not have invented that story. Nor could anybody else.

And yet it is a natural, necessary part of the narrative. The Book of Mormon would not have contained "the fulness of the gospel of Jesus Christ"² if this part of it had been absent; for the problem of which it suggests the solution, is one inseparably connected with the salvation of the world through the gospel.

An Indian Peace Society. To the student of the Book of Mormon the question, Is there in Indian history any evidence that the American aborigines ever were peacefully disposed, as the Anti-Nephi-Lehis are represented to have been? is both interesting and important. Were not the Indians always a cruel, blood-thirsty race?

For a striking answer to that question, let us turn to a leaf of history of the Iroquois.

These, at the time of the first explorations of the country, inhabited the shores of the St. Lawrence river in the vicinity of the present sites of Quebec and Montreal; also the state of New York, except the lower Hudson valley. In this state they were known as the Five Nations. The Cherokees, the Hurons or Wyandots, the Mohawks, the Neutral Nation, the Senecas, the Susquehannas and the Tuscaroras belonged to this famous stock, which, according to Dr. Brinton, is not surpassed, in physical qualities, by any in America, while, at the same time, it stands very high intellectually.

In the 16th century, five tribes of Iroquois Indians formed a league for the purpose of putting an end to bloodshed and establishing lasting peace among men, on the basis of justice and righteousness.³ Where did that idea have its root, if not in the traditions of their fathers?

The Chief Actors in This Drama. Three men and one woman were the leading actors in the events that culminated in

²Doc. and Cov. 20:9.

³*A Constitutional League of Peace in the Stone Age of America*, by J. N. B. Hewitt, Smithsonian Report for 1918, pp. 527-45.

the attempted league for peace. They were Deganawida, Hiawatha, Djigonsasen and Atotarho. Much of what is known of these characters is myth. But the historical facts are none the less clear.

Deganawida's birth was announced to his grandmother in dreams and visions, and was attended by many wonders. But, as the old lady had been told in a dream that the child when grown up would destroy the nation, it was decided to have him done away with at birth. He was, therefore, thrust into the water of a frozen stream and left to perish. But the next morning, the mother and grandmother found the child unharmed between them. The attempt to destroy the child was repeated, but without avail. He was then permitted to live.

When grown up, he informed the women that he must leave them, because he had a great mission to perform in the lands south of the great lakes. So he left and became a prophet, a statesman and a law-maker.

The Hiawatha of this narrative was, at first, according to one tradition, a cannibal. One day he had brought home a human corpse for food, but was struck with the horrible enormity of the habit. Deganawida had climbed to the top of the lodge and was peering through the smoke hole. His face was reflected in the pot, and when Hiawatha saw those noble features, he was struck with remorse. Deganawida then descended, went forward to meet him, and preached his message of peace and righteousness to him. Hiawatha became a loyal and enthusiastic disciple of Deganawida. He undertook several important missions and labored with great success.

Djigonsasen was a chieftainess of the Neutral nation (or tribe), then very powerful and warlike. She was the first convert to the gospel of peace of Deganawida, and became a powerful help to his remarkable cause.

Atotarho (also written Watototarho) is described as a wizard and a sorcerer, he was an Onondaga chief, who was feared far and near. He became the bitter opponent of Deganawida and Hiawatha. He is said to have murdered the children of the latter.

But, thanks to the effects of Deganawida, Hiawatha and Djigonsasen, the league was formed. It was a peaceful revolution in the methods, the scope, the form and the purpose of the governments of the peoples that joined, which might have had great future possibilities.

The description of the construction and scope of this remarkable organization is best given in the words of Mr. Hewitt himself:

"The dominant motive for the establishment of the League of the

Five Iroquois Tribes was the impelling necessity to stop the shedding of human blood by violence, through the making and ratifying of a universal peace by all the known tribes of men, to safeguard human life and health and welfare. Moreover, it was intended to be a type or model of government for all tribes alien to the Iroquois. To meet this pressing need for a durable, universal peace these reformers proposed and advocated a constitutional form of government as the most effective in the attainment of so desirable an end.

"The founders of the league, therefore, proposed and expounded as the requisite basis of all good government three broad 'double' doctrines or principles. The names of these principles in the native tongues vary dialectically, but the three notable terms expressed in Onondaga mean: First (a) sanity of mind and the health of the body; and, (b) peace between individuals and between organized bodies or groups of persons. Second (a) righteousness in conduct and its advocacy in thought and in speech; and (b) equity or justice, the adjustment of rights and obligations. Third (a) physical strength or power, as military force or civil authority; and (b) the orenda or magic power of the people or of their institutions and rituals, having mythic and religious implications. Six principles in all. The constructive results of the control and guidance of human thinking and conduct in the private, the public, and the foreign relations of the peoples so leagued by these six principles, the reformers maintained, are the establishment and the conservation of what is reverently called the Great Commonwealth, the Law of Equity and Righteousness and Well-being, of all known men. It is thus seen that the mental grasp and outlook of these prophet-statesmen and states-women of the Iroquois looked out beyond the limits of tribal boundaries to a vast sisterhood and brotherhood of all the tribes of men, dwelling in harmony and happiness. This indeed was a notable vision for the Stone Age of America.

"Some of the practical measures that were put in force were the checking of murder and bloodshed in the ferocious blood-feud by the legal tender of the prescribed price of the life of a man or a woman—the tender by the homicide and his clan for accidentally killing such a person was 20 strings of wampum, 10 for the dead man and 10 for the forfeited life of the homicide; but if the dead person were a woman, the legal tender was 30 strings of wampum, because the value of a woman's life to the community was regarded as double that of a man. And cannibalism, or the eating of human flesh, was legally prohibited. Even Hiawatha forswore this abominable practice before taking up the work of forming the league.

"The institution of the condoling and installation council was important and most essential to the maintenance of the integrity of their state, for the ordinances of the league constitution required that the number of the chiefs in the federal council should be kept intact. So to the orenda, or magic power, believed to emanate and flow from the words, the chants and songs, and the acts of this council, did the statesmen and the ancients of the Iroquois peoples look for the conservation of their political integrity and for the promotion of their welfare.

"So potent and terrible was the orenda of the ritual of the mourning installation council regarded, that it was thought imperative to hold this council only during the autumn or winter months. Since its orenda dealt solely with the effects of death and with the restoration and preservation of the living from death, it was believed that it would be ruinous and destructive to the growing seeds, plants, and fruits, were this council held during the days of birth and growth in spring and in summer. To overcome the power of death, to repair his destructive work, and to restore to its normal potency the orenda or magic power of the stricken

father side or mother side of the league, and so making the entire league whole, were some of its motives.⁴

"In eulogizing their completed labors the founders of the league represented and described it as a great human tree of flesh and blood, noted for size and length of leaf, which was also represented as being set up on a great white mat—that is to say, on a broad foundation of peace, and whose top pierced the visible sky. It was conceived as having four great white roots composed of living men and women, extending respectively eastward, southward, westward, and northward, among the tribes of men who were urgently invited to unite with the league by laying their heads on the great white root nearest to them. It was further declared that should some enemy of this great tree of flesh and blood approach it and should drive his hatchet into one of its roots, blood indeed would flow from the wound, but it was said further that this strange tree through its orenda would cause that assailant to vomit blood before he could escape very far. In certain laws the federal chiefs are denominated standing trees, who as essential components of the great tree of the league are absorbed in it, symbolically, and who are thus said to have one head, one heart, one mind, one blood, and one dish of food."

The Spirit of Indian Culture. This Iroquois peace league was an embodiment of the very spirit of the highest Indian culture all over the American continents, before it was quenched by the European invasion. Had this not been so, there would have been no conquest of Mexico by Cortez and no overthrow of the Incas of Peru by the Pizarros. Even the terrible Indians who inhabited Tuzulutlan, "the Land of War" north of Guatemala and bordering upon Yucatan, were conquered without bloodshed, by the missionaries under Las Casas, who came to them with the story of the life and death of Christ, in prose and verse.

Hills

By Blanche Burr

Wide plains with winding, clustered trails
 Make traveling easy for the stranger.
 Tall hills half-hid in purple veils
 Are scaled in toil and fraught with danger.

But peaks are goals like guiding stars,
 They're heights of lofty aspiration,
 While plains so level bear no scars
 To guide one to a destination.

And those who only plains traverse
 Will never find themselves rise higher,
 While he who dares the hills adverse
 Will to the peaks draw ever nigher.

⁴See Mr. Hewitt's article on this subject in *Holmes Anniversary Volume*, Washington, 1916.

Our Inheritance.

By Minnie J. Hardy

God made her desert broad and lonely,
Flecked with sage and shifting sand;
Weird and wild in magic beauty
Towered her mighty Wasatch grand.
These the mountains, this the valley
That the Pioneers sought and found;
Dusty, dreadful desolation
Swept for miles and miles around.

Here they camped with songs of gladness,
Offered prayers of thanks to God,
Built their homes of pine and cedar,
Burned the brush and tilled the sod;
Fought the red man, want, and hunger,
Planned and worked, with faith and prayer
'Till there 'rose, serene, triumphant
Zion City, strong and fair.

From the shadow of the wagons
And the smoke of the camp fires,
Rose a marvelous granite temple
Crowned with many gleaming spires.
Buildings of rare grace and beauty
Stand where weary feet once trod,
A monument to faith and courage
Is the "Mormon's" house of God.

Apple blossoms fair and fragrant
Deck our valleys, green and white.
Feathered throats in leafy woodlands
Warble songs of glad delight.
Restful parks with velvet carpets,
Lovely flowers of every hue,—
This the product of their labor;
This their gift to me and you.

We are grateful for these riches
From the brave and strong Pioneers,
As they built, so we are building
For the prosperous future years.
Deseret, our State, we love you;
With the world you've kept the pace.
You are welcome, friend and stranger
Our fair Eden "Is the Place."

The National Conference of Social Work

By Annie D. Palmer

Among the many big movements that attract the attention of thinking men and earnest women of today, there is nothing more interesting, or more potent, or more widely representative, than the National Conference of Social Work.

The conference held in Des Moines this year from May 12 to 18, inclusive, was literally a sea of inspiring thought. Wave upon wave, surge after surge, came the messages of confidence in our youth, of hope for our depressed, of joy in our work, of faith in our success. And tide followed tide as new groups with strong appeals clamored for permanent recognition among those already accepted as part and parcel of the organization. Utah was represented at the conference by the following agencies: Salt Lake County Commission, Juvenile Court, and Red Cross; Salt Lake City Family Service Society; Neighborhood House; Orphans' Home & Day Nursery; Traveler's Aid; and L. D. S. Relief Society. There were also present several other prominent Utahns who happened to be located in the neighborhood. At the Utah breakfast in the Chamberlain hotel seventeen were present.

To say one has attended the conference means little. One can attend but a small part of it. The conference is composed of twelve sections, each of which held separate daily meetings. Besides there were twenty-five kindred groups and these also held daily sessions and were as full of forward-looking plans as were the meetings of the conference proper. About the best, therefore, that *one* could do was to attend to five sessions daily and fill in the time with breakfast discussions, luncheon lectures, and dinner questionnaires. Sixty-four organizations had exhibits, of literature, handiwork and other features advertising progress along definite lines; and the moving picture, portrayed as no other means can, the best in publicity methods and mass education.

There was recreation provided, too, at the conference, dancing and bridge almost every night, the president's reception in the State Capitol building, and a sight-seeing auto ride through the beautiful residence district and far out in the country, over rolling hills, green and cool and delightful.

A gratifying feature of the great gathering was the interest of various churches in the movement toward scientific welfare work. Jews, Catholics, Episcopalians, and other religionists were prominent in arguing for trained case workers to carry on the

program of the church in its charities and correction. The L. D. S. Relief Society was represented by two members of the general board and four workers from the Welfare Department. So intent upon being able to properly care for the members in trouble are churchmen becoming, that many ministers are themselves training for social work; and the Catholic church gives regular social work courses as part of its preparation for the ministry. There is no longer any question with them about the need of skill in dealing with the man who falls wounded and bleeding on the way to Jericho.

Answering the question, "What, in your opinion, was the biggest message of the conference?" our delegates, replied almost as variously as the members to whom the query was put.

"The movement toward trained workers in rural communities," one answered. "At least one social worker in every county, and that one with power to direct to whom and for what purpose all the material relief in the county should be given; with co-operative church work and court decisions, with understanding health officers and school men—'tis a condition devoutly to be wished!"

"The forward-looking program of international relations," replied another, "The thought that we must have relations with other countries whether they be good or bad, should lead us to seek a better understanding of conditions in other lands."

"The adaptation of the schools to the needs of every child was the big theme," declared a young woman not engaged in teaching. "Classes for the problem child, schools adapted to the underprivileged—how many family burdens will be lifted when such a scheme of education is made general!"

"Increasing community responsibility. Making our democracy feel that taking care of human problems is their job. Getting everyone, through better publicity methods, to understand our work, and understanding it to want to help to lift the load. That was the big theme of the conference to me," reported a third.

And so we might continue. No wonder. The delegates were each day scattered among the various sections according to a pre-arranged plan in order that each might get the most from the field assigned her.

All the elements of normal life received attention at the conference. Health topics included physical and mental health; causes of disease, prevention, remedies; nurses, doctors, quacks. Education was considered from various angles such as home, school, church; children, boys, girls, youth; the city's opportunity and the country's slavery; rehabilitation, vocational schools, trades. Employment with all its intricacies of youth, age and sex; of wealth, poverty, and squalor; of foreigners and American born, skilled and unskilled; was the theme of a number of enthusiastic speakers. Recreation was stressed. One of the most stirring

speeches of the conference was along the line of proper recreation in the lives of boys. Dances, automobiles, movies, roadhouses, were approved and condemned. Playground and recreation centers were represented by large delegations. Religion was discussed in the most outstanding of the conference talks and several speakers besides Rabbi Silver proclaimed the need of more church influence and religious training.

When we have classified these elemental needs as considered in our study of normal family life, there still remains a list of topics more or less closely related of which space will permit us only to mention a few.

Immigration, prisons, prohibition, politics, Americanization, approaches to case work, visiting teacher work, and many other subjects were crowded into the programs of seven wonderful days.

Outstanding among the speakers of the conference was Judge John A. Lapp. His ringing address on "Justice First," at the opening session, was a masterpiece of oratory. The president's argument was for strict observance and enforcement of law, his plea for more opportunity through better service to the handicapped. He branded as heathen doctrine that of the survival of the fittest, and as anarchist the American citizen who challenges the right of government regulation.

"The concomitant doctrine of the survival of the fittest in the social order is the *laissez-faire* doctrine in politics," he said. This is carried so far as to challenge the right of government regulation of almost anything or anyone. There is more individualistic, not to say anarchistic, cant than in any previous time in this country."

The anti-prohibitionists, with their cry of personal liberty, founded though it is upon individual selfishness, have about wrecked the true conception of government control of evils. To be consistent, these same destructionists go so far as to condemn any and all control of conduct. Even the prohibition of habit-forming drugs is to them an infringement of personal liberty. What may the government regulate, control, or prohibit if not such human destroyers as habit-forming drugs and intoxicating liquors? Apparently nothing. And lo! We have the anarchistic state.

"Justice must come first in the program of social work," he declared. "Charity discovers needs and points the way to justice. That which we care for out of charity today, is prevented or provided for through systems of justice tomorrow.

"Competition of individuals will go on," the president said, "it is beneficial that it should. But it shall not go on as a struggle for survival, and it shall not continue in accordance with the rules of the jungle. It shall not be allowed to prey upon the weak, the handicapped, the unable, as a carrion bird taking from them their meager chance for a living. Survival must not be governed by

biological laws. The struggle must be moralized to far greater degree than at present, by charity and justice.

"A widening circle of opportunity for all to achieve more and more the purpose for which they are created upon this earth, will be found as the real power which guides the destiny of the human race."

The approval of his message by the three thousand delegates who listened, was attested by loud and continued applause. It was the spirit of the conference beautifully, eloquently, forcefully expressed.

Following President Lapp, in the same meeting, Dr. Chester H. Powell of Berkley, California, paid high tribute to the assembled delegates. Naming social workers as the advance guard of the world that is to be, he said: "If the time ever comes when political service is rendered in the spirit in which you render social service, then only will the challenge to democracy have been answered."

"Largely because of you," he continued, "our democracy is entitled to the interest and support of the people whether it gets it or not."

Decrying the indifference of the American people, Mr. Powell said: "There are many more people in every congressional district who know who Andy Gump is, than there are who care who is congressman from that district. There is much more knowledge about Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, and Skeeze, than of candidates for president or the provisions of the McNary-Haugen bill."

By far the biggest audience of the entire conference was the Sunday evening general session addressed by Rabbi A. H. Silver, of Cleveland. The auditorium of the Shrine temple was packed. Practically the entire delegation of nearly four thousand visitors were in attendance with upwards of one thousand local citizens. Rabbi Silver has an unusually pleasing personality, and a full, clear voice. In his message, "The Church and Social Justice," he flung his challenge to the church to face its task in the betterment and uplift of humanity.

"It is difficult," he said, "to be a voice clear and courageous, crying for justice amid the pomp and splendor and costliness of a temple or a cathedral, which is built and supported by the generosity of those who must often become the target of the voice's invective. But the church must do just that. It must deliberately choose the *'via dolorosa'*—the hard road of conflict and persecution. Else it would become a tragic futility in modern life." Rabbi Silver demanded that the church be "feared and revered for its dauntless proclamation of truth."

Jane Addams was perhaps the most noted figure in Des Moines. Wherever she was programmed to speak eager crowds

gathered. In her modest manner and homely phrases she was heard on various subjects. At one time she was advising greater activity in international affairs, at another she discussed the seriousness of the liquor problem, and again she expressed her faith in the youth of today who, she said, will choose the best out of the changing conditions.

One of the strongest pleas for social work in rural communities was that of Grace Abbott, Chief of the Children's Bureau, Washington, D. C. She put the matter in very plain terms when she said: "Cities have no monopoly on social problems. Poverty, disease, crime, degeneracy, ignorance, cruelty, neglect and emotional instability, are found in the small town and country as well as on the east side of New York or the Northwest side of Chicago. Crowding people together in a city with no flowers, trees, or playgrounds is responsible for city problems; but the opposite conditions of the country, extreme isolation, dreary monotony of long hours of work in summer, of no group recreation and inadequate health and social resources, are responsible for many of the rural problems."

The writer once heard a stake president in our Church eulogize members of his congregation for certain activities. When he had mentioned several names someone reminded him that he had forgotten Brother Higgs. Another suggested Brother Rolphe, another called Brother Barnes, and so on until the time for the ten minute talk was gone. The stake president decided that unless there is time for roll call it is well not to mention names. A few have been mentioned in this report. The scores of others with messages, grave, important, interesting, illuminating—there is not space to name.

Returning to the question of importance—we wonder if after all anything was quite so big as the bigness of the conference. There is inspiration in the very atmosphere of a place when four thousand people, well trained and alert, have gathered from the four corners of the nation and from several foreign lands to consider the interests of the under-privileged. Not one among these thousands asks, "Am I my brother's keeper?" They have accepted the task. And in the byways and along the highways they are dispensing courage, and faith, and opportunity, with healing balm and daily bread.

It may, indeed, be that the millennial reign is far away; but if on earth there are forces that shall help to bring about that time of joy, surely one of those forces is the influence that shall be disseminated from such gatherings as the Des Moines conference.

Great Salt Lake

By Glen Perrins

The Great Salt Lake at twilight—how silently majestic! how huge and magnificent.

This vast body of salt water, stretching along the western base of the Wasatch is a most beautiful sight, indeed. As one comes across it from the West, on the train, after a visit to the coast, it is hailed with delight. The waves splash a ripple of



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welcome against the piers as the train moves slowly over the trestle work.

An hour passes from Lakeside to Promontory Point—a beautiful sixty minutes in the golden sunset over the lake. Then another hour is spent going over the deeper part of the Great Salt Lake.

The islands in the lake stand out in bold relief, casting their lengthy shadows over the billowing water. Large flocks of seagulls are seen in the twilight, riding the waves, skimming the waters and splashing over the surface.

One wonders how the story of the Great Salt Lake impressed the Franciscan friar, Escalante, in 1776, when the Indians described it to him in their quaint fashion, and later, in 1843, when Fremont

described this beautiful body of water. Or before them both, in that long, long ago when the lake was Bonneville, a thousand feet deep. At that time, it is reported, from the north end to the south end was as far as one end of Illinois is from the other—the lake was then 346 miles long, 145 miles wide.

Quite a contrast with the lake today—seventy-five miles long, thirty-one miles wide and, in the deepest places 30 feet deep. And this water is the saltiest sea on earth except the Dead Sea. In every five pounds of water is one pound of salt. Today, the lake bed of Lake Bonneville, which was nine hundred feet under water where Salt Lake is today, is dry—made ready for the Saints.

Wonderful is the way of God. How inspiring is the Great Salt Lake today! How silently majestic!

Fall

By Merling Dennis Clyde

They can rave about the springtime,
 And summer's joyous thrall,
 But the days that pull the heartstrings
 Are the languorous ones of fall.

There's a haze upon the valley
 Purple-deep against the hills,
 While the sun-kissed air is whispering
 With a vibrant power that thrills.

In the lazy, lingering stillness
 Hangs the earth in peaceful mood;
 Poised, like a gull suspended,
 Is the autumn quietude.

It is a time of waiting,
 Yet beneath the hush a spell
 Weaves enchanting paths that beckon
 Where-away it does not tell;

But it sets my feet to straying
 In answer to the call
 Of a wooing voice that lures me
 Through the painted days of fall.

Lindbergh

By Mary C. Martineau

Do we know if the eyes of the Gods are blue?
O, we know Gods are strong and clean and true,
And their eyes look ahead, all earthly mists through,
As they go on their way in glory.

Made in the image of God was man
And, he, among men showeth proof of the plan
And the work so divine by the Master's own hand
When he fashioned this boy, Charles Lindbergh.

He makes us look up and aspire to fly
And wish to be Godlike, not fearing to die,
Knowing no fear but of living a lie
Or smallness or lack of endeavor.

Lo, here he comes winging through space as we gaze,
And longs even heaven to conquer always,
And he stakes e'en his life for the call he obeys,
His call that keeps constantly ringing.

Knowing not sleep for the voice that he hears,
That ever is urging him onward with cheers,
As if through the shadow of earth-life it sears
From a place with the Gods he'd forgotten.

Holding him tense with a promise he knows,
Waking him up every moment he'd doze,
Reminding him soon the great goal will disclose
His power to win over things human.

Compelling, as all through his life, as he sails,
His body to bow that his soul never fails,
For spirit and reason divine never quails
O'er the long narrow way to contentment.

And, O, then the lights of the landing we see,
The messengers rising to meet him in glee
And he circles the City with you and with me
And his joy is our joy at his greeting.

A monument to faith and courage

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Room 28, Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah

Magazine entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah

Vol. XIV

OCTOBER, 1927

No. 10

EDITORIAL

The Book of Mormon

The September issue of the *Magazine* emphasizes the centenary of the coming forth of the *Book of Mormon*, but we hope that in practically every issue during the year something may appear to expand the knowledge and emphasize the worth of this volume.

We chanced to be in England during the tercentenary of the publication of the King James edition of the English Bible. Everything that the British nation could do to emphasize that fact was done. Special editions of the Bible were on display in the British Museum and at a special ceremony the king was presented with a beautiful edition of the Bible bound in royal blue. At Albert Hall addresses were made by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the British Premier, the American Ambassador to Great Britain, and other speakers of note. All this was highly appropriate and most fitting. We shall do well to emulate their example and in every way that can be devised show forth the glories and the beauties of this precious book that was delivered to us by the hands of an angel from God.

We congratulate the Mutual Improvement Association on its Sunday evening session that has been produced in the

convention conference in many stakes, already. It is highly appropriate. It is in all probability sowing the seeds for something either in drama or pageantry that will in days to come characterize the Church as being the inspiration of great and notable art.

The Relief Society Magazine wishes to do "its bit" in furthering this great work.

A Poet's Message

Sara Teasdale is very greatly, and very rightly, much beloved by persons who read English poetry. We know that she is enjoyed by our readers for many of the members of the Relief Society, at various times and on various occasions, have told us so. One of her poems entitled "Barter," has an especially beautiful message, so beautiful we think, that it is worthy of discussion in our editorial columns.

BARTER

Life has loveliness to sell—
 All beautiful and splendid things,
 Blue waves whitened on a cliff,
 Climbing fire that sways and sings,
 And children's faces looking up
 Holding wonder like a cup.

Life has loveliness to sell—
 Music like a curve of gold,
 Scent of pine trees in the rain,
 Eyes that love you, arms that hold,
 And for your spirit's still delight,
 Holy thought that star the night.

Spend all you have for loveliness,
 Buy it and never count the cost;
 For one white singing hour of peace
 Count many a year of strife well lost.
 And for a breath of ecstasy
 Give all you have been or could be.

While the entire poem is essentially good and beautiful, we would draw attention in particular to one or two lines.

Little children are pretty generally a source of delight. All who have and know little children, realize what an ever present joy they are. A few days ago a young man who had put his baby in bed, came back saying, "My! a father does get a thrill

when he tucks a child in bed." The upturned face of a child is beautiful as the tender little thoughts of its soul appear.

Sara Teasdale knows this and asks us all to think about it, that we may the better know that "children's faces looking up," do hold "wonder like a cup." Continuing she says:

Spend all you have for loveliness.
Buy it and never count the cost;
For one white, singing hour of peace,
Count many a year of strife well lost.

Her admonition is in line with the sage advice that we do good for evil, banish strife by imparting peace.

A No-Tobacco League

The No-Tobacco League of America has just closed a convention held at Winona Lake, Indiana. It reports that over three thousand were present and states that in the various sessions held were people enrolled from twenty-two states, four provinces of Canada, Australia, China and Japan. Also that Professor F. M. Gregg, head of the Department of Psychology of Nebraska Wesleyan University, was re-elected president and Charles M. Fillmore, Indianapolis, was elected general secretary for his eighth year.

There certainly has never been a time in the memory of man when a No-Tobacco League was as necessary as it is at the present time. It is regrettable in the extreme to have men smoking. Few things have ever caused some of us to feel more sorrowful than the fact that throughout the world many men of importance and real standing use tobacco. And now, added to this comes a new fad for smoking cigarettes that has been all too generally adopted by women. In the light of our progress in science, in the art of making comfortable habitations, it is a sorry commentary that these up-to-date homes are often vitiated not alone by smoke exhaled from cigars and cigarettes in the mouths of men, but now in this new age in the mouths of mothers, wives and daughters. It is high time that people who appreciate the gravity and depravity of this practice should combine to stop its growth and do as much as possible to eradicate the practice. God speed the No-Tobacco League in its good work.

What Can We Expect From the Home,

Jean Cox

It is the function of the home to make available for the various members of the family opportunity for health, encouragement, happiness, rest, work and recreation. The most important responsibility of the home in the light of recent investigations is to adapt to individual needs the different health principles which contribute towards radiant health. In view of the wide distribution of information on the value of protective and growth-promoting foods, every home-maker of average intelligence should make these valuable foods important factors in the family diet. Wanton disregard of this available information will undoubtedly bring reproach from the grown-ups of tomorrow.

Happiness, rest, recreation and work, are also very important contributing factors toward health. Opportunities for these are, however, difficult to classify as they belong to the tangible phase of homemaking about which we may feel but find difficulty in expressing. Another important responsibility within the home is the giving of encouragement necessary for the best development of the different members of the home group. One of the most important phases of homemaking is responsibility of keeping the different members of the family from becoming discouraged. It is impossible to succeed if the person loses faith in his own ability. At the present times there is much discouragement which results from unsatisfactory social and economic conditions. One very successful homemaker put away a dress that had been troublesome, an hour before the absent family returned, so as to overcome her own feelings and be better able to commend and encourage their different activities. Nor did she lose by helping the others, the next day the sewing was easily accomplished. But better still, she also had the satisfaction of having her family enjoy a happy evening and start out on the new day's work with confidence and success. A delightful habit which helps to maintain a high morale (of this homemaker in his family is in addition to the usual goodbye the expressed wish "Have a nice day.")

The home should be cooperative rather than individualistic. Where individual interests are distinct and separate from the major interests of the group, meal times are strained, hours are irregular and the house usually has a general atmosphere of wanting to blow up and away. Without some interests in common, the family cannot make the most of their individual and group re-

sponsibilities. Where children are reared in homes of this kind there is a spirit of evasion and an almost uncanny ability in sliding out from under responsibilities, which do not result in good moral training.

Satisfactory homes are cooperative. The same principles of cooperation which developed during the world war in willingness to help others and taking care of the weaker should be lived up to and practiced within the home. Helping the small toddler to complete a self-appointed task, almost too big for diminutive arms, is not more important than helping some extra tired member of the family to finish successfully a piece of work that was over long. When the daughter comes in from school and cooperates willingly, mother's responsibility seems much less. The same thing is true if the son shoulders some responsibility in earning the living. In either case, the results are not as important as the spirit of comradeship and approval of efforts made.

The kindly personal interest in the activities of the different members of the family binds them together. Perhaps the importance of this is not fully realized. It isn't the binding up of the small finger that is important in the cure but that assurance that mother is sorry because of the hurt. The actual assistance given the twelve-year-old in making a car that will run is relatively unimportant. Her faith in his achievement is much more necessary for the success of the undertaking. Mothers who persistently express discouragement over prospective achievements are gambling with the failure of the individual in his life's work. Men of middle age who have tried and failed have very often suffered major discouragement because the members of the family had too little faith in what they could do.

Homes are unsatisfactory where ambition to maintain an expensive standard of living overtops common sense. This condition is most common in homes with grown-up children who have friends with a larger income than their own. In this striving to do and appear as prosperous as the well-to-do friends too many makeshifts and subterfuges are necessary to make self respect easy or satisfactory. Usually, however, this period of stress or strain is short lived, as the native common sense of the parents finally proves convincing that more satisfaction results from being one's self than from aping others. Perhaps, however, the home most to be pitied is the one of the newly married couple who have accumulated a mountain of debts and worries to the detriment of the happiness which should be theirs. Pride in possessions which are not paid for has been the cause of financial and marital ruin to many young couples. This failure to meet obligations not only injures them, but the resultant loss to furniture stores and automobile dealers makes honest people pay some of the bills which resulted from an over ambition to display. Part of the responsibility of the home is to convince young people that a small

salary cannot possibly be stretched to pay living expenses that can only come out of a salary twice as large as their own.

The selfish home has very few common interests. Each member does as he pleases regardless of the rights or feelings of others. No one is inclined to put himself out to help someone else. The spirit is dominantly selfish and unsatisfactory. Chores, work and various duties are done grudgingly because the spirit of cooperation is wholly lacking. Family pleasures, excursions or picnics are as foreign to this type of home as the North Pole. There is little personal interest in the comings and goings of the other members of the family. Groups of this type have not learned a fundamental social principle that "The things we do together make us one."

A "House" is not a Home

By Josie E. Childs

Yes! I do love the dear old "House,"
Built out upon the farm,
Where we can sleep with open doors,
Without a thought of harm.

The vine clad porch and banks of flowers,
And rockers here and there,
With books and strains of music
That ease our load of care.

Yes, all these added to a "House,"
From cellar to the dome,
Will change the attitude of all
And make the "House" a home.

Utah Dixie's Pioneers

By George A. English

Oh! that I may make you to understand,
How pioneers made Utah's Dixie Land.
Where only one could see from day to day,
Sharp cactus, thorned "mosquite" and Joshua;
With lava rocks in great high ridges piled,
That flung across the lee for mile on mile.
Scarce green was seen in that most barren waste,
And yet they dared to live in such a place.
When these brave men stood on the desert's rim,
What rugged thoughts think you occurred to them?
What wondrous visions did these travelers see,
When they gazed forth into eternity?

On the lofty rim their free way was blocked,
By ledges high with crags and lava rocks.
How could they hope to reach the desert floor,
Below a depth of three thousand feet or more?
Down devious trails which Indians knew,
These brave frontiersmen drove their oxen through.
Their wheels of wagons thonged and tightly bound,
With strong ropes tied well the axles round,
With cables strong they did the wagons lower,
Safely down to the great vast desert floor.
Passing onward they reached the journey's end,
The only destiny they'd comprehend.

Onward they pressed, onward from day to day,
While naught could their determined progress stay.
It was a task most Herculean to face,
To build fit roads through that great desert waste.
Huge lava rocks in heat of burning sun,
Would face them whichever way they'd turn.
Through mountains with high rocks and boulders strewn,
Undaunted yet, crude passage roads were hewn.
They halted not at hills to be displaced,
Nor yet at soft sand doons to be effaced.
Wagons were dragged to journey's end at last,
By oxen wearied of the heavy task.

What hardships these courageous souls endured,
Rich blessings for the future to procure;
For wealth is limited since creation,
By methods and by means of transportation.
How slow their pace, how little gained each day,
While nature battled hard their right-of-way.
Though they had none, they marked a future trail,
That a recovered land might yet prevail.
May those who speed through Utah's Dixie Land,
Mark the debt they owe those intrepid bands.
Note well the way, as Utah you pass through,
What these most sturdy settlers did for you.

It were well to pause a brief bit of time,
And view the way o'er which your cars have climbed,
And note how weary oxen sore have passed,
With loads of all their masters had possessed.

Many had left their homes and native land,
To reclaim this vast waste for fellow man,
Still pressed they on, with anxious hopes deferred
And murmured never once a single word,
Ever striving to well obey God's laws,
And living faithful to His Holy Cause.
So this great desert land is rarely blessed,
And weary people here may find their rest.

As their necessities less pressing grew,
They thanked their God that He had brought them through.
Their blessings, though still meagre for their needs,
Were all with true and sincere thanks received.
There were no idlers in that moving train,
For all did work with earnest might and main;
Father, mother, as well as children too,
Had all a will the desert to subdue.
The task was near beyond the power of man,
To master and subdue such barren land.
But by their faith and trust in Mighty God,
They finally reclaimed it rod by rod.

Water by toil and labor they secured,
The ground they plowed, and sowed, and crops matured.
Till then there was but drought and burning heat,
Naught grew but cruel cactus and "mosquite."
For months and years did they all need to toil,
To bring the welcome water to the soil.
As they still conquered hardships one by one,
It seemed their battles could not all be done.
The oppressing toils they all so well endured,
A good productive country was secured.
They suffered hardships we cannot conceive,
This vast expanse of country to retrieve.

No great storehouses were there ready filled,
In this desert place which they came to till,
Every morsel by hard unyielding toil,
Was won from that dry and forbidding soil.
The true devotion to complete the task,
Has in all history ne'er been surpassed.
The greatest courage that was ever known,
Was by their noble suffering women shown.
No greater fortitude and sterling worth,
Was shown since Eve bore children here on earth.
Through the greatest hardships they prevailed,
These brave and noble women never failed.

Their love for God it was that made them try
To keep all His commandments, and ask not why.
For they believed His blessed Word in whole,
Nor ever did they prate of birth control.
No greater battles have men ever fought,
Nor greater triumphs have they ever wrought.
And always by their fruits shall they be known,
For such devotion do they stand alone.
Naught can enhance their rich glory more,
Than do their sons and daughters which they bore.
These nearly all have passed to their reward,
Their memory is incense to the Lord.

Decorative Treatment of Walls

By Carol Crawford

In this day of artistic decoration and beauty, when home building is studied from the viewpoint of the beautiful as well as the practical and convenient, it behooves us all to make our homes as pleasing to the eye as talent and means can make them. Good taste and beauty does not always mean that a large amount of money be expended, for indeed, simplicity is the root of charm and comfort, while the only requisite is that the furnishings be really good and of good taste.

The first problem to meet in furnishing or beautifying the home is the treatment of the wall surfaces. Here is where much can be done to make or mar the finished beauty of the home. Consider also, in choosing a wall finish, the standpoint of lasting practicability, for it is usually impossible to change wall coverings so frequently as curtains or furniture. So before choosing color, fabric, or finish for the walls it is advisable thoroughly to plan the general furnishings of the room, then choose colors of which you will not easily tire, and patterns that are not gaudy.

Let us consider, then, some of the ways of treating walls. The simplest form of wall surface is a plain surface of plaster or cement and can be treated exactly as the judgment of the owner dictates. It can be painted, white-washed, kalsomined, covered with paper or textile, burlaps, silks, cretonnes, or tapestry. It can be panelled in wood, covered with leather or marble, or hung with silks and embroideries. These are decided by the means and the use for which the room is designated.

The main thing is to remember that decoration is always subservient to proportion. Determine whether it is desirable that the general appearance of the room be larger or smaller, whether the ceilings need to appear lower or higher, and then choose the pattern of the wall finish accordingly. Here are a few of the general effects that can be produced. Prints on wall papers make the room appear smaller, the larger the pattern the smaller the room appears. Only extremely large rooms look well bedecked in large, well defined prints, and then care must be exercised lest they appear stuffy or gaudy. The patterns of some wall papers seem to fairly jump at you upon first entering the room. Plain walls have a tendency to make the room appear larger, while beaver-board makes it appear compact and united, without undue smallness. If the ceiling is too high a low drop will tend to make it appear lower; rounding figures and no stripes in the pattern will

also aid. A wide border will do much to attract the attention of the eye lower. On the other hand, if the ceiling is too low and makes the room appear "smothery" the reverse is the rule. Raise the border until there is very little or no ceiling drop, choose a very narrow ceiling drop border, and avoid large patterns, holding rather to the choice of small vertical stripes.

Coloring is one of the ruling factors in the choice of wall furnishings, for sometimes wise selection in pattern and material will be lost through bad choice of color. In rooms with a warm or southern exposure it is well to select cool or neutral colors for walls and woodwork. In one farmhouse in southern Utah I once saw a room that made me fairly want to pant on entering it, even though the day was but a moderately warm one. The room had a southwest exposure, was rather small, and papered, with a large print paper with strawberry rose as the predominating color, and a low and unusually wide border. The sunlight, streaming through both the south and the west windows caught the glare of the paper, giving an effect that was hard on the nerves as well as the eyes. A slight transformation in the room would have made it the most charming in the house, as well as the most cheerful. The paper could have been changed to one with very light small figures, in a cool color, and small vertical stripes to give height to the room. The border could have been a very narrow one, raised to make a very short ceiling drop, and the ceiling papered in a very light color. Then the furniture could have been arranged in symmetrical fashion, and the room would have needed very little other treatment to make it simple and inviting. Thus follows the rule of cool colors for rooms with warm exposures, and warm colors for large, north rooms. A typical example of a room that makes one shiver is a large one facing north and east, with the woodwork in grey or white, the walls in light blue or light green and the ceiling white. Figures always give the appearance of warmth, as do pinks, yellows, buffs, tans, or creams; while green, blue and white give an appearance of coolness. Black, grey and most violets are neutral. Where wall coverings are figured, draperies should be plain as an aid to harmony and restfulness. Paper should be selected to fit the woodwork. Extreme contrasts between woodwork and wall coloring, such as white woodwork and dark walls or extremely light walls and extremely dark woodwork, are bad taste since it makes a too strong relief; making a series of broken and distracted streaks, without grace of symmetry. Fabric will sometimes neutralize the effect of color as with light oilcloth, which, although cool in color, is shiny of surface, attracting the attention of the eyes and appearing slightly warmer.

In bedrooms, light flowered or light striped papers with colors suggesting brightness, repose, and daintiness are the best. If the paper has attractive figures, plain hangings of a quiet tone

should be put at the windows. For kitchen, cheerfulness is the aim, therefore, buffs, yellows, or light blues and creams are the usual choice. I have, however, seen some very beautiful kitchens in black and white combinations (usually tile or marble,) or in rubber tile of brick-dust hue. In bathrooms, white is the predominating color, although bright colors have been gaining much favor in the last few years. Blue, yellow, buff, and violet are now the more favored colors for bathrooms. In living-rooms, drawing-rooms, halls and reception-rooms, color is mostly a matter of choice and cannot be determined without considering the general tone of the furniture. In dining rooms the decorator should keep more to the light and gay but unobtrusive colors and designs, with an aim at simplicity and neatness. Dining rooms should not have many pictures. In any room intended for pictures there should be no distractions in the wall covering, such as flowers, strong color or obtrusive designs. For rooms intended for study or reading walls covered with blossoms, intricate patterns, or over-accentuated designs are distracting. Libraries, in which the book shelves do not run to the ceiling need special attention. A plain background above the shelves is necessary as there is so much richness of tone and color in the bindings of the books that a bright, figured wall surface contrasting with the color of the books makes a jumble of color that is jarring. Avoid, in any room, papers with large gilt figures. Deep cream, mist-gray, tan or buff are found to be the best colors for everyday use, and the ones that are least tiring.

In the average home, kalsomine, oil-cloth, painted burlap and paper are the most common wall coverings, therefore, more space has been given to the treatment with them, though the general rules of coloring and choice are the same for all. Kalsomining and papering is usually done by the members of the family or by the professional paper hanger. Burlap is put on like paper and painted in either plain or blended tones, denim is put on in the same way. When cretonnes, brocades, and costly stuffs are hung, fine brass nails are used and concealed by a gimp. Rooms treated with woods require the services of a carpenter. This treatment is often desirable for country homes, dining rooms or bedrooms, and gives a rustic charm to cabins, camps, or summer homes. When costly woods or marble are employed a carpenter and designer should be employed. Rubber tile is bought in small blocks, which are fit closely together in wall or floor.

The use of a large wall mirror is a clever trick of the decorator. In a small room it may be hung so as to reflect the room and make it appear larger. In a long narrow room it may be hung in the center of the wall over a small side table or desk. This way it seems to bring the far end of the room nearer.

Too much study and attention cannot be given to the furnishing of the walls, for the entire beauty of the room is, to a great extent, dependent on the foundation coloring of them. Rooms

otherwise well furnished will not look well in a room with unsightly walls. Although it is not necessary to adhere too closely to the given rules for wall decorating, it is well to bear well in mind what to choose and what to avoid, and make the room as beautiful as time and means available will make it.

Utah Lake

By Mrs. Elizabeth Noble

Held in the valley's wide embrace,
How long thy waves have kept their place,
Rippling and sparkling in the sun,
Coldly gleaming when day is done!

Time was when only red men knew
And sailed thee in a bark canoe,
Ere hooded monk or trapper grim,
First trod upon thy sandy rim.

Devoted Father Escalante
With his true comrades, heaven-sent,
Taught to the Indians God's great plan
Of sacrifice redeeming man.

On thy still shores, by sunny cove,
They heard the story of God's love;
With childlike hearts the truth received
And on the Father God believed.

Then came he questing wanderers brave
Who ventured on thy restless wave;
Explored thy shores from end to end
By sandy stretch, and reedy bend.

And now we cross the bridge of time
And come to our own age and clime;
We deem thy shores a pleasure ground
Where freedom from our cares is found.

The fisher's craft, and pleasure boat
Alike upon thy waters float,
And over thee the airplane flies
Only a speck against the skies.

But yet the glamour of the past
Haunts, and will hold our memory fast,
As we our summer rambles take
Along the shores of Utah Lake.

Notes from the Field

Amy Brown Lyman

Northcentral States Mission:

The St. Paul (Minnesota) Branch Relief Society, which is in a flourishing condition, recently produced a playlet "Helping the Needy," which was greatly appreciated by the branch. Some of the Societies in the mission are holding summer meetings. The Duluth branch is making a special study of the *Pearl of Great*



Price, and the Minneapolis branch is finishing up a course taken from the extension division of the University of Minnesota. Two new Societies have been organized recently—one at Grand Forks, North Dakota, and the other at Tyler, Montana.

Ogden Stakes Commemorate the Founding of the First Stake Relief Society in the Church:

On July 18, 1927, the four stakes of Weber county—Weber, Ogden, North Weber, and Mt. Ogden—joined in celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the Weber stake Relief Society, which occurred on July 18, 1877. This early organization was effected by President Brigham Young, and covered all of the wards of Weber county. Mrs. Jane Snyder Richards was appointed president of the stake, which position she held for 31 years. The celebration consisted of an historical pageant by Mrs.

Laura N. Jenkins, depicting the development of the Society during the 50 years. The pageant was presented at the Orpheum Theatre to a house filled to capacity. The handsome souvenir program outlined the pageant in detail and contained pictures of Ogden in the 70's, the Weber stake Relief Society hall built in early days, Mrs. Jane Snyder Richards, and a group picture of the present stake and ward officers of the four stakes.

Juab Stake (First Ward Relief Society.)

In honor of the 69th anniversary of the organization of the first Relief Society in Nephi, a conference was held in Juab stake on June 23 of this year. An excellent program was given including a pageant depicting the first organization. At the conclusion of the program there was a musical entertainment followed by a reception and the serving of delicious refreshments. The Nephi Relief Society was organized on June 23, 1858, with Mrs. Amelia Goldsbrough as president, and has been in continuous operation since that time. It was one of the very early ward organizations in Utah.

Burley Stake (Teachers' Convention):

Burley stake has held a most successful teachers' convention. Invitations were extended to the president of the stake, high counselors, bishops of wards, also to the Relief Society officers and teachers of Minidoka stake. President Luella N. Wright opened the program with an instructive and inspirational address. Members of the stake board gave a very splendid demonstration showing how the teachers should conduct their visits in the home, how they should present the topic, how the hostess should receive the teachers and support them in their efforts, also how the social service workers should enter the homes where there is poverty and sickness. The following topics were then given by teachers of the various wards: Results to be Accomplished by the Visiting Teacher; The Value of the Teacher to the Community and to the Association. Luncheon was served at 12:30, followed by games and singing. At the afternoon session a very effective demonstration was given of a work and business meeting by the second ward; prizes were awarded to the wards having 100% teachers present, three wards receiving prizes consisting of three copies each of the *Relief Society Song Book*. In the evening a concert was given for which admission was charged, each ward contributing to the program with either a one-act play, a pageant, or a musical number. A spirit of friendly rivalry prevailed and some very commendable features were presented. A first prize of \$5, a second prize of \$3, and a third prize of \$2, were given to the three wards presenting the best number. The entertainment was a success artistically, socially and financially.

Eastern States Mission (Reorganized)

Miss Dicie Brimhall, who has been president of mission Relief Societies in the Eastern States mission from September, 1926 to August, 1927, has been released to return west. The Societies of the mission have completed a very successful year's work. There are 29 local organizations, including very active ones in each of the prominent cities—New York, Washington and Boston. The Society is increasing in its appeal to the Saints and their friends, and interest in the work has been keen, progressive, and of a lasting type that promises rapid and well rooted growth. The factor contributing most to the year's activities has been cooperation of the mission office with local officers and missionaries laboring in the various branches. Another aid was the drawing of a year-round program by each Society at the outset and following it through. A uniform monthly report project has helped to maintain efficiency in the important phases of officers' meetings, regular lesson periods, visiting teacher's activity, and in the carrying out of special social events. The season has been an unusually beneficial and interesting one in all three aims of Relief Society work; namely (1) the dispensing of charity; (2) providing for the home's religious and cultural training; (3) reaching out to the communities in social and civic betterment. A spirit of loyal cooperation has run through the year and all things concerned are prepared for another year's work.

Among the very interesting year-round programs arranged by the branches in the Eastern States mission, is that of the Binghamton, New York, Relief Society. The program is neatly typed in the form of a book, with a blue paper back. The booklet contains a short sketch of the organization of the Relief Society; the names of the General Presidents with the years of their service; the objects and aims of the Relief Society; and a detailed program for each Tuesday in the year. In addition to the regular outlined lessons the program contains many interesting features, such as lectures on home-making by the County Home Bureau Manager; a discussion of the National Council of Women with which the Relief Society is affiliated; important current events. A number of socials were programmed for the year to furnish recreational activity for the members. In October a Hallowe'en party was held in connection with the branch and the M. I. A. In November the Relief Society joined with the Sunday School in a box social to raise funds for Christmas activities. In December a Christmas program was held. The February program included a patriotic program and a Valentine social. In March the anniversary of the organization of the Relief Society was celebrated with a special program followed by a luncheon. In April there was a night of amusement in connection with the M. I. A. closing social. In June a Relief Society birthday social, consisting of an outing, was

held, each member of the organization being asked to bring a penny for each year of her age, the money to be placed in the Relief Society dollar building fund. Following the schedule of weekly programs there are several pages of instructions to ward officers copied from the Relief Society ward record book.

North Sanpete Stake (Program for Relief Society Ward Conference).

Singing, "High on the mountain top;" prayer, Relief Society officer; mixed quartet, "Go when the morning shineth;" sacred music (organ) during sacrament service; opening remarks and general report of activities, ward president; presentation of officers, ward secretary; Women of the Bible—Esther, stake officer (15 minutes); Biography of Joyce Kilmer, with the reading of his poem "Trees" from October 1925 *Relief Society Magazine*; poem comment, by Orson F. Whitney in January, 1927, *Improvement Era*; vocal solo, "Trees;" retold story, "The First Spur," by Fay Ollerton, February, 1927, *Relief Society Magazine* (15 minutes;) closing song; benediction, member of Relief Society.

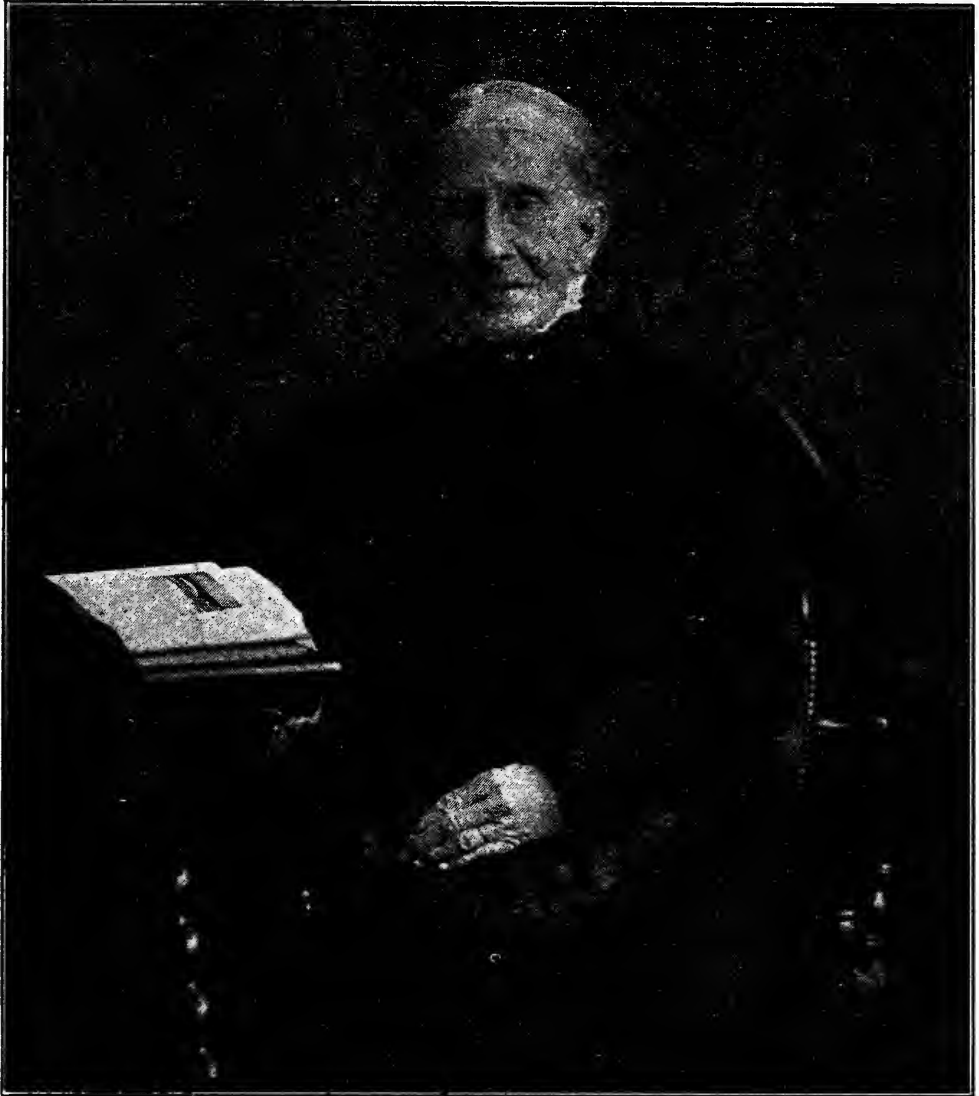
In Memoriam (Wasatch Stake)

Funeral services were held for Mrs. Sophia Luke of Tremonton, Utah, in the Wasatch stake tabernacle June 28, 1927. Sister Luke was born at Heber City in 1868, and died at Tremonton, Utah, June 25, where the family have lived since moving from Heber City, in 1920. She was the daughter of George W. Clyde and Jane McDonald Clyde, and was the mother of seven children, four boys and three girls, all of whom are living. She was a devoted wife and mother and an active church worker, serving in the Relief Society organization for nearly twenty years, first in the Heber second ward as ward secretary, then as counselor, and then as president. She was later chosen as counselor to the president of the stake Relief Society, and finally was made stake president of that organization, which position she held until moving to Tremonton, Bear River stake. In each of these positions her work done was with interest and honor, her great desire being to serve others and bring sunshine into their lives.

Salt Lake Children Given Outing by Cache Stake Relief Society:

Twenty-two children of Salt Lake families, in which the Family Welfare department of the Relief Society is actively interested, left Salt Lake at noon, Wednesday, August 17; for a ten days' summer outing to Cache valley, as guests of the Relief Society women of Cache stake. Each year the Family Welfare department arranges a similar outing to provide a healthful change for children who are undernourished and in need of country air,

milk, eggs, fruit, and vegetables, and who otherwise would find such a change and rare treat impossible. This year the outing was made possible through the kind invitation of President Lizzie B. Owen, and her co-workers in the Cache stake Relief Society. The children were all examined free of charge at the Community Clinic as a precaution against illness or infection. So delighted were the children with the proposed trip that although there was a wait of several hours before the noon train, their anticipation was so great that the time was passed joyfully.



JANE SNYDER RICHARDS

First Stake President of a Relief Society. The fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the Weber Stake, the stake over which she presided, was celebrated on July 18, 1927, in Ogden, by the four stakes of Weber county.

Guide Lessons for December

LESSON I

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in December)

DOCTRINES OF THE MESSIANIC DISPENSATION

(Continued)

The Second Great Commandment,

“Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.”

History of the Commandment:

Jesus makes this command a fundamental part of the everlasting gospel, by asserting that it was one of the two commandments upon which “hung all the law and the prophets.” The commandment therefore must have been given in all of the dispensations and has a history parallel with the history of the human family. The gospel, or plan of salvation and exaltation of man, was a matter of consideration in the heavens. “And thus the gospel began to be preached, from the beginning, being declared by holy angels sent forth from the presence of God, and by his own voice, and by the gift of the Holy Ghost. And thus all things were confirmed unto Adam; by an holy ordinance, and the gospel preached, and a decree sent forth, that it should be in the world, until the end thereof; and thus it was, Amen.” (Pearl of Great Price, Book of Moses 5:58-59.)

The Scope of the Law:

It was enacted in heaven, proclaimed on earth and preached in Hades. Its field of operation seems as wide as the universe of neighborly responsibility.

The Purpose of the Commandment:

Like all other commandments of the Lord this one has for its aim the happiness of humanity. Our love of God keeps our stream of gratitude flowing and our love of our fellow men keeps our sympathy growing. The apex of enjoyment is reached through our love of the Lord but this exalting love of the Lord cannot exist without the love of our neighbor. (See Book of Mormon, I Nephi 1:23 and I John 4:20-21.)

The Quality of Love Required:

The commandment requires that our love for our neighbors shall equal our love for ourselves. It is to be measured by the

golden rule recorded in Matt. 7:12. Our conduct towards our fellow men, in the main, consists in words and acts. Our love of self prompts us to speak of ourselves generously. Our self love prompts us to shield rather than to expose our failings. In the second great command we almost hear the voice of Divinity saying, "Give me the heart that fain would hide another's failings as its own." Any unnecessary exposure of error in others is evidence of a low intellectual level. The following line bends with the truth it carries: "And oh, to breathe each tale we've heard is far beneath the noble mind." The Hebrew sage said: "He that hideth hatred with lying lips and he that uttereth slander is a fool." (Proverbs 10:18). There is a kind of truth telling about our neighbors, which the second commandment forbids. Kind consideration will lead us to understand that Truth fired from hate's bow is a poisoned arrow, and that truth told out of time or place is a tattler's telegram, which is all out of harmony with the divine objective of the second great commandment given to promote peace through good will and good words.

Our self love always prompts to efforts in the direction of self relief and self prosperity; and the commandment, that of love of others, prompts to efforts in the direction of the relief and prosperity of others. The golden rule measure demands that our love of others can carry from good will to good words and then on over in to good works. Praying for the poor and failing to pay our fast day dues, to feed and provide, is but striking an attitude of benevolence before the Lord. The commandment requires something more than an attitude, it requires advancement with a helping hand.

Self respect is a high form of self love and as we would protect our self respect we must guard the self respect of our neighbor. How we cherish our independence—then how we should try to help our neighbor to hold his independence, or ability to help himself. There is a charity that makes beggars of noblemen and there is a helpfulness that makes noblemen of beggars. Charity in its highest form consists in giving relief through providing opportunities for others to provide for themselves. Opportunity to earn a dime is worth more to the high grade unfortunate than the gift of a dollar. But there are occasions when calamity calls for gifts,—then it is that our ability to do as we would be done by depends upon what we have to give, and what we have to give is dependent upon what we have saved. Had the good Samaritan been a ne'er-do-well, the waylaid traveler would have received scant help, if any.

The Law of Love Growth:

Again this commandment, like all of the commandments of the Lord, is based upon an eternal principle. The most priceless thing to man is company—to be absolutely alone is near to being an-

nihilated. The ownership of a universe without comradeship would be poverty in comparison to the possession of a cave with a companion. The Lord knew that the highest happiness among men comes through their living in love with one another and he was well acquainted with the law of love's growth which is a statement of a uniform way in which the soul energy, love, acts.

We grow to love in the direction of willing service. In obedience to this law of love-growth our love for the Lord grows, our love for our country grows, our love for our church grows, our love for our neighbor grows. We are unconsciously filled with self love because of our constant, willing, self service, and may become consciously filled with the love for our neighbors through neighborly conduct unto them that the second great commandment calls for.

The Possibility of Obeying the Commandment:

In the shadows of the selfishness of human nature and in the shades of the dismal failures of the past, some sincere souls are asking, "*Is Christianity practicable?*" and their question of course includes the inquiry, "Is it possible to keep the second great commandment?" In the light of the generosity of the divinity in man and in the glow of the brilliant successes in lines of helpfulness, multitudes are saying—Christianity can be carried over into life. The name of the Good Samaritan of today is legion and groups are rare in which the iron rule of "An eye for an eye" could receive a vote equal to the one that would be cast for the second great commandment.

In helping, we must not lose the power to help, and we will not if we give through the channels the Lord has prepared—tithes and offerings.

Questions and Problems

1. What evidence have we that the second great commandment was given in all the gospel dispensations?
2. What is the purpose of the commandment?
3. Can heaven exist where this commandment is not obeyed?
4. Wherein does the Lord's prayer make obedience to this commandment essential to salvation?
5. Discuss: "Loving our neighbors as ourselves consists in wishing, willing, and working to the end that they merit, possess, and enjoy equally with ourselves."
6. Correlate the second great commandment with a favorite hymn of the Prophet Joseph Smith—"A poor wayfaring man of grief."
7. Show the relationship between the second great commandment and the words of the Apostle James recorded in James I:27.
8. What does the Apostle James call the second great commandment? (See James II).

9. State the *law of love growth*.

10. Assign the following question to the whole class, each member being requested to think it over and converse about it and bring her answer, yes or no, to the next meeting:—Is that state of mind a desirable one that would cause you to feel like saying to your neighbor, "I want to be happy, but I won't be happy 'til I make you happy too"?

11. From what point of view do the well-to-do have need of the needy neighbors?

12. Discuss the proposition: There is no place in the universe where the gospel can't be taken except into a rebellious heart. 1 Peter 3:19-22.

LESSON II

Work and Business

(Second Week in December)

TEACHERS' TOPIC FOR DECEMBER—CIVIC PRIDE

Waste Disposal.

- I. Sewage:
How is your sewage disposed of? If you do not have sewer connections, are your cesspools sanitary? If privies are used are they strictly sanitary? (A slight covering of ordinary earth or ashes daily will do much to keep privies sanitary.)
- II. Garbage:
How is your garbage disposed of? Until disposed of, is it properly covered?
- III. Junk:
How do you dispose of tin cans, bottles and discarded cooking utensils, etc.?

LESSON III

Literature

(Third Week in December)

Vachel Lindsay

Lindsay the poet, commonly known as Vachel Lindsay, although his first name is Nicholas, has requested that people be told from the outset how to pronounce his name. His name is to be pronounced so that it rhymes with Rachel. He was born in Springfield, Illinois, November 10, 1879. After being graduated

from the Springfield High School he attended Hyrum College. Lindsay has talent in two lines, sketching, and writing poetry; consequently, we find him studying at the Art Institute in Chicago from 1900 to 1903 and at the New York School of Art in 1904.

He has some theories of his own. He believes that common people may be taught to appreciate poetry; with this thought in mind he started on a tramp through Florida, Georgia and the Carolinas, like Little Tom Tucker singing for his supper, thinks Mr. Untermeyer. At the same time he distributed a little pamphlet entitled, "Poems to be Traded for Bread." He had in his mind the minstrels' way of doing things and went from door to door chanting his poetry.

"He is a wonderful reciter, and is aided by a sonorous, heaven-reaching voice. All his poems are written to be read aloud, chanted; or declaimed; in some cases they are written to be danced also, and played as games. In many of his recitations, the audience is called upon to take part in choruses and refrains. Thus, in one poem, when Lindsay says, 'I've been to Palestine,' the audience as one man has to cry back to him, 'What did you see in Palestine?' This is rapturously enjoyed by the audience. When you have heard the poet you can well understand that he did not starve when he used to tramp in America and recite to the farmers for a meal and a night's lodging. He has gained a great popularity."

Practically everything Vachel Lindsay writes is supposed to be sung. He tells us that he has recited to probably a million people and says, "I have put as much energy into reciting as a National League baseball player puts into grandstand plays. I think, judging by the magazines that have published my verse, I have a constituency of three million."

Lindsay's home was for many years near the mansion occupied by the Governor of the state of Illinois. He remembers definitely the circumstances connected with the death of Governor John P. Altgeld, born December 30, 1847; died March 12, 1902, and has written a poem entitled "The Eagle that is Forgotten" in memory of this man:

THE EAGLE THAT IS FORGOTTEN

Sleep softly * * * eagle forgotten * * * under the
stone,

Time has its way with you there, and the clay has its own.

"We have buried him now," thought your foes, and in secret re-
joiced.

They made a brave show of their mourning, their hatred unvoiced,
They had snarled at you, barked at you, foamed at you, day after
day,

Now you were ended. They praised you, * * * and laid you
away.

The others that mourned you in silence and terror and truth,
 The widow bereft of her pittance, the boy without youth,
 The mocked and the scorned and the wounded, the lame and the
 poor
 That should have remembered forever, * * * remember no
 more.

Where are those lovers of yours, on what name do they call
 The lost, that in armies wept over your funeral pall?
 They call on the names of a hundred high-valiant ones,
 A hundred white eagles have risen, the sons of your sons,
 The zeal in their wings is a zeal that your dreaming began,
 The valor that wore out your soul in the service of man.

Sleep softly, * * * eagle forgotten, * * * under the
 stone,
 Time has its way with you there, and the clay has its own.
 Sleep on, O brave hearted, O wise man, that kindled the flame—
 To live in mankind is far more than to live in a name,
 To live in mankind, far, far more * * * than to live in a
 name.

In November, 1918, Lindsay wrote a poem entitled, "Sew the Flags Together." It was expressly written for William Stanley Braithwaite's *Victory Anthology* issued immediately after Armistice Day. It is one of the best poems growing out of that wonderful event. For that reason we include it.

SEW THE FLAGS TOGETHER

Great wave of youth, ere you be spent,
 Sweep over every monument
 Of caste, smash every high imperial wall
 That stands against the new World State,
 And heal, and make blood-brother of us all.
 And overwhelm each ravening hate,
 Nor let your clamor cease
 Till ballots conquer guns.
 Drum on for the world's peace
 Till the Tory power is gone.
 Envenomed lame old age
 Is not our heritage,
 But springtime's vast release, and flaming dawn.

Peasants, rise in splendor
 And your accounting render
 Ere the Lords unnerve your hand!
 Sew the flags together.

Do not tear them down.
Hurl the worlds together.
Dethrone the wallowing monster
And the clown.

Resolving:—

“Only that shall grow
In Balkan furrow, Chinese row,
That blooms, and is perpetually young.”
That only be held fine and dear
That brings heart-wisdom year by year
And puts this thrilling word upon the tongue:
“The United States of Europe, Asia, and the World.”

“Youth will be served,” now let us cry.
Hurl the referendum.
Your fathers, five long years ago,
Resolved to strike, too late.
Now
Sun-crowned crowds
Innumerable,
Of boys and girls
Imperial,
With your patchwork flag of brotherhood
On high,
With every silk
In one flower-banner whirled—
Rise,
Citizens of one tremendous state,
The United States of Europe, Asia, and the World.

The dawn is rose-drest and impearled.
The guards of privilege are spent.
The blood-fed captains nod.
So Saxon, Slav, French, German,
Rise,
Yankee, Chinese, Japanese,
All the lands, all the seas
With the blazing rainbow flag unfurled,
Rise, rise,
Take the sick dragons by surprise,
Highly establish,
In the name of God,
The United States of Europe, Asia, and the World.

An example of a poem that is sung by both poet and audience is “I heard Immanuel Singing.” It might be interesting if the

class could arrange to do this in the same fashion as Lindsay does it. The stanzas are marked to indicate what to do.

“I Heard Immanuel Singing”

The poem shows the Master with his work done, singing to free his heart in heaven.

This poem is intended to be half said, half sung, very softly, to the well-known tune:—

“Last night I lay a-sleeping,
There came a dream so fair,
I stood in Old Jerusalem
Beside the temple there,—” etc.

Yet this tune is not to be fitted on, arbitrarily. It is here given to suggest the manner of handling rather than determine it.

To be sung.

I heard Immanuel singing
Within his own good lands,
I saw him bend above his harp.
I watched his wandering hands
Lost amid the harp-strings;
Sweet, sweet I heard him play.
His wounds were altogether healed.
Old things had passed away.
All things were new, but music.
The blood of David ran
Within the Son of David,
Our God, the Son of Man.
He was ruddy like a shepherd.
His bold young face, how fair.
Apollo of the silver bow
Had not such flowing hair.

To be read very softly, but in spirited response.

I saw Immanuel singing
On a tree-girdled hill.
The glad remembering branches
Dimly echoed still
The grand new song proclaiming
The Lamb that had been slain.
New-built, the Holy City
Gleamed in the murmuring plain.

The crowning hours were over.
The pageants all were past.

Within the many mansions
 The hosts, grown still at last,
 In homes of holy mystery
 Slept long by crooning springs
 Or waked to peaceful glory,
 A universe of kings.

To be sung.

He left his people happy.
 He wandered free to sigh
 Alone in lowly friendship
 With the green grass and the sky.
 He murmured ancient music
 His red heart burned to sing
 Because his perfect conquest
 Had grown a weary thing.

No chant of gilded triumph—
 His lonely song was made
 Of Art's deliberate freedom;
 Of minor chords arrayed
 In soft and shadowy colors
 That once were radiant flowers:—
 The Rose of Sharon, bleeding
 In olive-shadowed bowers:—

And all the other roses
 In the songs of East and West
 Of love and war and worshiping,
 And every shield and crest
 Of thistle or of lotus
 Or sacred lily wrought
 In creeds and psalms and palaces
 And temples of white thought:—

To be read very softly, yet in spirited response

All these he sang, half-smiling
 And weeping as he smiled,
 Laughing, talking to his harp
 As to a new-born child:—
 As though the arts forgotten
 But bloomed to prophecy
 These careless, fearless harp-strings,
 New-crying in the sky.

“Whirl ye the deadly voo-doo rattle,
 Harry the uplands,
 Steal all the cattle,
 Rattle-rattle, rattle-rattle.
 Bing!
 Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, BOOM,”

A roaring, epic, rag-time tune
 From the mouth of the Congo
 To the Mountains of the Moon.

*With a philosophic
 pause.*

Death is an elephant,
 Torch-eyed and horrible
 Foam-flanked and terrible.
 BOOM, steal the pygmies,
 BOOM, kill the Arabs,
 BOOM, kill the white men,
 HOO, HOO, HOO.

*Shrilly and with a
 heavily accented
 meter.*

Listen to the yell of Leopold's ghost
 Burning in Hell for his hand-maimed host.
 Hear how the demons chuckle and yell.
 Cutting his hands off, down in Hell.
 Listen to the creepy proclamation,
 Blown through the lairs of the forest-nation,
 Blown past the white-ants' hill of clay,
 Blown past the marsh where the butterflies play:—

*Like the wind in the
 chimney.*

“Be careful what you do,
 Or Mumbo-Jumbo, God of the Congo,
 And all of the other
 Gods of the Congo,
 Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you,
 Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you,
 Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you.”

*All the o sounds very
 golden. Heavy accents
 very heavy. Light ac-
 cents very light. Last
 line whispered.*

II. *Their Irrepressible High Spirits.*

Wild crap-shooters with a whoop and a call
 Danced the juba in their gambling-hall
 And laughed fit to kill, and shook the town,
 And guyed the policemen and laughed them down

*Rather shrill and
 high.*

With a boomlay, boomlay, BOOM.

*Read exactly as in
 first section.*

THEN I SAW THE CONGO, CREEPING THROUGH THE BLACK,
 CUTTING THROUGH THE JUNGLE WITH A GOLDEN TRACK.

“Walk with care, walk with care,
 Or Mumbo-Jumbo, God of the Congo,
 And all of the other
 Gods of the Congo,
 Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you.
 Beware, beware, walk with care,
 Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boom,
 Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boom,
 Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boom,
 Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay,
 BOOM.”

*With a touch of negro
 dialect and as rapidly
 as possible toward the
 end.*

O rare was the revel, and well worth while *Slow philosophic calm.*
 That made those glowering witch-men smile.

III. The Hope of Their Religion.

A good old negro in the slums of the town
 Preached at a sister for her velvet gown.
 Howled at a brother for his low-down ways,
 His prowling, guzzling, sneak-thief days.
 Beat on the Bible till he wore it out,
 Starting the jubilee revival shout.
 And some had visions, as they stood on chairs,
 And sang of Jacob, and the golden stairs.
 And they all repented, a thousand strong,
 From their stupor and savagery and sin and wrong,
 And slammed their hymn books till they shook the room
 With “Glory, glory, glory,”
 And “Boom, boom, BOOM.”

*Heavy bass. With
 a literal imitation of
 camp-meeting rack-
 et, and trance.*

*Exactly as in the
 first section.*

THEN I SAW THE CONGO, CREEPING THROUGH THE BLACK,
 CUTTING THROUGH THE JUNGLE WITH A GOLDEN TRACK.
 And the gray sky opened like a new-rent veil
 And showed the apostles with their coats of mail.
 In bright white steel they were seated round
 And their fire-eyes watched where the Congo wound.
 And the twelve apostles, from their thrones on high,
 Thrilled all the forest with their heavenly cry:—

“Mumbo-Jumbo will die in the jungle;
 Never again will he hoo-doo you,
 Never again will he hoo-doo you,”
 Then along that river, a thousand miles,
 The vine-snared trees fell down in files.
 Pioneer angels cleared the way
 For a Congo paradise, for babes at play,

*Sung to the tune of
 “Hark, ten thousand
 harps and voices.”
 With growing de-
 liberation and joy.*

The following description from *Tramping With a Poet in the Rockies* will give some idea of the appreciation these two men had for nature:

"We had made our camp under a great overhanging rock beside rushing cataracts. The huge vague scenery about us was made more immense by a cloud screen which prevented one knowing exactly how high the mountains were, and we looked outward at a vastitude of scarred precipitous cliffs. Our fire warmed the rock against which we had laid our blankets, and we had found a delightfully cozy place in which to be at home. Night came down upon us, but we lay long in the flamelight and talked."

Questions and Problems

1. Other things being equal which person would you expect to be more religious, one who lives in a city or one who seeks the haunts of nature and sleeps upon mountain tops as did Vachel Lindsay and Stephen Graham?
2. Name some persons of prominence connected with the early history of the Church who belonged to the Campbellite faith.
3. What object had Vachel Lindsay in going from door to door and singing to the people?
4. How has he asked us to pronounce his name?
5. What great American called Springfield his home?
6. If you have a book with the poem "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight," by Vachel Lindsay, have it read to the class.
7. Select the passages from the poem that describes the President.
8. Discuss this proposition: Poems written for singing must emphasize rhythm; and illustrate by reading something from Lindsay's poetry.

LESSON IV

Social Service

(Fourth Week in December)

CHALLENGE OF CHILDHOOD

(Conclusion)

This lesson is the concluding one of the series based on the text "The Challenge of Childhood." Perhaps a brief glance back at this point may help to clarify and crystallize some of the material presented during the study of the past two years.

The approach to the problems of childhood has been made through case studies. A child who has been found lying to his parents, or one who has been playing truant from school, or

one found stealing pennies from his friends, or one who was failing at school, or still another who was miserable and unhappy, have been presented by the author of the text in considerable detail.

Although the child studied may have presented a concrete problem, the study of the problem, whether lying, stealing, or weeping, was not at all limited to the obvious behavior difficulty. The study was never of the behavior symptom, but always of the elements of child life that explain his behavior.

At the end of this series, therefore, no list of rules of how to manage the troublesome child can be made. The questions that parents would like to have answered with a simple formula defy any such simple explanation. There is no answer to the question, "What should I do with Mary when she will not eat her dinner?" or, "What should be done with a child who lies?" or, "Is locking a child in a closet for ten minutes good punishment?"

There is, of course, no answer to such questions. There are no sound generalizations that can be made about the type of treatment that children should receive.

The manifestations of some difficulty a child has, is not the problem. The problem is the child. The approach to the problem, then, is the one made by the author—a complete study of the child.

This complete study is not simple. It is as complex as the various factors that make up an individual. If some phase of the individual's component parts is not functioning in harmony with other factors of its make-up, there is discord. The discord can be corrected only by an adjustment of the whole delicate human instrument.

From the various analysis of the children who presented some outward disturbance it has become increasingly apparent that an individual is a complex mechanism. He is first something physical and mental, having within him the powers and the limitations of his many forbears. At birth he may be endowed with traits and abilities which if placed in a certain set of circumstances will lead him to the world's high places. But, at birth, another child may enter the world with a physical or mental limitation that will make growth impossible. It is difficult to comprehend the vast differences of natural endowment that are a part of a child's equipment at birth, and the meaning and justice of these differences are altogether obscure.

But the mental and physical development is not altogether determined at birth. The environment, or social setting, into which a person is born has much to do with controlling and modifying his growth. A child who is normal at birth may later be physically handicapped by accident or illness, or may be the victim of mental disease such as enciphalitis and be left almost helpless. Also more subtle influences in his environment, such as

his economic standing, the character of his home, the neighborhood and the community, may affect his development. Whether a child's strength and alertness are turned into channels of usefulness or into paths of unwholesome activities are determined by the inter-play of the many social forces which make up his environment.

But even mental and physical fitness and an apparently wholesome environment do not always lead the child to his best expression and development. Normal children from excellent homes often have difficulties. The explanation of this phenomenon has been the real subject of the text. Individuals, despite their general similarities, are so different and so differently timed and tuned, that no particular environment or setting can be considered satisfactory for any child. The same setting may affect two persons in exactly opposite ways. The same home may bring peace and security and avenues for expression to one child, and unhappiness and a feeling of frustration to another. A home, a school, or community—all of which may have approved high standards—may not be the setting in which a particular child can find opportunities for happiness and growth.

The environment, then, which makes happy, normal, child development possible is one that gives a child opportunity to develop his powers. If the child feels thwarted, inferior, or develops attitudes of jealousy, envy or distrust, his feelings may find expression in some form of undesirable behavior.

The term used for this failure of the individual to adjust to his environment is conflict. The hopes and plans of the individual and the setting in which he is placed, may have in the situation many elements of conflicting desires. The child wants to please his parents and family, but he may have no talent to play the violin or no ability to study higher mathematics. If his parents make him feel it is their wish for him to be a musician or successful at college the child has many emotional upsets and conflicts. On the other hand, the father may wish to have the son enter the family business, when the son may wish to be a violinist or perhaps a mathematician. In child life, similar conflicting situations arise, largely because of parents ideas of having children conform to their adult views. The emotional pleasure of finishing a fairy tale may eliminate a conflict that would arise if the child must put his book away at an exact moment of the clock.

Emotional problems, growing out of conflicts between that different and sensitive mechanism called an individual, and the environment and setting in which he is placed in life, must be met by everyone. The whole race has unrealized dreams and visions and hopes. But the danger of emotional upset is not in having high hopes, but in having no opportunity to be even a small way on the path to the world of hopes. Perhaps the aspirations are

too high, and they must be transposed to a different level. Or perhaps the opportunities for achievement are too limited and a special setting should be provided. Our author quotes E. H. Southard as he summarized his ideas regarding the fundamentals of individual conduct in the sentence: "What a man wills to do, modified by what he can't do, is what he ought to do."

Parent's obligations and responsibilities are great, at this period in the history of the world. Many standards are being questioned, and much more independence of thought is expressed by the young people of today. Such things as more general college education, women entering employment and general freedom in the matter of selecting work, friends and types of recreation challenge the parents guidance. Parents certainly are charged with a responsibility to guide the lives of their children.

On the other hand parents realize that the severe disciplines and forced submission to adult wishes and standards may bring about open revolt or serious emotional upsets. Perhaps a parent's best method of meeting his responsibility is to study and appreciate the general principles of child development, and have a deep desire that his children may learn something of the art of living.

Reference: *Challenge of Childhood*, Conclusion, pages 295-302, Dr. Ira S. Wile.

Questions and Problems

1. Why can no generalizations be made about how to treat a child problem such as lying?
2. What must be known about a child to understand his conduct?
3. What limitations may a child have at birth?
4. How can environment limit a child's development?
5. How does conflict between the person and his environment affect him?
6. What adjustments might be made to such conflicts?
7. How do parents sometimes cause such conflicts?
8. In what way can parents help children to learn the art of living?



Dear Me

By Louise Foster

The bright and the gay,
The crowd and the play,
 The pomp and the splendor and shout,
The throb and the throng,
The madness of song,—
 Was life as I planned it out.

It worked in my brain ;
It beat in like rain,
 The lure and the longing and lilt,
The dance and the sway
I carried away
 To a castle of dreams I had built.

Not the thrill of the throng
Nor the sway of a song,
 But a whistle that blows at noon,
And the boyish shout
From the workmen without
 Echoes back into the room.

My polished sink
Is the fount where I drink,
 My setting a kitchen stove,
My skirts that flare
Are the calico there,
 My bower a grape vine cove.

The absorbing play
Is my washing day,
 How the linens dance on the line—
Wind phantoms whirled
In frolic curled,—
 Such musings are ever mine.

This tight rope bright
Where I tread so light,—
 I am only a kitchen clown,—
And the day dreams gay
Get into my way—
 The clothes line has fallen down !

SHE LIVED TO SERVE

(On the death of Mary J. Terry, well known worker in the Relief Society.)

By E. Heloise Merkley

We say of her, she lived to serve,
In love unselfish ever,
From paths of faith she'd never swerve,
From eager giving—never.

She'd think of others long before
She'd ever think of self,
She worked for others more and more,
Without reward of pelf.

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In gratitude and love,
And envy those who greet her there
In those glad realms above.

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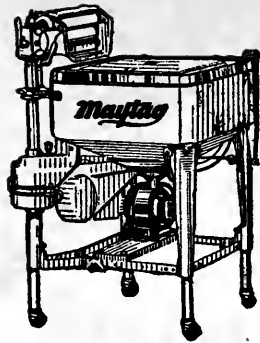
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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Vol. XIV

NOVEMBER, 1927

No. 11

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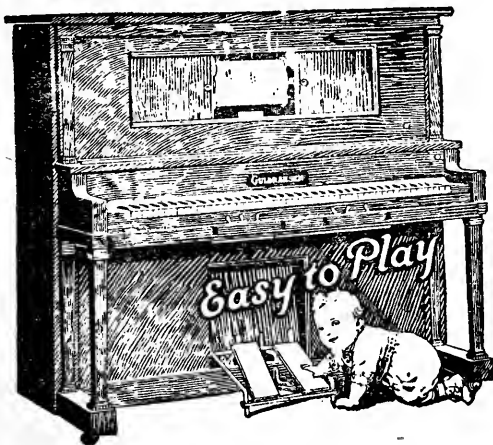
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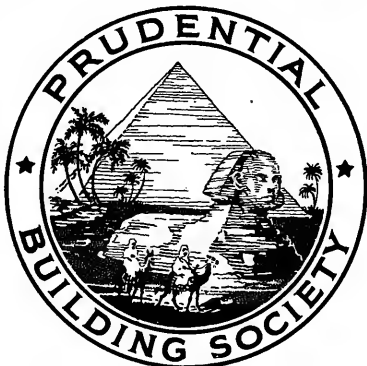


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Friendship

By Elsie C. Carroll

I did not know what friendship meant
Till trouble came to me;

I did not know the many ways
That friends could friendly be.

I did not know how many hands
Would help me bear my cross;

I did not know how many hearts
Would sorrow at my loss.

I did not know the blessedness
Of just a word; a tear;

The pressure of a hand; a sigh;
The silent standing near

And breathing just a little prayer
That shines from out the eyes;

Of just a written line of hope;—
All these I've learned to prize.

And I have learned the world can't be
As empty as it seems,

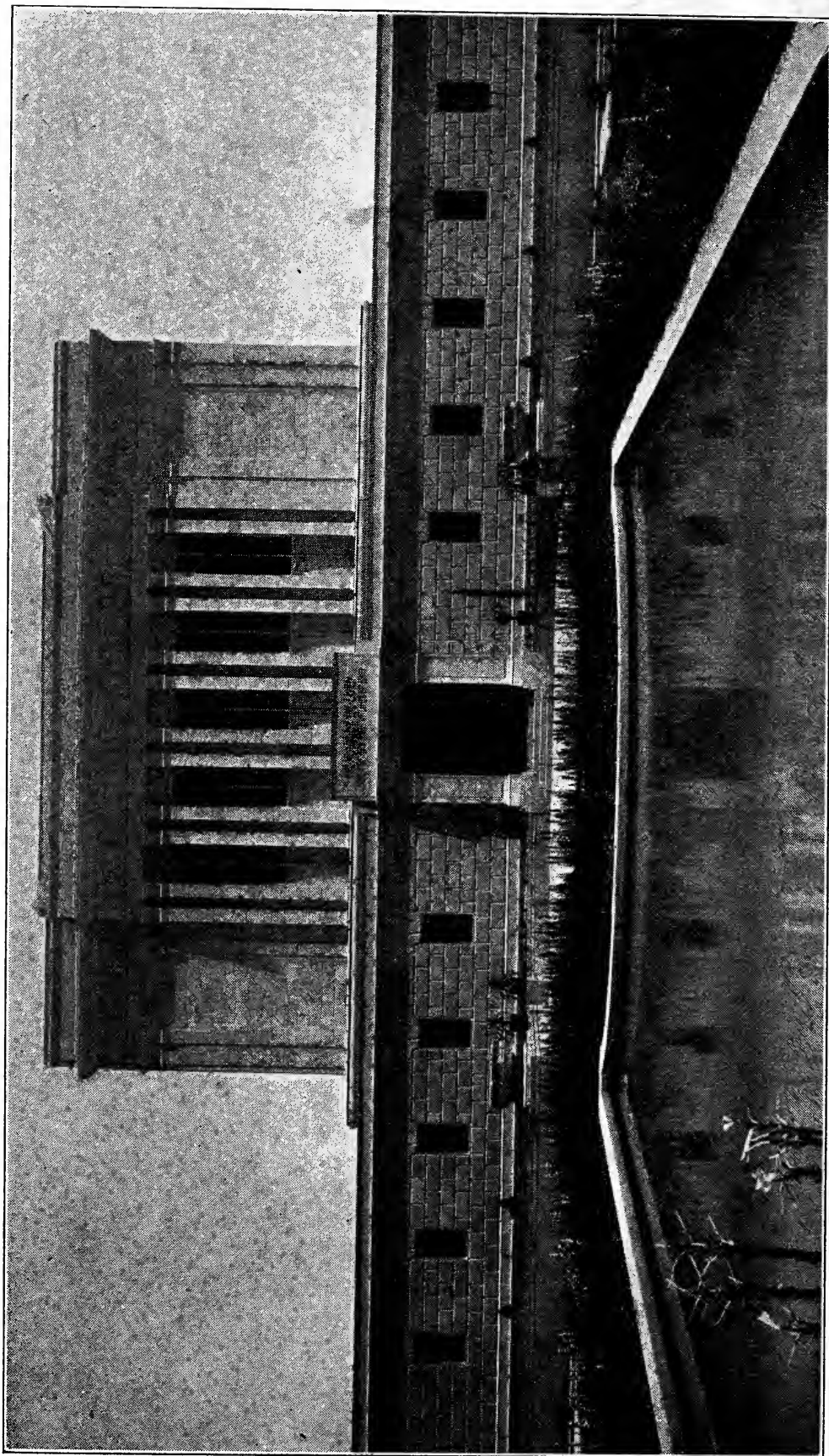
When all one's love and joy are dead.
The light of friendship gleams.

And like a little torch it sheds
A halo in the dark—

A radiance that warms and spreads
Until it strikes a spark.

Within the soul made desolate,
On humble knees I bend

And pray that I may learn to be
In times of need—a friend!



ARIZONA TEMPLE

THE Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XIV

NOVEMBER, 1927

No. 11

Visitors Thronged the Portals of the Arizona Temple

By Fay Ollerton, M. A.

Five years ago the temple grounds at Mesa, Arizona, were part of an irrigated tract, close to the desert mesquite and cactus; and the interior of a "Mormon" temple was an enticing mystery to the uninitiated. Today a building, beautiful in its classic simplicity and gleaming walls of white terra cotta, stands in the center of green lawns, brilliant flowers, and slender cypress trees; and thousands of tourists pass weekly through the temple portal.

They go in, many of them inclined to be amused, and afire with curiosity. But when they exit through the entrance door, with its inscription, "Holiness to the Lord," the questioning look is gone, and they walk with unseeing eyes through the long foyer of comfortable seats and vases of flowers and out of the hallway, as if they, too, had received some longed for understanding. If they come out not temple worshipers, they are at least impressed and silenced by the beauty they have witnessed.

The Arizona temple has been open many months to all who throng the highway. And the highway, for the "Mormon" building lies on the south side of the old Apache trail, now a smooth band of cement. In less than two years 150,000 tourists, three-fourths of whom are non-Church members, have been guided through the temple, either by Elders Irvin King and Raymond Stewart of the California mission, or volunteers from the Maricopa stake. At the time of this writing, a little less than a month before the temple will be forever closed to chance visitors, the tourists are flocking in by the hundreds and thousands daily. On the third Sunday in September more than fifteen hundred of them thronged the building, one group following on the literal heels of another.

For some time, Tuesday has been the only week night open to visitors outside the Church, but so great has been the demand that every night for a month previous to the dedication, the gates will be opened.

The devotees come, not as they did to temples of old, on camel back and bearing gifts; instead they ride in cars: rattling rusty ones of the modern hobo, camp-laden ones of the vacationist, and the upholstered purring limousines of the wealthy. In place of the gifts they ride laden with questions, and they do not leave the sacred building until their interest has been fed.

Every week an average of thirty-three states and two or three foreign countries are registered. It is rather a strange fact that of all the races, the negroes seem to be the most interested. Practically every negro in Arizona, and Arizona, considering her small population, has a large number of them, has visited the temple at least once. They go through the building in specially conducted groups, and they listen intently to the explanations given in the lecture rooms.

It is to James W. Lesueur, many years head of the Maricopa stake, and present assistant to the chief official in the temple, that honor goes for first suggesting the building to President Joseph F. Smith. Mr. Lesueur has been one of the voluntary guides and has taken many interesting persons on his rounds. Descendants of the three witnesses to the Book of Mormon have gone through with him; Oliver Cowdery's grandson from Cleveland, the grandson of David Whitmer, and Lehi Harris, worker on the temple and grandson of Martin Harris.

Through cooperation with the railroads and automobile companies, the visitors have been made acquainted with the temple. Governor Lowden spent several interesting hours with Ex-president Lesueur. John Galsworthy came to Mesa, prepared to stay until his curiosity concerning the "Mormons" was satisfied. He was in the temple more than three hours, carefully questioning his guide.

"He took little interest in the building itself," Mr. Lesueur said, "he wanted to know about our belief and philosophy, and how we managed to keep our contacts with the young people of the Church."

Another noted visitor was Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt. One day thirty financiers and professional men, some of whose names are household words, were in the temple for an afternoon. Among them were Mr. Curtis and his wife of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and their interest rivalled that of the English novelist.

A woman came to the temple one afternoon with the announcement that she had read of the Mesa building in a Buffalo paper, and had straightway crossed the continent. "I've always wanted to see the inside of a 'Mormon' temple," she confessed, "and I decided this would be my one chance." Harold Bell Wright, for many years an inhabitant of Arizona, has written to know the latest date of the temple's closing, and if he may be admitted. Equally anxious is the Contractors' and Builders' Union of the Pacific Coast. This organization recently requested the officials to allow them to inspect the building one day after its official closing on October 16.

Perhaps one of the most prolific days in Church history came when a car with eight persons stopped on the Apache Trail long enough to inquire about the new building. They lingered in the temple for several hours and returned later. Not long after, they were all baptized.

"It is a fact," Ex-president Lesueur said, "that more than a hundred baptisms in this county alone can be directly traced to the influence of the temple."

And so the visitors continue to pour in. The members of other churches in the surrounding country, who have long been familiar with "Mormon" tenets, show greater interest in the building, the missionary guides say. They want to know what the panels on the outside walls represent, the significance of the beautiful baptistry resting on the twelve terra cotta oxen, and the interpretation of the picture representing the creation of the world. Visitors from more distant parts appreciate the loveliness of the rooms, but question the guides as to beliefs and customs.

Yet there are two rooms, the last to be visited, that invariably haunt the tourists with a desire to return. The first is the room typifying the future, beautiful in its chaste ivory lines, and the other the celestial room, its simplicity relieved by hangings of rich red velvet, Persian rugs, and especially designed furniture and mirrors. Opening from this room are the two small chambers where marriage is performed, and the visitors are always agog with curiosity when they step onto the soft rugs and smell the flowers from Salt River Valley gardens.

"Is it true," one interested matron asked, "that all 'Mormon' children over twenty-one have to obey their parents when they have been sealed to them?" She looked as if she would immediately become a member of that faith if the guide answered in the affirmative.

As yet the plans for the dedication have not been defi-

nately announced. It is thought that the dedicatory services will be held two or three times daily for a week, and that most of the Church authorities will be in attendance. A special anthem has been written; it, with the prayer, will be given at all meetings. Ten choirs will be present, one Indian choir from the Papago ward. The Los Angeles and Hollywood choirs will sing early Sunday morning from the roof of the temple. Mesa with its charm of broad streets shaded by drooping peppers, lacy tamarisks, and inviting palms, is making itself even more beautiful for the event. The inhabitants expect more visitors than have yet come at one time during the last six months that the temple has been completely furnished.

These visitors, while they will not, in a sense, be more welcome than the preceding ones, will be those who have long looked forward to the day when the Southwest will have its own gathering place. Their welcome will be one of completer understanding, for they, with the Latter-day Saints in Maricopa stake, are happy in the thought that the young people will not have to make the expensive journey northward, and that the older members can realize desires of spending their fading years in one of the temples.

Dedicatory week, beginning on October 23, will be joyful days for the visitors and the dwellers of the desert oasis.

Thanksgiving

By A. Henderson

We thank thee for the winds that sing,
The gentle rain, that tinkling falls,
The purple dawn, the frosts that cling,
The voice of love that thrilling calls.

We thank thee for the ripened grain,
Hope's harvest gathered into sheaves,
For those who labor less for gain,
Than for the good their spindle weaves.

We thank thee for a faith restored,
We thank thee for the faults confessed,
And when life's harvest, too, is stored,
We thank thee God for rest.



MRS. INEZ KNIGHT ALLEN
Member of General Board

Inez Knight Allen

Mrs. Inez Knight Allen, well-known to a host of friends in Relief Society circles, was called to the General Board of that organization, August 17, 1927. She is a woman of outstanding ability and personal charm, particularly gifted as a leader.

She was born on a ranch near Payson and is the eldest daughter of Jesse Knight and Amanda McEwan Knight. The ranch had to adjust itself to practically all the needs of the family, consequently father and mother had to be teachers in addition to all the other duties exacted from parents on behalf of their children. Here Inez learned to write and spell and recite the multiplication tables. In the evening the ranch was regaled with visits from farm boys, who joining with the children of the Knight family, held good, lively spelling matches. To this, home training was added two terms spent in the Payson public schools.

The Knight family now moved to Provo that the children might have better educational advantages. As a result, Inez entered the preparatory department of the Brigham Young Academy in 1889, remaining until 1896, when her course of study was completed.

Her Church work began with the teaching of a Sunday School class in 1896. In 1898, this work was suddenly brought to an end by a call for a mission to England. This was somewhat startling to neighbors, as prior to this time women had been called on missions only in connection with their husbands. Mrs. Allen shares the honor with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Jennie B. Knight, of being one of the first unmarried women to be called to do regular work in the mission field. While performing her mission she attended the session of the International Council of Women.

While on her mission she assisted in conference work all over England and Wales, did six months work in Bristol, and eighteen months in the London district. While touring the continent she visited France, Germany, Switzerland and Holland. On her return from her mission she acted as matron of the Brigham Young University for two years, a position comparable to that of Dean of Women. At the same time she served her father as secretary, at a period when his business was daily reaching larger and larger proportions.

On June 11, 1902, she married R. E. Allen, son of President Thomas L. Allen of Summit stake. Five sons have

been born to their union, the third while his father was serving as a missionary in the British Isles. Three of the sons have been called on missions. Two are at the present time in the mission field, while the two younger sons are doing college work in the Brigham Young University.

Mrs. Allen's Relief Society work began in the office of secretary, a position which she held from 1904 to 1905. At the same time she taught the first parents class organized in the first ward of Provo, the ward in which she has lived since her marriage. On January 10, 1906, she was called to be a counselor to Martha B. Keeler, President of the Utah Stake Relief Society. She has always valued her connection with Mrs. Keeler, for with her she became initiated into Relief Society work. During this period Mrs. Allen acted as chairman of a committee of the Utah Stake Board, to whom was committed the work of preparing and publishing a five year outline of study, a pamphlet which was used throughout Utah stake and in a number of other stakes, by permission of the General Board. This was before the General Board published outlines of study. Utah Stake had used some outlines prior to this time, prepared by President Martha B. Keeler. Mrs. Allen's work was a continuation in this line. When, in 1918, Mrs. Keeler saw fit to retire as President of the Utah stake, Mrs. Allen was appointed president, a position which she held from February, 1918, to January, 1924.

Her term of office was a very progressive term. The method of doing charity work was in a sense revolutionized. A trained social worker was engaged and installed in the office and a community welfare system taking into account modern scientific methods of doing welfare work, was inaugurated. The progress made in this work, which was new and exceedingly difficult, marked Mrs. Allen as far-sighted and as a leader of tact and insight.

She has always been interested in public affairs. She was the chairman of the Utah County Council of Defense and Liberty Loan Committee during the World War. During Mr. Mabey's incumbency as governor, she acted on the State Welfare Board. She was vice-chairman of the County Red Cross, a position which she filled in a notable manner. She is the only woman in Utah county who has received the nomination on a ticket for the State Senate, and in 1924, she served her party as a delegate in the National Convention, which was held in New York City.

She has inherited great sympathy and understanding of human kind from her parents and possesses in a very marked degree the philanthropic spirit of her father. She comes to

the General Board well prepared for the work, gifted as a speaker, with a breadth of vision and depth of feeling that makes her intelligent in her judgments and sympathetic and tender in all her contacts.

Ida Peterson Beal

The Junior member of the General Board of the Relief Society is Ida Peterson Beal. In her womanhood she reveals all the charm that her girlhood promised. She was born in Ephraim, Sanpete county, and is the youngest daughter of the late President Canute Peterson and Charlotte Eckstrom Peterson. Her home is described, by one who is well acquainted with it, "as a good, old-fashioned, hospitable home where every stranger found a welcome." Her early education was received in the grade schools at Ephraim and later in the Snow Academy, from which she was graduated.

Following her work at Snow Academy she attended the Brigham Young University, where she remained nearly three years. She specialized in music in that institution, and under the able training of Professor A. C. Lund, made rapid advancement. While at the Brigham Young University she had one of the most musical and truly beautiful voices that has ever been heard in the institution. She will be remembered by those who recall her work there as one of the first of Professor Lund's students to receive general recognition and admiration because of her unusual gift of song. She took the leading role in the first opera staged by the music department, playing opposite to Oscar A. Kirkham, Executive Secretary of the Young Men's organization.

On her return home she taught two years in the grade schools of Ephraim, later marrying T. A. Beal, son of President Henry Beal, who was then serving on the faculty of the Snow Academy. This ambitious young couple continued their work first in the University of Utah and later at Columbia University, New York City. Three years were spent in the eastern metropolis, where Mrs. Beal was enrolled for special work.

On her return home she was called to the presidency of the stake Primary Association, a position which she undoubtedly filled with delight to the children, as she is just the type of person to whom children are instinctively drawn. But her time was not solely taken up by the Primary Association, for



MRS. IDA PETERSON BEAL

Member of General Board

the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association and Relief Society each claimed a share.

In 1913, her husband accepted a professorship at the University of Utah, which established her in Salt Lake City. Since her residence in Salt Lake City she has served both the Y. L. M. I. A. and the Relief Society in an official capacity. About four years ago she was called to be a member of the Liberty stake Relief Society Board.

A year, covering part of 1925 and part of 1926, was spent in Europe, where she took advantage of opportunities offered in the cities of Heidelberg and Berlin—cities noted for their cultural advantages. While abroad she came in contact with different auxiliary organizations of the Church, to whom she bore her testimony of the truth of the Latter-day work.

On August 17, 1927, she was called to be a member of the General Board of the Relief Society. She is active in civic organizations as well as Church organizations. At present she is the secretary and treasurer of the Woman's National Republican Federation, also president of the Faculty Women of the University of Utah.

All her work has been done joyously, and all who have come in contact with her have felt radiating from her a spirit of delight that characterizes only those who love deeply and sincerely the work they are doing.

Genevieve Thornton

The Magazine is particularly gratified to present to its readers a sketch of the life of Miss Genevieve Thornton, who has been employed to supervise the case work of the Family Welfare Department of the Latter-day Saints Relief Society at Relief Society Headquarters.

Miss Thornton comes to her new position especially well prepared for her work. From her childhood she has been exceedingly ambitious. During one year of her high school work it was not possible for her to attend school, so she did her studying at home and passed an examination at the end of the school year that was of very high grade. She did her first college work in the Branch Agricultural College in Cedar City, afterwards completing her college course at the University of Utah. In the college at Cedar City she indicated her interest in social work by upholding the affirmative

in a college debate on the question of a legal minimum wage for women in industry. While attending the University of Utah she did field work for the Family Welfare Department of the Relief Society by special arrangement, and was employed by this organization as social worker for three years following her graduation.

Miss Thornton was born in southern Utah, at Pinto, Washington county. She is the daughter of Edmund T. and Jennie Sargent Thornton. Her paternal grandfather was Amos Thornton and her maternal great-grandfather was William Snow. The names of these two men are household names in southern Utah. They were called to go to that part of the country and settle, and the achievements of their sons and daughters are yearly proclaiming the worth of their forbears. The family lived at Pinto and New Castle, a town settled by Pinto people, until a year ago, when they made Delta their home.

Miss Thornton left Utah to enter the graduate school of Social Service Administration at the University of Chicago, from which institution she took her Masters degree in 1926. Miss Thornton's thesis made a study of public school provision for deaf, blind and crippled children in Chicago, the first city in the United States to make adequate educational provision for such children. This study included a first hand study of the special schools for crippled, the special centers for deaf and hard of hearing children, and the Braille and sight-saving classes for blind and partially sighted children.

After taking her masters degree she was employed as social worker with the United Charities of Chicago, a family welfare organization which cared for nearly 12,000 families during the year 1926. Concerning this experience, one of the daily papers says: "Due to the foreign born and negro element in the population of Chicago and the fact that Chicago is a great industrial center, social work there offers a most varied experience." After leaving the employ of the United Charities, July 1, 1927, Miss Thornton spent three weeks visiting social service organizations, including the large church agencies in the larger cities in the East.

One interesting feature in relation to Miss Thornton's work is the fact that last spring when Judge Victor P. Arnold of the Chicago Juvenile Court ordered a competitive examination for probation officers, Miss Thornton was one of a group of nearly 200 who took this examination. The citizens' examining committee in its report placed her tenth on the list of eligible officers.

Through the summer of 1926, Miss Thornton was a res-



MISS GENEVIEVE THORNTON, M. A.
Supervisor of Case Work in Family Welfare Department, Relief Society

ident at Hull House, a historical social settlement founded by Jane Addams in 1889, in the midst of large foreign colonies in Chicago. "In the beginning of the social settlement work at Hull House, northern Europeans filled in the surrounding space. Then the population shifted and southern and eastern Europeans came in. The newest comer of all is the Mexican. Yet, through the shifting scenes, Hull House has not ceased in its activities, but has provided an ever increasing number of social opportunities for the people of the neighborhood. Everybody who has visited Hull House remembers the theater in which Hull House players, who are the neighborhood people, are the actors. A nursery for the children of working mothers and a dental clinic are among the features of this settlement."

Miss Thornton has also had experience in the Chicago social settlement, close up to the stockyards where one is reminded with every breeze that blows that she is in contact with one of the not very agreeable features of our modern industrial life.

Recently at the organization of the Women's International League For Peace, in Salt Lake City, Mrs. J. A. Hogle was chosen temporary chairman and Miss Genevieve Thornton temporary secretary.

Miss Thornton is a woman of marked refinement and of very gentle manners. She is the first person from New Castle, her home community, to take a Master's Degree, and one of very few to take a Bachelor's Degree. She is the most highly trained supervisor that the Welfare Department has as yet had on its staff. We congratulate Miss Thornton on her achievements and we also congratulate the Welfare Department of the Relief Society on the appointment of one so well fitted to carry on this very important branch of its work.

Beautiful Logan Canyon

By Mrs. George O. Rich

O beautiful Logan Canyon, The brilliant red of the maple,
 Decked out in Fall array; The quaking asp turning gold,
 With all your bright, gay colors, We stand in admiration,
 You seem to have full sway. At what nature doth unfold.

The big, pine trees on the mountain,
 Remain in their dress of green.
 As lovely a picture to gaze upon
 As artist has ever seen.

Woman Customs-Head Pleads Right Living

Taken from the *Christian Science Monitor*, Boston, July 26, 1927.

FINDS IT A GOOD MOTTO IN HANDLING BIG TASK IN HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

Honolulu, T. H.—Mrs. Jeanette Hyde has now filled the post of Collector of Customs, in the Hawaiian Islands, for more than two years. As the only woman occupying so responsible an office in a collection outpost district, under the Treasury Department, the record of her service holds much of interest, especially when the fact is considered that the duties handled by her office average more than \$1,750,000 annually.

She came here from Utah by virtue of appointment by the President, confirmed by the Senate, and assumed her duties on April 21, 1925. She is at her office in the Federal Building, of which, by virtue of her position, she is custodian, usually at 7:30 o'clock, but not later than 8 in the morning. She remains usually until at least 4:30, and frequently until 5:40 and 6 o'clock, except when her duties call her to the wharves and docks or aboard some newly arrived vessel.

WHAT TO OVERCOME

Shortly after entering upon her work as a collector, Mrs. Hyde began a systematic effort to improve the customs service. She found that the employees were dissatisfied with their pay. "All wanted increases in compensation, whether it was earned or whether they were capable of earning it," she says. "It seemed to be the main thought that they must have better wages, without stopping to consider that I had first to adjust my pay roll to suit the budget which had been allotted for this port."

Mrs. Hyde found that at the docks there was one set of working hours, the business houses had another, and the customs force a still different one. After several conferences with business men the hour of 7 in the morning was agreed upon as the daily starting time. She continues her narrative:

"The next great problem was that of limiting the issuance of passes to board incoming vessels, to meet the regulations prescribed by the department. I think this called forth the most vicious attacks and most violent abuse that anyone has ever been called upon to endure. The very method of elimination of passes has since proved so satisfactory that the

steamship companies themselves are more exacting as to how many and to whom passes are issued, showing that the Government's regulations have proved successful."

EXPLAINS HER DRY DUTIES

Prior to the orders issued by Mrs. Hyde, communication between ship and shore was under little restraint. In consequence there were numerous ways by which narcotics, liquor and other contrabrand could be smuggled in. Mrs. Hyde is emphatic in her views on this phase of her duties.

"As to prohibition," she says, "many people here are laboring under a misconstrued idea with regard to the functioning of the Collector of Customs. In the matter of enforcing prohibition, the only official recognition the Collector of Customs has is the seizure of foreign contraband coming ashore or being brought into the Territory. Local prohibition is enforced entirely through the Prohibition Unit, over which the Collector has no jurisdiction and no official concern; but so far as foreign imports are concerned it is entirely within the Collector's province to seize all foreign liquors and as far as possible to prevent their being brought into the Territory. This act has been consistently enforced.

"But more serious than the amount of liquor brought in is that of opium, morphine, cocaine and other narcotics. It requires constant and vigilant perseverance on the part of the customs force to prevent large quantities being brought ashore.

"I think one of the greatest handicaps, and one that gives one in an official position great concern, is the finding of men and women of the higher strata of life and those who have sworn to uphold and obey the law in their official positions disregarding the law itself.

CLOSE WATCH KEPT

"If people in executive positions are exacting of themselves to observe regulations and will require those who work with them to do the same, it builds up the morale and confidence that only can be secured by right living and right doing. Your lives are above reproach, and no matter what the criticism from people or press, you have the confidence of men and women who know you as to the truth of statements made to the contrary.

"This is an honest administrative policy which cannot fail if adhered to. This has been the standard which I have tried to establish with myself, and I have asked of those who work with me to observe, as nearly as possible, the regulations which they are asked to enforce upon other people."

After having rearranged working hours, Mrs. Hyde in-

stituted a system of promotions among the men and women of the customs force based upon merit. Then, as some of the employees resigned from the service, she utilized the pay which had been given them to increase the pay of those remaining, the latter agreeing to give more efficient service.

The increases in pay thus given range from \$100 to \$150 a year. And yet the budget of expenses of the collector's office has not been increased or exceeded.

Mrs. Hyde also found that employees receiving only \$1,200 to \$1,500 a year, with families of five and six children to support, were wearing \$65 suits and \$17 hats.

"It was unreasonable in the extreme," she says. "So I obtained bids and prices on suits and caps. Then I turned the whole question over to the men themselves, and let them decide what they wanted to wear. They finally chose a light-weight blue serge uniform suited to this climate and in accordance with custom regulations, which, with an extra pair of trousers cost them only \$59; also caps costing only \$5—a total saving of \$18 per man.

PERSONNEL IMPROVED

"I asked each man to equip himself with a new suit and cap, as those they had were much worn, and to appear in them when on the docks while on duty. They are privileged, however, to wear their old clothing while discharging cargoes.

"With shoes polished, trousers neatly pressed, dark ties and light shirts, the force now presents the appearance of real Government employees. The department supplied me with new badges and insignias for the caps, adding to their natty apparel.

"I ask the men to work with me and not for me. I have not been obliged to dismiss any member of the force, although I have made transfers to better the service. Efficiency records are kept of each employee, so that when application is made for a promotion, our office records show whether it is deserved. This permits the working out of an honor system. Personal attention to duty and personal interest in work is encouraged by promise of commensurate pecuniary reward."

In the period from April 21, 1925, when Mrs. Hyde began her duties, to April 30, 1927, the collections of the Hawaiian customs district amounted to \$3,635,256.92. Narcotics valued at \$40,000 and liquor valued at \$12,000 were seized. The disbursements of the office for the same period amounted to \$328,491.69.

Put more simply, the cost of collecting \$1 from April 22, 1926, to April 30, 1927, was 9 cents. Such is the record of Mrs. Hyde's office from its financial viewpoint.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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Room 28, Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah

Magazine entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah

VOL. XIV

NOVEMBER, 1927

No. 11

EDITORIAL

Grandsons of the Three Witnesses of the Book of Mormon

It is exceedingly gratifying and, under the circumstances perhaps passing strange, that descendants of all three of the witnesses of the Book of Mormon should have visited the Arizona temple since it has been open to the public. It would be gratifying under any circumstances to have these visits, but it is particularly gratifying at a time when the centenary of the delivery of the plates of the Book of Mormon to Joseph the Prophet is being commemorated. It is passing strange because the witnesses, in having left the Church would naturally be expected to embitter their posterity when making explanation by way of justification for their act, after having had the visit of an angel. For this reason it is particularly significant that their interests should have led them to make a visit to a temple built by the Latter-day Saints.

Oliver Cowdery's grandson came from Cleveland, Ohio. The grandson of David Whitmer very likely came from the place where David Whitmer resided, while Lehi Harris, the grandson of Martin Harris, is a worker on the temple. We are delighted that they have shown so much interest. We trust they feel that they are part and portion of the great latter day work.

Countess of Cassillis, President of the Edinburgh Branch of the British National Council of Women Visits Salt Lake

Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman, Recording Secretary of the National Council of Women of the United States, received a letter from Dr. Valeria H. Parker, President of the National Council of Women of the United States, stating that Lady Cassillis would be visiting Salt Lake City, in connection with her husband, in September, as the Earl of Cassillis would be here on behalf of the Royal Arch Masons of Scotland who were holding a triennial convocation of the General Grand Chapter of the Royal Arch Masons of America, in Denver, from September 26 to 30.

Lady Cassillis' itinerary permitted a stop-over in Boston, Salt Lake City and Denver, in the United States. As Dr. Parker was very anxious that she should be met officially during her visit she wrote to Mrs. Lyman, asking her to meet Lady Cassillis and extend adequate courtesies in the name of the Council. Before her arrival Mrs. Lyman called together the heads of affiliated organizations in Salt Lake City and plans were made to meet her and welcome her to the city.

Immediately upon her arrival a committee of Council representatives, consisting of Mrs. Richard R. Lyman, Recording Secretary of the National Council of Women, Mrs. C. Clarence Neslen, representing the city, Mrs. Harry R. Allen, representing the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and Dr. Jane Skofield of the National Association of Medical Women, called at her hotel, and extended greetings on behalf of Dr. Parker and the National Council of Women of the United States. The committee placed at the disposal of Lady Cassillis an automobile, and extended an invitation for sight-seeing drives about the city and vicinity, and for luncheon to be held in her honor. However, due to the previous plans of Lord Cassillis and his party, every moment of the day and a-half spent in Salt Lake City was programmed with sight-seeing trips, organ recital, visit to the Great Salt Lake, and to Bingham mines, etc.

The local representatives of the Council were delighted to have met Lady Cassillis, who is a most charming and interesting woman, and to spend an hour with her, upon her invitation, just prior to her departure, discussing the work of the National Council of Women of the United States. They were also pleased to place in her car, baskets of Utah fruits and flowers, bearing messages of friendship and greeting from the National Council of Women of the United States.

During the hour Lady Cassillis was visiting with Council representatives she stepped into the Board room of the Relief Society, where the General Board was in session. While with the Board she said, "I am delighted to see you; delighted to know that

your special work connects with your religious work. I believe in religion and think that such a connection is valuable."

Literary Celebrities Visit Latter-day Saint Temples

A book entitled *Tramping With a Poet in the Rockies* contains one chapter entitled "A Visit to the 'Mormons'." The "Mormons" referred to are those living in and about Cardston, in Alberta, Canada. A good deal of the chapter is devoted to a description of a visit by Stephen Graham, a well-known English writer, and Vachel Lindsay, minstrel poet of America, to the Cardston temple.

Now, word reaches us that John Galsworthy, the gifted English playwright recently spent three hours in the Arizona temple. While there he betrayed a good deal of interest, not specially in the temple but in "Mormon" beliefs, and particularly did he show interest in the problem of how we manage to keep our contact with the young people of the Church. Harold Bell Wright, who has made his home in Arizona for many years, wrote asking the very latest date of the temple's closing and if he may be admitted when he presents himself.

We have in this group of literary celebrities, two English, and two American authors. Stephen Graham is noted for his books of travel, John Galsworthy, English, is one of the very best of our modern writers of drama, while Vachel Lindsay is exceedingly well-known among our American poets and Harold Bell Wright is one of our most popular American novelists.

Past Days I'm Thankful For

By Grace Ingles Frost

What have I to be thankful for?

I oftentimes ask of self;

For values very meagre grow

Without the boon of health.

The blessings that I held most dear,

Have long since from me fled;

The loved ones who made life so bright,

Are numbered with the dead.

When other hearts grow buoyant

With joy at festive time,

Remembering, I live again

Those days no longer mine.

Save shrined within my memory;

And as I count them o'er,

I cease to ask my question:

Past days, I'm thankful for.



THE CANADIAN TEMPLE

Dedication of the Canadian Temple

By Helen Kimball Orgill

We are including in this issue an article on the dedication of the Canadian temple written by Helen Kimball Orgill. The article came too late to be included in the number devoting space to the Canadian temple, and so we are publishing it while the peoples' thoughts and feelings are centered on the dedication of the Arizona temple, believing that it will prove interesting to our readers.

During the last few months the Canadian press has had considerable to say concerning the "Mormons" and their latest built temple. Among other comments, one widely circulated prairie paper stated that they were an unusually religious people.

These words were indeed verified during dedication week, for a certain Sabbath solemnity seemed to permeate the crowds who had come to see and hear the ceremonies performed at Cardston.

Sunny Alberta was at its best all week. The many hundreds who traveled by automobile were given a real pleasure trip, for the roads were never better and the prairie breezes had forgotten to blow.

Each Church member brought to the temple a card whereon was printed an invitation to attend the dedication and at what particular time. These were signed by the respective bishops.

The appearance of snowy, white-clad sisters, stationed at intervals within the building to direct the crowds, seemed to blend beautifully with the artistic simplicity of the temple.

For one was struck forcibly with the repression of all osten-

tation or show in the mural painting and other decorations. Indeed only a culture-loving people would delight in the effect that was created.

The Latter-day Saints, as a whole, left the dedication services at Cardston, indeed filled with the "Bread of life," for a spiritual feast was there spread which many a one had never partaken of before.

There were tears shining in more than one eye at the appearance of our revered and beloved president whose countenance seemed to shine with the light within. It was the first time many had seen him since his visit here years before as an apostle.

For with the struggle against the rigorous elements of a northern climate, as well as the periodical droughts, very few have been able to attend the semi-annual conferences at Salt Lake City very regularly.

And those who are privileged to have this blessing could scarcely understand the thrills which passed through the beings of the Saints in Canada at the sight of the large representation of leading brethren and sisters who attended our president on the trip.

To hear the inspired voices of two or three apostles, or other leading brethren, as well as a sermon from President Grant at the same meeting was an experience long to be remembered.

And the striking note referred to concerning the decorative scheme was also noticeable in the services.

So many months had the occasion been looked forward to that an outsider would have expected a little pomp or sentimental emotion to be exhibited. On the contrary the speakers gave no trace of prepared oratory, from the president, who knelt in humility before the altar to offer the dedicatory prayer, to the speakers. All were simple exponents of truth, but one felt the power behind their words.

The key note of all the sessions naturally was salvation for the dead; and the wonderful blessings which the living were to receive, through the blessings of the temple, were dwelt upon.

The timely words of counsel, given as they were within the hallowed walls of the temple of God, sank deeply into the hearts of the listeners.

An unusual drama might be written, depicting the wistful dreams which have been woven with the building of the temple. The living as well as the departed have looked forward to its completion with yearning hearts. And there is every reason to believe that many of our dear ones who have gone before also took a keen interest in the happenings of dedication week.

The edifice is now finished, and with its completion, a spirit of permanency and contentment will pervade the homes of the Saints in Canada, such as has never before been experienced. As sure as the Lord liveth his blessings will flow in at our doors.

The United Order

Part II.

By J. M. Sjodahl

No less remarkable than the peace doctrine in the Book of Mormon is the exemplification in that record, on a somewhat large scale, of the United Order. The story of this feature of American life—the rise and fall of an American Millennium—is recorded in IV Nephi 2-4 and 24-6:

“And it came to pass in the thirty and sixth year, the people were all converted unto the Lord, upon all the face of the land, both Nephites and Lamanites, and there were no contentions and disputations among them, and every man did deal justly one with another.

“And they had all things common among them; therefore there were not rich and poor, bond and free, but they were all made free, and partakers of the heavenly gift.

“And it came to pass that the thirty and seventh year passed away also, and there still continued to be peace in the land.”

“And now, in this two hundred and first year there began to be among them those who were lifted up in pride, such as the wearing of costly apparel, and all manner of fine pearls, and of the fine things of the world.

“And from that time forth they did have their goods and their substance no more common among them.

“And they began to be divided into classes; and they began to build up churches unto themselves to get gain, and began to deny the true church of Christ.”

Millennium in America. We are here informed that the people who were converted and accepted the gospel of Christ, as a consequence were filled with the spirit of love and unity, and they had all things common. Peace prevailed. As Elder George Reynolds expresses it: “Indeed, it may be said that a type, a fore-shadowing of the Millennium for once found place among the erring sons of humanity.” And this wonderful condition lasted for 150 years.

Another Evidence for the Book of Mormon. This is one more remarkable evidence of the agreement of the Book of Mormon with the teachings of the New Testament, even when these teachings are concealed instead of revealed as in the authorized Bible translation.

In the New Testament we read that the converts on the day of Pentecost, whom the Spirit filled with power from on high, “continued steadfastly in the apostles’ doctrine, and *fellowship*, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers.” (Acts 2:42.)

The word translated *fellowship* is *koinonia*, which really means a great deal more than fellowship in the abstract. It means, as in verse 44, an arrangement whereby things were held

in common. It means, practically, what among the Latter-day Saints is known as the United Order; so that a faithful translation might be: "They continued steadfastly in the teachings of the apostles, and the united order, and the breaking of the bread, and the prayers." We see here that the *koinonia*, the united order, was part of the teaching of the apostles, as was the sacrament and the prayers. It was not clumsy, impractical communism, but some wise, practical arrangement, entirely voluntary, whereby every member was provided for in "all things" both temporal and spiritual.

Nor was this a purely Pentecostal condition born of the first enthusiasm of faith. It was part of the Christianity of the New Testament. For a long time after Pentecost, Paul wrote to his beloved Timothy: "Charge them that are rich in this world, that they * * * do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate." (I Tim. 6:17-19.) The word translated "willing to communicate" is *koinoni-kous* which might better be rendered, "actively interested in the united order," thereby "laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life." That was the doctrine of Paul to the end of his earthly mission. This *koinonia*, or united order, is, in the New Testament, especially ascribed to the Holy Spirit. Paul says: "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God and the *koinonia* of the Holy Ghost be with you all." (2 Cor. 13:14.) That accounts for 2 Peter 1:4, where the apostle says the divine promise is that those who escape the corruption of the world may be "partakers" *koinon-oi* of divine nature. It also explains the fact that whenever the Holy Spirit is poured out upon the believers, there is a union of interests, both temporal and spiritual, comes into existence, as naturally as order out of chaos. And so we have a united order in the New Testament, and also in the Book of Mormon. In the Doctrine and Covenants, too, the doctrine of the United Order is taught.* That it is also taught in the Book of Mormon is strong proof of the divine inspiration of that volume. Joseph Smith could not, from his knowledge of the New Testament, have invented the story in Fourth Nephi; nor could anyone else.

Community of Interests Among Indians. Again the question arises whether Indian culture as recorded knows any community of interests— a *koinonia*—such as that described in the fourth book of Nephi. And again the answer is a wonderful confirmation of the Book of Mormon; for, in fact, the very foundation of the highest Indian social structure is community of interests.

Construction of Indian Society. Unlike civilized society in our day, Indian society was made up of gentes, totems, or

*Secs. 51:3; 9; 70; 78:5; 82:17; 72:11; 82:20; 104:1; 104:68; 105:34.

clans, and not of families. The gens is a body of "consanguineal kindred," whether by birth or adoption. They all live together in one house or lodge, and are under obligation to assist one another. Each gens is self-governing. It elects its own chieftain and decides on all questions of property within its own limits. Marriage within the gens is prohibited, and descent is, in many instances, traced, and property descends in the female line only.

When descent was reckoned through the female line, the husband joined through marriage the gens of the wife. Property, with the exception of a few articles of personal necessity, belonged to the wife, and the husband had no claim on it. The price of a man, if killed, was only three-fourths that of a woman, among the Hurons.

This social arrangement seems very strange to us, but it was similar to that which prevailed among the Semites in the days of Abraham. Sarah was the "princess," as the name implies. That is, she was the chieftainess, and her position went by inheritance to her successors, Rebekah, Leah, Dinah, and Sarah, the daughter of Asher, the son of Zilpah, Leah's handmaid. (Num. 26:46.)

In Egypt, too, in those days, the woman was the mistress of the house. She held the property, and inheritance was through the female line.

This social feature was preserved among the American Indians, as it is to this day, to some extent, among the Arabs of the desert.

A group of gentes or clans formed a phratry or brotherhood, generally for religious purposes, and a group of phratries constituted a tribe. The tribe was governed by a council. The chief was elected by that body, and his authority was limited to affairs of peace. For war, a war chief was elected by the council, and he was supreme while there was war.

The Long House. The Long House of the Iroquois Indians illustrates the principle of a united order. This habitation was from fifty to a hundred feet long. The interior was divided off in compartments, six or eight feet each, and open towards a passageway or aisle which ran through the center of the house. There was one fire-place to each four rooms, and this was used by the four families occupying the rooms nearest. "Thus a house with five fires would contain twenty apartments and accommodate twenty families, unless some apartments were reserved for storage. They were warm, roomy, and tidily-kept habitations. Raised bunks were constructed around the walls of each apartment for beds. * * * Whatever was taken in the hunt or raised by cultivation by any

member of the household * * * was for the common benefit. Provisions were made a common stock within the household."

To that extent they had preserved the principle of the "United Order," which was practiced by the Nephites as related in the Book of Mormon.

This was, as Dr. Brinton says, the ideal theory of the American tribal organization. And we may recognize its outlines almost anywhere on the continent, although it was carried out sometimes with more, sometimes with less, faithfulness to the perfect pattern. In Peru the principles of the United Order were applied on a larger scale and more in detail than anywhere else.

There is a striking similarity between the ideals and aims of these Iroquois reformers and those of the Peruvian Incas. The rulers of Peru also aimed at the unification of the nations under one divinely appointed head, and, although their power was that of absolute despotism, they generally sought to overcome opposition by the exercise of paternal benevolence.

Where, then, we may ask, did the prehistoric inhabitants of America obtain their ideas of a "Millennial" kingdom on this earth? Whence came their inspiration?

There is, as far as I know, only one answer to that question. The marvelous light which their ancestors once enjoyed, as related in the Book of Mormon, was never entirely extinguished. Here and there a spark from the divine fire was glowing, dimly, uncertainly, but yet perceptible to men and women who had the gift to see and to reflect. In other words, they had traditions, in more or less imperfect form, of the institutions and teaching of their ancestors, and of the gospel that promises a reign of peace on earth. And they were endeavoring, in their imperfect way, to follow the dim light, in the hope of finally reaching the goal—the "golden age" of which prophets and poets in all ages have spoken.

Prayer

By Christie Lund

Lord, in this hour of night
 Show us the way;
 Give us again the light
 Of happy day.

Lord, in this dark despair
 Teach us to feel
 That thou canst hear our prayer
 Tho' mute we kneel.

Strengthen our wayward feet
 To firmly stand;
 Down in this darkness deep,
 Give us thy hand.

Ink Spots and Golden Glow

By Estella Pugmire Rich

"Five-thirty, dear; time to start another day."

Ruth's heavy lids opened slightly. Melvin, putting on a shoe, dropped it, and the crash cut through her consciousness like a jagged wound.

She sat up in bed. The bedroom opened off the living room, and through the open doorway Ruth caught a glimpse of an ugly ink-stain on her pine-cone table runner.

Memories of last night assailed her. She and Melvin had almost quarrelled—that is she had. Melvin refused calmly to answer the hot words she flung at him and that had exasperated her all the more.

Melvin had insisted as usual in sitting through the evening with the newspaper propped in front of his face, and his stockinged feet resting on the library table.

It had long been a source of irritation to Ruth—this stocking-foot habit of Melvin's, and the resting place he invariably chose for his feet; but last night it had seemed intolerable even before his unfortunate move had upset the ink bottle.

She had sprung up, then, anger flaming her face, a half-darned sock still covering her hand: "If you'd keep your feet on the floor, Melvin, where they belong,—but no, you must spoil the last vestige of beauty I've tried to bring into this hideous farm life."

"I'm sorry, dear," Melvin answered quietly, blotting up the black stream that trailed across her precious pine-cone table runner, "but I can't see why a little ink spot should call out such an outburst. I'll buy you another as soon as I go into town."

Buy her another, indeed! Of course, he couldn't understand—what man could?—all the long hours she had put into it. She had made it while convalescing after Junior's birth, two years before. There had been no time for fancy work since then.

The cluster of big, brown cones she had worked with such infinite care never failed to bring a queer little feeling of coolness when she glimpsed them in these hot, busy days of summer. And heaven knew she needed a feeling of coolness with her head aching steadily for a week at a time as it had been doing lately.

Junior's voice from the bedroom checked the torrent of angry words struggling for utterance. "Mudder, me wants a drink," he whimpered.

"Oh, leave it alone," she said wearily to Melvin over her

shoulder as she passed into the bedroom with a glass of water, "I'll see what I can do with it tomorrow."

Listlessly Ruth dragged herself out into the kitchen where Melvin had already made the fire before going out to do his chores.

When he returned, the cereal was bubbling on the back of the range and Ruth was putting a platter of fried ham into the warming oven. Ugh, how she hated the smell of ham! And the driving noise of that separator!

A stray fly buzzed past her ear and began a leisurely journey around the sugar bowl. She reached for the swatter but it was not on its accustomed nail.

Breakfast over, Melvin kissed her and started for the south field, but he called back to tell her there would be six men instead of five for dinner.

She nodded languidly as her eyes surveyed the medley before her—the huge separator, the soiled and drying breakfast dishes, a bucket of eggs to case, bread to be put in the tins.

By this time Junior was awake and crying lustily for his breakfast. Before she could get him bathed and dressed, little Tommy Atkins ran over to tell her that Emmy wouldn't be over to help her. Emmy was the sixteen-year-old neighbor girl who helped Ruth forenoons, during the summer.

"She says she's got a sore throat, but pa says it's nothing but bein' 'petered out from too much dancin'." Tommy lowered his voice confidently. "I heard pa tell her he'd 'lick' her if she went to another dance this week."

Ruth fed Junior, then led him out into his sand pile to play. She gathered up the dishes, took the separator apart, and began the daily routine of bringing order out of the chaos.

A scream rent the air. She ran out to find Junior with a jagged cut across his finger. A rusty tomato can lay beside him.

She dressed the wound with iodine, wrapped up the finger, then gathering the squirming little body up in her arms she carried him into the living room and began rocking him.

Presently he fell asleep and she sat still, staring moodily at a honey bee that had been tempted in by a bowl of flowers. It beat its head against the window screen in a vain attempt to reach freedom. "We are all like that," she mused, "enticed into something that appears so beautiful only to find it changed to prison bars."

She laid Junior down, with a worried eye on the clock. Farm life leaves so little time for the children!

By a quarter to eleven, Ruth had fought her way through the morning's work. Junior still slept. If only she might stretch out on the davenport for a half hour's rest before starting dinner, but she remembered that Melvin had failed to get the potatoes. That meant she must make a trip down to the garden.

With dinner due in an hour and a-half there was time neither for rest nor for the churning that must be done before night.

She went into the closet for her hat, and while reaching, dislodged a kodak album. A picture fluttered to the floor. She picked it up and stood staring at it like something she had never seen before.

It was one of those bits of crystallized life that almost drugs with its peace—she and Dr. Charlie Black, both in white, lolling contentedly in two huge wicker chairs, a glimpse of rose-bordered bungalow behind them; a sweep of wide lawn before them, with a shadow from an ash tree caught in its velvet—that was all; but it spoke to Ruth of what might have been.

She remembered the days so well. Dr. Charlie had brought her out to his mother's home for a few days before he left to study medicine.

For a moment Ruth almost caught the thrill of his caressing voice—"It will all be ours some day, Girlie, if you'll just say the word."

Somehow her memories of Dr. Black were always bound up with leisure, moonlight nights, boxes of flowers and candy, and a vague, uneasy feeling that he was not wholly sincere.

She had felt herself desperately in love with Dr. Black, then, but something had held her back from making the promise that he sought.

"Wait till you come back and we'll see how we feel then," she told him.

Then Melvin had come into her life, and something way down in the deep, still part of her being responded to the bigness of his soul, his sincerity, his utter disregard of sham, and before Dr. Black had finished his second year of study, a narrow band of gold proclaimed Ruth—Mrs. Melvin Packard.

Melvin had already bought a farm about ten miles out from Adamson, Dr. Black's home town.

Dr. Black, himself, had married shortly afterward—a St. Louis girl, and three years later had come back to practice in his home town and occupy the white bungalow that his mother's death had made his own.

"We are only here temporarily," Mrs. Black confided to Ruth at their first meeting. "I simply couldn't bear to live permanently in a town where its people fail to dress for dinner."

A sharp contrast rose in Ruth's mind of the difference in hers and Mrs. Black's method of spending this day. Mrs. Black no doubt was working among her flowers, or embroidering out on her shady porch. Ruth looked with disdain on the ink-stained table runner. She must find time to run down to the store for a lemon. Lemon and, O yes, salt, that would take it out.

Her toe caught in the frayed end of a rug. Another job that must not be put off another day.

At noon, Ruth filled a bucket with hot water and set it with soap and wash basin on a bench outside the kitchen door. She hung two towels on a nail above it. If only the "hands" would wash before they wiped, and if the last sweating man would think to throw out the water. She found herself praying that there wouldn't be a black, dirty ring around the wash basin.

The men talked incessantly of the need of getting the hay up before storm, of derricks, of bull rakes—she would scream if they said bull rake again! What would Melvin think if she screamed out at these men who were making a slave of her—draining the last drop of beauty from her soul!

Melvin, ready to leave for the field again, touched her tenderly on the shoulder. "You don't look well, dear; leave the dishes and I'll help you when I come in tonight."

"Oh, I'm all right. It's this awful heat."

Suddenly she remembered the apples—she must cook enough for supper, and for pies for tomorrow's dinner. It was a shame to open her canned fruit with apples spoiling on the tree. She would go down and pick a pailful before she changed her dress.

She put Junior in his buggy, and gave him some clothespins with which to play while she picked a few of the lowest apples; then finding that the reaching sent hot waves of pain through her back and head, she dragged out an old box and swung herself up into the lower limbs.

One of Junior's safety pins converted her skirt into a basket and she proceeded to billow out its depths with the tender, luscious fruit.

"Well, well, Mrs. Packard," a metallic voice greeted her, "is your husband hiring you by the day or by the hour?"

Ruth's eyes rested in dismay on the smartly clad Mrs. Black so coolly scrutinizing her.

"I've come to take you into Madrix." Madrix was the cosmopolitan little city that drew its trade, not alone from its own citizens, but the surrounding towns as well. "I'm driving in to get some dresses I ordered a week ago. I really haven't a thing to wear as you can see."

Ruth saw a rose-colored sport suit—the kind she had dreamed about for herself—lovely in its quality and cut.

"I tried to call you up but central couldn't raise you; so I just took a chance on your going and drove out. We'll have dinner at Murello's," Mrs. Black continued, "and then home again at a respectable bed time. I left a note for the Doctor saying I'd be back not later than ten o'clock."

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Mrs. Black, but I really can't." A vision of two "hands" again for supper, churning to do, apples to

stew, clothes to put to soak. Why, oh, why could she never get through—

"Well, of course, if you can't—" Mrs. Black's voice held well-bred contempt, "it must be terrible to never have any leisure."

When she had gone, Ruth got slowly down from the tree. For the life of her she could not hurry except in her thoughts. They rushed ahead to the never ending drudgery.

She started for the kitchen but the house began to recede, whirling faster and faster as she neared it. She stretched her hand out for the knob to steady herself and fell headlong across the step.

When she awoke it was in the dim stillness of a white hospital room.

"What's happened?" she asked faintly of the crisp vision in white, bending over her.

"Operation, Mrs. Packard, just lie still now and you won't feel so sick," and the nurse tiptoed out for a moment, leaving Melvin alone with his wife. His face, Ruth thought, looked unnaturally white through its heavy coat of tan, yet his lips smiled whenever her eyes rested on him.

It seemed to Ruth that she had been wandering through a burning desert and the coolness and stillness that had descended upon her now was an oasis of peace.

Dr. Black, himself, came in presently, "Doing just fine. We'll have you up in no time now, and feeling a lot better than before you stretched yourself out on the doorstep, too."

When Ruth was well enough to be propped up among her pillows, she found a quiet enjoyment in the well-ordered efficiency of the life about her, no rush or hurry; the calm and quiet nurses showed no signs of fatigue. Three times daily the tray furnished a happy surprise. She could even read a few minutes at a time, some of the lovely things in Browning or Keats—things that had been completely crowded out by the many demands that farm life makes on its women.

Jasimine McFarlane, the nurse whom Melvin secretly called Jazzy, because of her kittenish action when Dr. Black was around, had warned Ruth against such "heavy trash" and had offered her a copy of *True Stories*. "Something racy enough to be interesting" she had told her. But Ruth had continued with her Browning.

Once Dr. Black had brought her a great box of roses. "From my own garden," he told her.

"I know, there on the south, I shall never forget how it looked that day we had those snaps taken."

"Nor I," he answered.

A warm note crept into his voice, "Oh, my Gypsy Lady,"—

Gypsie Lady was a name he had coined for her in one of his gay, tender moods, long ago, "that rose garden ought to have been yours. What a picture you'd make against those dark red ones!"

Ruth resented his use of that endearing term, his tone; and yet it quickened her pulse and made flaming banners of her cheeks.

Melvin had come in just then and he carried a huge bunch of golden glow. "Mother picked them," he said, "while I was cranking the jitney. They look pretty commonplace against those roses, though."

Melvin sat down by the bed and took one of her hands in his work-hardened ones. The hard callouses on his hands irritated her tender flesh. She found herself sharply aware of Melvin's rough khaki trousers, his heavy shoes. She wished he had taken time to put on his black suit. That wouldn't have contrasted so badly with Dr. Black's well pressed gray.

Instantly Ruth felt ashamed. Hadn't Melvin already added another hour to his already long work day, digging the trenches for the pipe so that they could have the water installed in the house before she came home.

"You can come for your wife tomorrow evening, Mr. Packard," Dr. Black told Melvin as he was leaving, and the light that sprang into Melvin's eyes found an answering one in Ruth's.

Melvin left at nine o'clock. Through her open window Ruth heard him crank the car and drive away; one more night and she would be with him and baby Junior!

Miss McFarlane came in presently to see if her patient needed anything, but Ruth was already asleep. The nurse tip-toed out, leaving the door partly ajar.

Directly across the hall from Ruth's room was the supply room. It was here the nurses often congregated for a brief gossip and Ruth found her knowledge of human nature vastly enlarged from the low-toned conversations that occasionally drifted in.

Shortly after midnight, Ruth awoke. She could hear someone moving quietly around in the supply room. Miss McFarlane, no doubt, preparing a sleeping potion for some wakeful patient.

Suddenly she heard someone coming down the hall. Dr. Black, she couldn't mistake those footsteps! She caught a glimpse of his coat as he entered the supply room.

"I thought I'd find you here," she heard him say in a low voice. The girl's answer was blotted out in a ripple of laughter that followed.

"You little devil," Ruth heard a slight scuffle, "you know you want me to kiss you." A moment's silence then, followed by more hushed whisperings.

Ruth's face burned in the darkness. And this was the man whose wife she envied! This was the man with whom

Melvin had suffered in comparison! She was humbled and humiliated. Why, Melvin was worth more than a world full of Dr. Blacks with their well pressed clothes, their laughing eyes and their lying lips. What did it matter if she did sometimes work beyond her strength; what mattered if she were denied some of the luxuries of life?

Rose-colored dresses, music, money, leisure, Mrs. Black needed them all to compensate her for the hollowness of her husband's love.

Separators, churning, canning, hay men, yes, and a thousand other things, so long as she was harbored in the love of a man like Melvin.

The following evening Melvin and Junior came for her in the jitney. The ride home through the mellow autumn twilight, Junior's chubby, little hands clutching tightly to hers, Melvin's voice tremulous with love and tenderness, it was like a benediction.

"I feel like a church all lighted up with Easter candles," she thought.

When they turned into the lane that led to the house, Ruth caught sight of her mother-in-law standing in the doorway, waving frantically with one hand while with the other she wiped her eyes on her apron.

"Joy is the only thing that can make mother do that," Melvin smiled.

He drove up to the door and then carried Ruth in and deposited her on the living-room couch.

Mother Packard had supper ready, and when she brought Ruth's tray, it held a single, white rose bud. "Melvin would have me put it on," the good woman scolded, "though I've always said 'less grass, more grub, for me.'"

Her harsh laughter sounded strangely home-like and comforting after the stilled, unnatural atmosphere of the hospital.

When the dishes were washed and Junior had kissed "Muvver" good-night, and been tucked into bed, Mother Packard, herself, awkwardly planted a kiss on her daughter's forehead. "I'll be over first thing in the morning," she said, "to see if Emmy's doing all right."

She closed the door and Melvin and Ruth were alone in the silence of their sleeping house.

Ruth looked lovingly at each object, the picture of Junior in its gilt frame, the piano in its shadow-darkened corner, the sixteen-dollar reading lamp Melvin had given her for Christmas. In its pool of yellow light, Ruth saw a great bunch of golden glow in her brass bowl.

"It's to cover up that ink-stain," Melvin said quickly, when he saw her eyes resting on it. "You know, dear, you kept talking about the ink spots when you were coming out of the ether. I happened to remember it after I had started for you tonight,

so I hurried back and filled that bowl with golden glow so those ink spots wouldn't show."

"Dear boy," Ruth's voice was husky, "this home, my baby, your love—that's the golden glow. With it the ink spots don't matter."

Thanksgiving

By Beatrice Williams

I thank thee, Lord, for mountains grand and tall,
For dull, gray skies of bleak November days,
For that lone robin on the old stone wall,
That sings in sweetest tones his parting lays.

I thank thee for that tiny flower, there,
That in the garden bed still blooms alone.
Its golden head was once so bright and fair,
But now it droops as by the wind 'tis blown.

I thank thee for the friends thou givest me,
To clasp my hand and lead my feet aright,
To banish grief and help my eyes to see,
And give me faith to pray throughout the night.

For thine own son, who died that we might live
And know our Father's glory and his might;
My humblest thanks in praise to thee I give,
Oh, Lord and Savior, of the truth and light.

List of Literary Lessons for 1928

Lew Sarett	Bertha A. Kleinman
Carl Sanburg	Grace Ingles Frost
John Masefield	Gladys Ann Wagstaff
Robert Louis Stevenson	Elsie C. Carroll
Charles G. D. Roberts	Claire Stewart Boyer
William Henry Drummond	Ruth Harwood

Notes from the Field

Amy Brown Lyman

New Zealand Mission.



RELIEF SOCIETY BOARD, NEW ZEALAND MISSION

Following are excerpts from a letter written to the General Board by Mrs. Cora S. Jenkins, president of the Relief Societies of the New Zealand mission: "A Hui Tau (annual conference) is always very interesting, and ours of this year was exceptionally so, being held, through the courtesy of Princess Te Puea Herangi, at the Queens pa, Ngaruawahia. The village is situated on the beautiful Waikato river, which of itself is a scene of beauty, also of importance, as the annual regatta is held there each year. Princess Te Puea most graciously turned over to our use all of the buildings of the pa, and President Jenkins and I and our children had the honor of occupying her bedroom. The whare kai, or dining hall, which seats four hundred people, was beautifully decorated. In the evening a fountain in the center of the hall, surrounded by colored lights, was an unusual sight in a Maori village. The visitors' home was also very nice and was completed just recently to be ready for our hui. Two special meetings were held where the tribes represented in our gathering greeted and were greeted by those of royal blood. This was all very interesting and touching, and an occasion that is not often witnessed even by Europeans who have lived in New Zealand all their lives. Monday evening Princess Te Puea's people entertained us with a concert, and the Princess was then presented with two lovely quilts which were made by the sisters of the

Tamaki and Nuhaka Relief Societies. Our Relief Societies gave splendid reports and were eager to receive some instructions; 35 out of our 39 organizations were reported, and 22 of them by presidents. To encourage better record keeping we prepared a Maori printed minute book for three years, with roll also, and 26 organizations secured them at Hui Tau. Many samples of splendid hand work were entered in our contest, and the sisters displayed much interest in the same. Next year our contest will be in two-part singing, Maori for those over fifty years, and English for those under fifty. We learned of a boy who expected to have to leave the Maori Agricultural College due to shortage of funds, so Sister Polly Duncan, first counselor of the mission board, appealed to the Relief Societies represented, and sufficient money was raised to enable him to attend this year. This is only one example of the free-heartedness of these sisters. Our slogan for 1927 is, 'Every officer and teacher an observer of the Word of Wisdom by 1928,' which, if accomplished, will be a wonderful thing for the Maori sisters. This is a brief report of our part of the Hui Tau, and we are all looking forward to next year, hoping to see great improvement."

Tongan Mission.



THE SISTERS OF THE TOGATABU DISTRICT

Mrs. Ada B. Cahoon, president of the Relief Societies of the Tongan mission, writes as follows of some of their activities: "The work here is very encouraging at present, and the attitude shown by the sisters is excellent. Although the only book they have access to is the Bible, we find the lessons very interesting. All three districts here in the Tongan mission observed the 17th of March by a program, luncheon and dance. A small sum was

charged for this and the money from all was donated to the mission for the new cistern and house that are nearing completion at the present time. The sum of 25 pounds and 8 shillings (£ 25-8-0) was realized. We feel that this is splendid, after taking into consideration the poverty of the people at present; but everyone did his best to make the event successful, and the spirit shown was indeed encouraging. We receive the *Relief Society Magazine* regularly here at headquarters, and surely appreciate it."

German-Austrian Mission.

Following are excerpts from a letter recently received from Mrs. Rose Ellen Valentine, president of the Relief Societies of the German-Austrian mission: "We have just completed a series of Relief Society conventions, which were held in connection with the district conferences. Nine sessions were held with a total attendance of 370 workers and visitors. The following topics were treated by local sisters: 'An opportunity to be a member of the Relief Society,' 'A duty to be a member of the Relief Society,' 'A responsibility to be a member of the Relief Society.' An outline was given each president, which included a suggested division of responsibility and duties for each officer of the organization. A plan for the procedure in conducting the different meetings was also given. The theme of the convention was 'Organization,' and I am sure much good will result from these meetings. The workers, too, were highly enthusiastic, and the spirit of appreciation shown by them more than rewarded the meagre efforts put forth. Permit me to say that the *Magazine* was of inestimable value in working out our plans."

Malad Stake.

The Malad stake, at the close of last year, passed envelopes to all the members of the Relief Society, to be used for enclosing dues. The notation on the envelope read:

"I am a paid-up member of the Relief Society.

"Name....."

Carbon Stake (Price Ward).

With a view of securing annual dues early and promptly for 1927, the Price ward, at the close of 1926, distributed cards which read as follows:

"PRICE WARD RELIEF SOCIETY

"This card is to remind you that your annual dues are now payable. Kindly enclose 50 cents and return to your president at your earliest convenience, or give to your visiting teacher on her next call. Sign your name here.

.....
 "Every enrolled member must be accounted for, therefore if you neglect the obligation, someone must pay it for you."

Guide Lessons for January

THE LESSON COURSE FOR 1928

The Theology Lessons for the coming year will be devoted to a discussion of the outstanding phases of the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times.

The Literature Lessons will be devoted to Modern Poetry, and will contain some American poets, including some of our western writers, some Canadian poets and some English poets.

The Introduction to the Social Service Lessons outlines the work for 1928.

LESSON I

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in January)

THE DISPENSATION OF THE FULNESS OF TIMES

I. The Theological Necessity for a New Dispensation

1. To Fulfil the Predictions of the Prophets and the Visions of the Seers.

Centuries before the ushering in of this dispensation the prophet Daniel prophesied to the king of Babylon, "And in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed: and the kingdom shall not be left to other people." Daniel 2:28-45.

The Prophet Micah declared: "But in the last days it shall come to pass, that the mountain of the house of the Lord shall be established in the top of the mountains, and it shall be exalted above the hills; and people shall flow unto it. And many nations shall come, and say, Come, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths: for the law shall go forth of Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem." Micah 4:1-2.

We have the predictions of the Prophet Malachi, "Behold I will send you Elijah the prophet." See Malachi 4:1-6, also section 2 Doc. and Cov., also Matt. 17:11. "I will proceed to do a marvelous work and a wonder." See Isaiah 29:14.

The most ancient prediction was made by Joseph who was sold into Egypt, and quoted by Lehi, on the head of his son, Nephi. II Nephi 6,

These are but a few of many predictions the fulfilment of which required the dispensation in which we live.

2. To Re-Establish the True God Idea.

Jesus had left an idea of God which was in keeping with the

first idea of God, which was the true idea. And this idea was that God was the Father of the human family in character and in form. When the Savior was asked by Philip to show them the Father he declared that whoever had seen him, the Christ, had seen the Father, meaning that the Father was a being with body, parts, and passions. The apostles had felt the hands of Jesus; they had seen him eat and drink. They had beheld him rebuking with righteous indignation, and they had seen him weep over the wilfulness of his kindred race.

They had heard him many times humbly petitioning his Father and they had witnessed him banishing legions of evil spirits; there was no evidence of lingering doubt after that occasion as to the correct idea of God. But with the apostasy, spoken of as the falling away, or departure from righteous conduct, there was a corresponding dimness of the God idea, until God became, in the minds of man, something diffused into the everywhere and centered in the nowhere. Mankind quarrelled over this faded idea of divinity; confusion reigned, and man, an organized intelligence, worshiped the un-organized, notwithstanding he was every day in all the lines of life facing the eternal fact that the organized is superior to the unorganized. A new revelation of God which would mean a new dispensation was necessary to throw this erroneous idea concerning God into the background and bring to the front the true idea of divinity. And this was done in the Sacred Grove, where God was seen and his Fatherhood proclaimed in the words, "This is my beloved Son," said as he pointed to Jesus the Christ standing by. (See Pearl of Great Price, page 48.)

3. A New Dispensation was Necessary to Restore to the Earth Divine Authority.

Nowhere on the earth were the keys of the holy priesthood held. No doubt the translated John the Revelator was somewhere in the world, and he held the priesthood without the appointment to transfer it or officiate in the ordinances of the gospel. His mission, in keeping with his wish, was that of inspiring men to do good and thereby leading them to Christ. The three Nephites operated and are still operating on the earth with privileges and limitations. John with Peter and James operated under special appointment to restore the Melchizedek priesthood.

4. This Dispensation was Necessary for the Deliverance of the "Spirit in Prison."
5. It was Necessary for the Regeneration of the American Indian.
6. It was Necessary for the Welding of the Ties of Family Love which Death had Broken for Ages.

II. *What the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times Is*

Paul defines a dispensation in Ephesians 1:9. The Prophet Joseph Smith is quoted as saying: Now the thing to be known is what the Fulness of Times means, or the extent and authority thereof. It means this: "That the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times is made up of all the Dispensations that ever have been given since the world began until this time. (See Compendium, page 143.) "This Dispensation of the Fulness of Times is a period in which all things will be restored to their proper order or condition." (Compendium, page 144.) "The term, Dispensation of the Fulness of Times, refers to the latter days, when the fulness of the gospel will be revealed, and the holy priesthood be restored to the earth. Under its direction the work of restoration will commence and be fully consummated, through the great plan of redemption for man and the earth, which was decided in the councils of Heaven before the foundations of the earth were laid. (Compendium, 146.)

The Dispensation of the Fulness of Times may be called the final gospel period of preparation of the earth for the abode of Christ; the bringing about of a universal condition which obtained at the close of the Adamic dispensation; the people were pure in heart with material, social and spiritual environments, like that of the city of Enoch, a Zion of which the Lord said, "Mine abode forever." (Pearl of Great Price.)

III. *Preparatory Agencies for the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times*

There were two major preparatory agencies for this Dispensation of the Fulness of Times, the Reformation and the founding of the United States government.

1. The reformation bringing the printed word of God to the laity or the common people through the printing of the Bible in the vernacular of the people.

2. The United States government which put into its fundamental law, the Constitution of the United States, the provision which safeguards religious liberty.

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof;"—Article I, Constitution.

IV. *The Operative Agencies*

The operative agencies of this dispensation include:

1. The Godhead: The Father and the Son, the former opening the dispensation by introducing his son, the latter by being the official instructor of the dispensation of Joseph Smith.

2. Angels: Moroni, revealing the Book of Mormon; Michael or Adam, revealing the deception of Satan; John the Baptist restoring the Aaronic Priesthood; Peter and James conferring the keys of the Melchizedek Priesthood; Gabriel or Noah, Raphael, Moses, Elijah, and other resurrected beings.

3. A translated being—John the Revelator, who assisted Peter and James in restoring the Melchizedek Priesthood.

4. A group of men with Joseph the Prophet standing in the lead.

5. And then, more than all, excepting the Father and the Son, has been the third member of the Godhead, the Holy Ghost, a personage of spirit, the recorder in heaven, and testifier on earth, the giver of spiritual gifts. The final factor is that newness of life which comes through being born of the water and the spirit.

Questions and Problems

1. Which of the Articles of Faith most closely correlate with the constitutional provision granting and protecting religious liberty?

2. Give the theological meaning of the phrase, "Fulness of Times."

3. Which of the necessities for this dispensation do you consider the greatest?

4. Name some of the outstanding characters of the Reformation.

5. Wherein was the Reformation a preparatory agency for the gospel dispensation?

6. Mention the angels who were agencies in bringing about the dispensation.

7. What is the dispensational meaning of the Fulness of Times?

8. Tell what you can about the special mission of the angels of this dispensation.

9. Speak of the Holy Ghost as an agency.

LESSON II

Work and Business

(Second Week in January)

TEACHERS' TOPIC FOR JANUARY—HOME

- I. The Home is a divine institution.
 - a. Crowning glory of eternal progress.
- II. Foundation of civilization.
 - a. Strength of a nation dependent upon stability of the home.
- III. Most potent factor in the life of the individual.

"There can be no happiness separate and apart from the home, and every effort made to sanctify and preserve its influence is uplifting to those who toil and sacrifice for its establishment. There is no happiness without service and there is no service greater than that which converts the home into a divine institution."—*Gospel Doctrine*, page 375.

LESSON III

Literature

(Third Week in January)

LEW SARETT

Lew Sarett has written three books *Many, Many Moons*, the *Box of God* and *Slow Smoke*. These books reveal his intimacy with the Indians, his knowledge of the life of woodsmen and trappers and above all else his intense love of wild nature, for he has had close contact with animals in the wilds and with the haunts of the wild creature. He is frequently called a woodsman, and although he is a man of college training, at present holding a professorship in Northwestern University, at Evanston, near Chicago, every year he goes back for three or four months into the forest and renews his acquaintance with life in the woods.

His knowledge of wild life is so intimate that between his power of sketching and his power of mimicry he can create a forest on a stage and fill it with animals so that his audience can hear their strange cries.

A well known daily trying to give an idea of this man's knowledge and appreciation of the outdoors writes the following account:

"Lew Sarett is an interesting character, as virile and winning and interesting as the wild life from which he comes. Out of ten years of thrilling experience in the pathless Canadian forest, he pours his story of wilderness folk and wilderness ways of trails, tepees and tenderfeet. For several months of each year he worked in the Indian country of northern Minnesota and Ontario, Canada, and in the Rocky Mountains as a woodsman, a teacher of woodcraft, swimming and canoeing in sportmen's camps and as a forest ranger.

"Here he became the friend and comrade of the rugged, primitive men of the Canadian frontier, the trail blazers of the north. Here in the silent spaces of the great woods, he learned the secret of woodland life and woodland beasts. Here in the land of the "Great Spirit" he learned the ways of his friends, the Chippewa Indians.

"From his experiences in the great woods, he has secured material for his fascinating lecture and inspiration for poems and articles which have been published by leading publications. Work in the great woods furnished the money for Lew Sarett's education, and he used it well. He is a graduate of Beloit College and the law school of the University of Illinois and he has taken post graduate work at Harvard and the University of Michigan."

Lew Sarett was born May 16, 1888 in Chicago, Illinois, and reared in the State of Michigan and in the Lake Superior country.

While he took a degree in law from the University of Illinois in 1916, he never practiced for the reason as he expressed it, that "foot-loose adventures in the woods ruined him for any confined work." Since the age of sixteen he has spent much of his life in the Rocky Mountains and in the Canadian north. For eight years he worked as both woodsman and guide in that region. He has been a United States ranger and still spends part time in the remote districts of the national parks. He understands the frontiers and the folk of the frontiers as very few understand them. His first volume, *Many, Many Moons*, appeared in 1920. He calls it a book of wilderness poems and such it turns out to be, for it has captured the peculiar thought of the Indian as well as the spiritual values of nature in its untamed aspects. The *Box of God*, a lengthy poem, was published in 1921. It received the Levinson prize offered for poetry. It became the title poem for a volume in 1922, of which Mr. Untermeyer says, "Even the lyrics echo the wood sounds and scenes which are familiar to the Indian, even though it is not the Indian himself which speaks. Here are flute notes as well as the rattle of dried gourds and the daily insistence of the tom-tom."

Sarett's more recent poetry turns to social themes. His volume *Slow Smoke*, which was issued in 1925, gives a deeper insight into life than do his earlier poems.

Lew Sarett is a married man with children. The volume *Slow Smoke* is dedicated to his son, Lew Sarett, Jr. He refuses to live in the city of Chicago. He says no place is much more offensive to him than one of the well-known crossings on State Street, Chicago, which has the reputation of being, perhaps, the busiest corner in the world. He and his family hie to the mountains and there in front of a log fire, where the swaying of boughs may be heard and the song of birds, they read wholesome books in a wholesome manner, and are protected from the life of cheap commercial amusement so prevalent in cities.

"Four Little Foxes" is one of the poems that expresses his love for the wild things. There is a tenderness that sounds almost as if he were speaking of human kind:

FOUR LITTLE FOXES

Speak gently, Spring, and make no sudden sound;
For in my windy valley, yesterday I found
New-born foxes squirming on the ground—
Speak gently.

Walk softly, March, forbear the bitter blow;
Her feet within a trap, her blood upon the snow,
The four little foxes saw their mother go—
Walk softly.

Go lightly, Spring, oh, give them no alarm;
 When I covered them with boughs to shelter them from harm
 The thin, blue foxes suckled at my arm—
 Go lightly.

Step softly, March, with your rampant hurricane;
 Nuzzling one another, and whimpering with pain,
 The new little foxes are shivering in the rain—
 Step softly.

“Hang Me Among Your Winds” is a nature poem that breathes the deeply religious feeling of the author.

HANG ME AMONG YOUR WINDS

Hang me among your winds, O God,
 Above the tremulous stars,
 Like a harp of quivering silver strings,
 Showering, as it swings,
 Its tuneful bars
 Of eerie music on the earth.
 Play over me, God,
 Your cosmic melodies:
 The gusty overture for Spring's
 Caprice and wayward April's mirth;
 The sensuous serenade
 Of summer, languid in the alder glade;
 The wistful symphonies
 Of Autumn; and Winter's rhapsodies
 Among the drifted dunes—
 Her lullabies and her torrential tunes
 Moody with wild cadenzas, with fitful stress
 And poignant soundlessness.

“To a Grove of Silver Birches” is another example of his love of nature.

TO A GROVE OF SILVER BIRCHES

Good morning, lovely ladies! I've never seen
 You half so fair,—I swear;
 How beautiful your gowns of apple-green!
 And the ribbons in your hair!
 What rapture do you await? What coming swain?
 Such rustling of petticoats!
 Such wagging of heads and prinking in the rain!
 Such fluttering at your throats!
 Dear, winsome vestals, your flurry is no whim.
 I know your sly design;
 And why the sap goes pulsing up each limb
 Sparkling as apple wine.

O ladies, trick you in your gala-best;
 For out of the ardent South,
 Young April comes with a passion in his breast,
 And a kiss upon his mouth.

His poem "Feud" is suggestive of the clash of life that follows as one creature preys upon another, even though that creature be the hunter.

FEUD

Poor wayworn creature! O sorely harried deer,
 What drove you, quivering like a poplar-blade,
 To refuge with my herd? What holds you here
 Within my meadow, broken and afraid?

Tilting your nose to tainted air, you thrill
 And freeze to wailing wolves! For you the sound
 Of the coyotes eager for a tender kill?
 Or yet the baying of the hunter's hound?

Let fall your anguish, harried one, and rest;
 Bed yourself down among your kin, my cattle;
 Sleep unperturbed, no spoiler shall molest
 You here this night, for I shall wage your battle.

"When the Round Buds Brim" reminds us of the various seasons of the year.

WHEN THE ROUND BUDS BRIM

When April showers stain The hills with mellow rain, The quaking aspen tree, So delicate, so slim, In glittering wet festoons, Is a lovely thing to see— When the round buds brim And burst their fat cocoons, Like caterpillars, clean, And cool, and silver-green, Uncurling on the limb. And lovely when September, With magic pigment dyes The aspen stems with wings Of flimsy butterflies—	When the frosted leaf swings Its gold against the sun And dances on the bough. But when in bleak November The latest web is spun, And the gold has turned to dun,— When winds of winter call And the bare tree answers As the last leaves fall Like crumpled moths,—oh, now How sad it is to look Upon the leaves in the brook— So many tattered hosts, So many haggard ghosts, So many broken dancers.
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"Let Me Go Down to Dust" is one of Sarett's deeply religious poems.

LET ME GO DOWN TO DUST

Let me go down to dust and dreams
Gently, O Lord, with never a fear
Of death beyond the day that is done;
In such a manner as beseems
A kinsman of the wild, a son
Of stoic earth whose race is run.
Let me go down as any deer,
Who, broken by a desperate flight,
Sinks down to slumber for the night—
Dumbly serene in certitude
That it will rise again at dawn,
Buoyant, refreshed of limb, renewed,
And confident that it will thrill
To-morrow to its nuzzling fawn,
To the bugle-notes of elk upon the hill.

Let me go down to dreams and dust
Gently, O Lord, with quiet trust
And the fortitude that marks a child
Of earth, a kinsman of the wild.
Let me go down as any doe
That nods upon its ferny bed,
And, lulled to slumber by the flow
Of talking water, the muffled brawl
Of far cascading waterfall,
At last lets down its weary head
Deep in the brookmints in the glen;
And under the starry-candled sky,
With never the shadow of a sigh,
Gives its worn body back to earth again.

Questions and Problems

1. What do you think of the character of the poet from reading his verse?
2. Quote some lines that reveal his tenderness for the dumb creatures.
3. Do you think he has caught the characteristics of the various months he mentions in "When Round Buds Brim?"
4. Are your sympathies aroused for the hunted deer? Do you feel that the poet wishes to help us to love all of God's creatures?
5. Do you think his love for God has been increased by contact with nature and the animals and birds that live in the wilds? If so, why?

LESSON IV

Social Service

(Fourth Week in January)

THE CHILD-STUDY COURSE

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE TEXT

A unique bit of philanthropy has made possible *The Child: His Nature and His Needs*, the 500-page volume which the Relief Society has adopted as its text-book for the Child-study Course for the ensuing two years. The book is published by the Children's Foundation of Valparaiso, Indiana, and has been prepared by a number of eminent authorities, under the editorial supervision of Dr. M. V. O'Shea, professor of education at the University of Wisconsin.

The book is, without doubt, the most complete survey of present day knowledge concerning child nature and the methods of promoting the well-being and education of the young, that has ever appeared in one volume in our language.

The book, which sells for \$1.25 postpaid (from the Relief Society Headquarters), is available for only a small fraction of its actual manufacturing cost, by reason of a large gift made to the Trustees of the Children's Foundation—a non-profit making corporation chartered by the state of Indiana in 1921.

The Children's Foundation has for its objects, we learn, "the study of the child and the dissemination of knowledge promotive of the well-being of children." In the volume referred to, the Foundation has assumed the task of telling the reader "what is wheat and what is chaff" in our present day knowledge of the nature, well-being and education of children. It thus seeks to make this reliable information available to all persons, everywhere, "who are in immediate contact with children, fashioning their intellect; moulding their character, and influencing their physical development."

In the preparation of this volume a large group of experts have collaborated, all with one purpose. At the time each of the specialists was asked to write a chapter on his particular subject; the Foundation said at the outset, "It is expected that you will make a survey of what is known in your special department, and will present this knowledge in such phases and in such form that it can be readily understood and its information appreciated by those who are actually in contact with childhood and youth. It is further expected that you will show how the knowledge which you present related concretely and practically to the every-day problems of dealing with the young."

The book is written and its material organized on the assumption that a gulf exists between our knowledge of the nature and needs of the young and our practice in their care, training and treatment. That is to say, much more information is available on these subjects than is usually made use of. Hence, the attempt to sum up, interpret and apply the results of the outstanding experiments and investigations of recent years, regarding the nature and needs of childhood and youth, physically, intellectually and morally.

The book has three main parts:

- I. Present status of our knoweldge of child nature (7 chapters).
- II. Present status of our knowledge of child well-being (8 chapters).
- III. Present status of our knowledge of education (6 chapters).

Each part opens with a chapter entitled, "Bridging the Gap," etc., between our knowledge and our practice.

At the end of the volume is an excellent list of books for further reading. There is also an excellent sketch of the life and work of each one of the experts whose separate chapters make up the volume.

Each issue of the *Relief Society Magazine* will contain one lesson-outline. As far as possible each lesson will cover one entire chapter.

LESSON I

How Science is Bridging the Gap. The Theory and Practice of Child Training.

Based on Chapter I. *The Child: His Nature and His Needs.*

The first of the three parts of our text attempts to sum up and apply our present knowledge of child nature. It shows how the child's instincts, his intellect, his moral powers and his expressive abilities should be guided, if a strong character and a wholesome personality are to result. The suggestions for teaching and parental guidance are concrete and very practical.

The first chapter in Part One, however, is introductory. Some readers may, therefore, find it dry and hard to understand. For those who have not enjoyed the advantages of higher education, or have given little or no previous thought to these subjects, it is recommended that pages 1 to 16 be omitted, and that chapter one be considered as beginning on page 17, the thirteenth line from the top.

The author of this chapter, Dr. Bird T. Baldwin, Director of

the Iowa Child Welfare Research Station, is one of the most eminent authorities in the world on the nature and problems of the pre-school child, i. e., the child between two and six years. (The reader will do well to read the biographical sketch of Dr. Baldwin which appears on page 489 of the text.) In the event any of our groups are especially interested in this pre-school education movement, it is suggested that they write to Dr. Baldwin at the University of Iowa, Iowa City, for literature on the subject.

In this chapter, Dr. Baldwin's main point is: that the "science and practice of child development and training are more intimately associated today than ever before in the history of psychology and education. This means that many far-reaching changes in education will result. We must be sure, therefore, that teachers and parents alike are changing their methods of child training in order to keep pace with this advance.

*A. Experiments in Applying the Principles.
Individual Development to School Promotion.*

(Pages 17 to 20)

Have you ever stopped to think how we all differ from one another in size, strength, appearance, memory, perseverance, rate of learning, and in a thousand or more other different ways? And have you not wondered why, in view of these differences, children are taught in large classes as though they were identical with one another?

If individuals differ so widely, why do we not attempt more individual guidance of children, both in and out of school? Perhaps it is because such individual guidance would be too costly. Perhaps it is because teachers and most parents do not fully grasp the meaning of this fact. Certain it is that individual differences are, within certain limits, to be sure, greatly to be encouraged, since society places a premium upon originality and offers large rewards in money and prestige to those who possess it.

The school and the teacher, however, have not been slow to recognize the need for permitting the child to learn at his own best rate and to develop in those directions in which he has original talent.

Many excellent experiments have been performed, and are still in progress, which seek to point out how best to organize the school so as to permit of this individualized guidance and training.

It is to these experiments, described in the text as the Dalton plan, the Batavia plan, the Winnetka plan, etc., that the reader's attention is called.

Questions

1. What are the main points about these plans just referred to? How do they differ from one another?
2. Are any of these, or other similar experiments, being tried in your community? Make it a point to enquire of your local superintendent or principal on this point. They will welcome your interest in the matter, you may be assured.

B. The Open Mind and the Spirit of Inquiry.

(Pages 20 to 22)

"During the next decade we must look, in the main, to experimental education and educational practice as the chief sources for the discovery and formulation of new principles," says Dr. Baldwin. That is to say, what is sound in child-training must be a matter of fact and no longer a matter of opinion. The science of education is thus attempting to guide us out of the realm of practice based upon tradition and rule-of-thumb, to a system of child-training based upon verified principles.

It was Pestalozzi and Froebel, as the author points out, who first taught us how to test and prove our theories in education. Since the time of these men, however, there has developed what might be called an "experimental tradition" in education; the spirit and practice of trying out new ideas and testing their worth. So strong has this tradition become that many schools which were formerly called "training schools," are now called "laboratory schools." That is, instead of merely training teachers how to teach, these schools are now experimenting under laboratory (i. e. scientific) conditions with the "what to teach" and the "how to teach."

The outstanding laboratory schools in the United States are referred to and briefly described by the author. From this description the reader will gain some idea of the splendid work that now is going on in this field.

It is not too much to hope that each state, sooner or later, will maintain, at least one laboratory school, in order to contribute to the general movement and to study local problems. This, we understand, is the purpose of the William M. Stewart School at the University of Utah, and the Training School at the Brigham Young University.

Questions

1. Give an example or two of child-training practice based on opinion, and one or two based on fact.

2. What is meant by the author's statement (page 22) that "our laboratory schools of today are based on the principles of cooperative research and cooperative training"?

C. *Physical Development and School Progress.*

(Pages 22 to 30)

The basis of a strong character and a wholesome personality is a normal, healthy body. Teachers and parents know this, even though they sometimes neglect it.

It has long been agreed that the best single index of good health and nutrition in childhood is the weight and height of the child for his age. Dr. Baldwin and Dr. Thomas D. Wood have made it easy for parents and teachers to ascertain how a given child compares with other children in this matter, by consulting the weight-height-age tables for boys and girls up to 19 years of age, on pages 24 and 25 of the text. Every reader with children will therefore do well to measure and weigh her children, according to the method described in the text (page 26) and to satisfy herself in regard to such danger signs as excessive over and under weight.

Too long has the school determined a child's promotion and his mental development by the number of years he has lived. It is an established fact that some children mature faster, and some slower than the majority. This being true, children should be graded in school according to their combined chronological age, rather than upon one of these alone.

It has been determined scientifically that the degree of physical maturity has a great deal to do with mental development and the ability to do school work. Dr. Baldwin's results indicate clearly that as a general rule good mental development accompanies good physical growth during childhood. Dr. Lewis M. Terman, of Stanford University, recently announced similar results following an exhaustive study of genius, viz., that mentally superior children are more often physically superior than children of average mentality.

Questions

1. Wherein is it sound (or unsound) to recommend that tall, well-developed children be promoted "as rapidly as thoroughness and educational accomplishments will permit"? What are the dangers of "double-promotions," "repeating a grade," etc.? Discuss local instances of this practice.

2. What is the basis of grading pupils in the schools of your community? If you do not know, ask your local principal.

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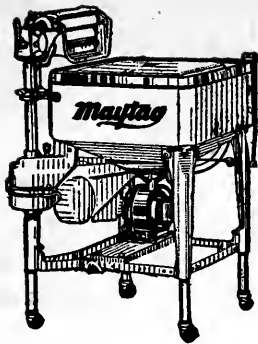
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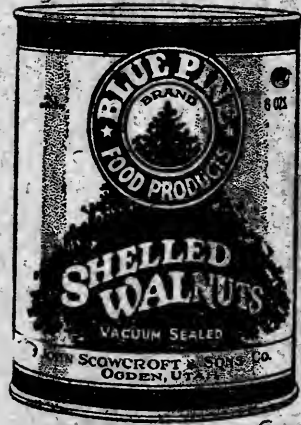
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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Vol. XIV

DECEMBER, 1927

No. 12

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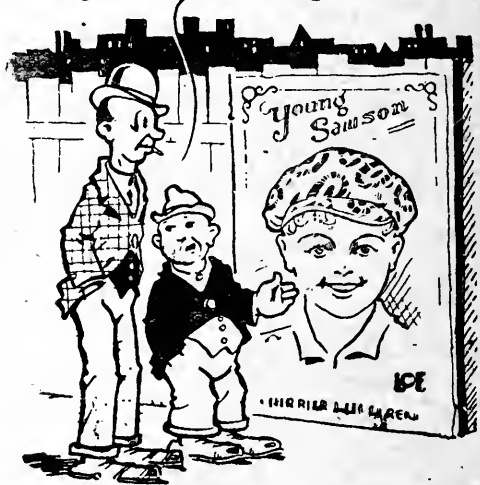
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Dixie's Santa Claus

The Indians had gathered around the crackling bonfire, on the old camp ground. It was Christmas Eve and the brown faces glowed with expectation.

Besides the regular Christmas allotment of beef, given them by the ward and a gift for each of them from the stake presidency, there was to be something else, no one knew just what.

How they laughed and jabbered as they crowded nearer to the fire to hear Brother George Wörthen tell them in their native tongue of the story of the Christ and of his blessed Christmas spirit.

They listened and then a smile came on the faces of the old Indians and squaws; a well-remembered and much loved name was spoken. Had they forgotten Anthony Ivins? Could they ever forget such a friend?

This year he had sent them all Christmas candy, and to old Simon and Shem, the two oldest Indians in Dixie, he had sent warm blankets.

The Christmas spirit was on the old camp ground that night and the Indian chant of pioneer days might have been heard as they went back to their wigwams, saying:

"Tony Ivins, he no cheat, Tony Ivins, he no cheat."

* * *

On the same Christmas Eve in a little town in Washington county one hundred and fifty children gathered with their parents, to hear Christmas carols sung and to receive a present sent to them from a beloved friend.

Happiness came to each child when a small Noah's Ark, filled with candy and a real chocolate Santa Claus steering the ark, was given him, a gift from southern Utah's best friend, President Anthony W. Ivins.

* * *

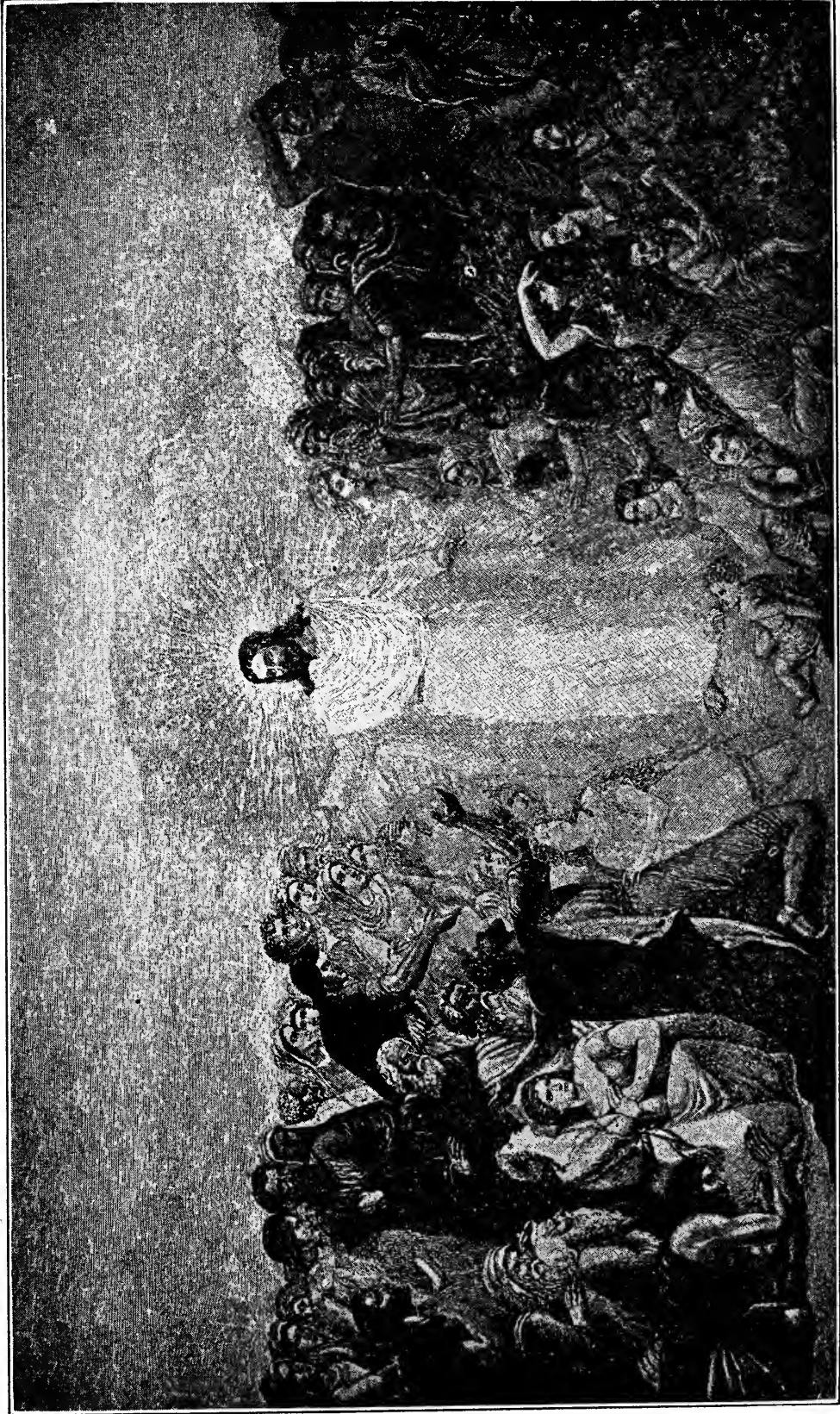
In the little town of Ivins, on Christmas Eve, the bell in the new Church belfry rang out the joy of Christmas tide.

On the frosty air, that night the bell might have told the world that its glad chimes were made possible, because of the thoughtfulness and generosity of President Ivins who gave this good gift to the little town struggling so hard for existence.

From Lowell's *Vision of Sir Launfal*, I quote the following lines which come to me as I write,

"The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a God goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

"Who gives himself with his alms, feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."



Painting by William T. Armitage

THE GLORIOUS APPEARING OF JESUS TO THE NEPHITES

The First Christmas in America At Zarahemla

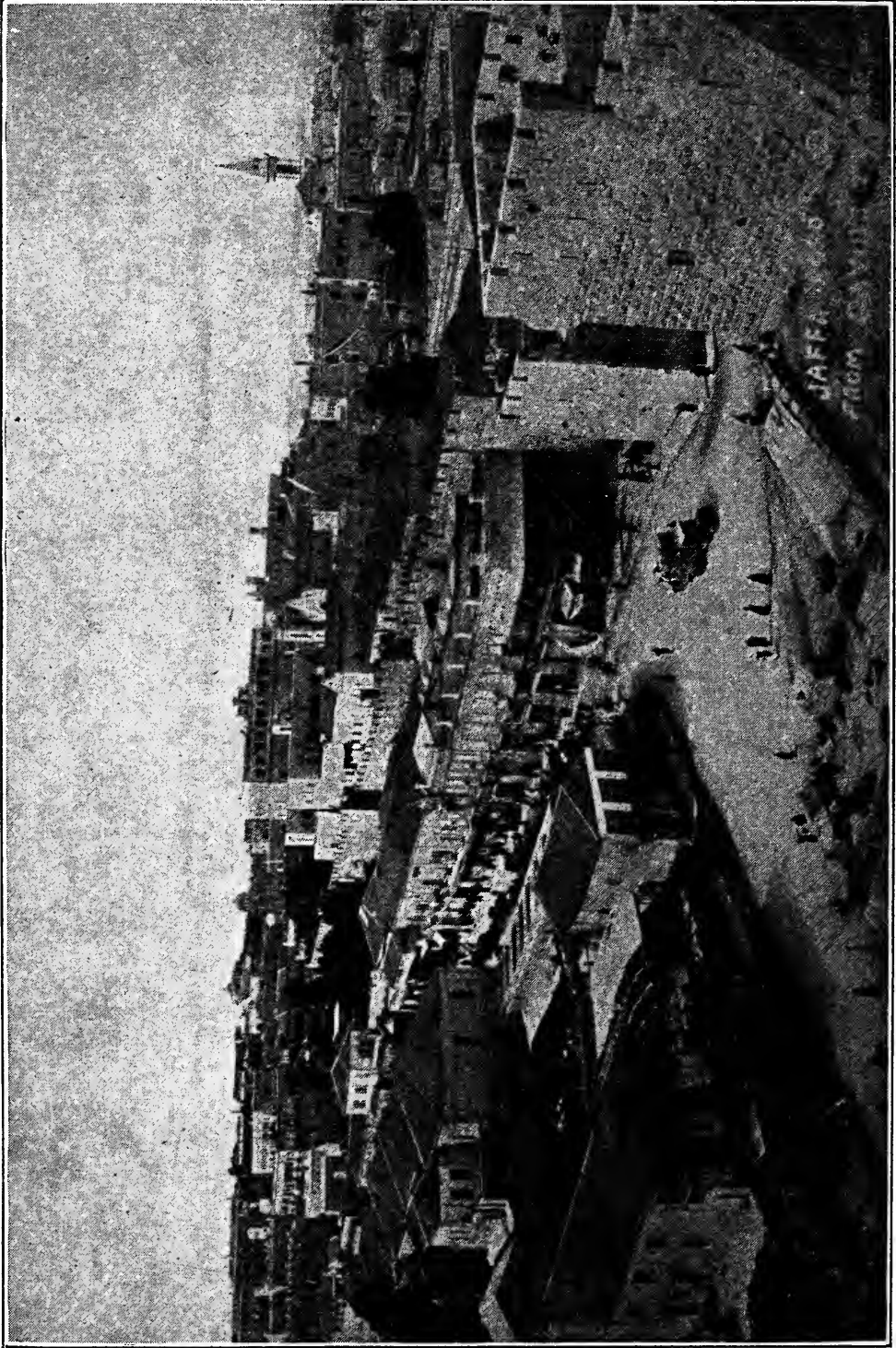
By *Samantha T. B. Foley*

Where fruitful palms cast sombre shade
O'er flowering hedge and verdant lea
The sun sailed on toward the west
With wings spread o'er the peaceful sea,
The faithful thronged the temple halls,
And gazing from it's towers afar
Toward the land of Bethlehem
They saw a glorious, rising star.

Yet men profane defied the light
And o'er the highway in their ire
They came to mock the prophet's voice
Or slay him on the funeral pyre;
Then, while the Saints sang "Peace on earth,"
A rosy light sprayed endless space,
Blazing on every mountain height
And in the vale and woodland place.

That time desired, three days in one,
Blest signal of the Savior's birth,
When showers of light in rainbow hues
From stars on high came pouring forth
To bathe all nature with it's flame
And every vesper slumber wake,
To sparkle on the temple spires
And beauty mirror on the lake.

First Christmas eve, when angels sang
Sublimest melodies to man;
The earth baptized by heaven's fire,
Our Christian era then began.
Again the faithful catch the tones
Which echoed from those strains of love
And wait the signal of Christ's star
To mark his coming from above.



JAFFA ROAD FROM DAVID'S TOWER. THE NEW JERUSALEM

THE Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XIV

DECEMBER, 1927

No. 12

In View of Sinai

*By Dr. Franklin S. Harris,
President of Brigham Young University*

As I write this I am looking at Mount Sinai which rears its head 8,593 feet above sea level. It is thirty-seven miles away so I am not able to tell very much about the composition of its rock. I am sailing north, up the Red Sea or more exactly the Gulf of Suez, because if you look at your map you will see that, at the upper end, the Red Sea divides into the Gulf of Suez on the west; and the Gulf of Akaba, on the east. The former runs north and west for about one hundred and fifty miles whereas the latter runs northeast about a hundred miles. It is in the land between these two that the children of Israel are supposed to have done most of their wandering.

It has taken us longer to go up the Red Sea by boat than it takes to go by train from New York to San Francisco. The Red Sea from the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb to the Gulf of Suez is about 1,300 miles and it has a maximum width of about 200 miles. Wherever land has been seen along the way it has seemed to be tremendously dry—drier than anything I have ever seen except a few small places in Northern Mexico.

This morning, as we came into the Gulf of Suez, the Sinaitic range came into view. It extends northwest and southeast parallel with the shore of the gulf, although the mountains proper, are a few miles inland. Mount Sinai itself, is not in the front range and cannot, therefore, be seen all the way. Only a few minutes ago it came into view as we looked up a canyon. In a few minutes more it will be hidden by the mountains in front of it.

In general outline the Sinaitic range is not unlike the Wasatch range between Nephi and Brigham City, except that here on the borders of the Red Sea the mountains are much more barren than any I have seen in America.

The passengers of the boat have been studying the mountains on both sides of the gulf all day with powerful glasses and it is only rarely that we have been able to see a tree or anything green. It may be that the range at the rear supports more vegetation.

Extending from the waters edge, for five or ten miles, and rising probably one thousand feet in this distance, is a sandy slope which seems to be entirely devoid of vegetation. It is evidently an old shore line for there is every evidence of an uplift all through this region during late geologic time, resulting in a

very considerable shore. In some islands in the gulf, these beach marks show very clearly and there are evidences of levels where the water remained at the same level for considerable time, something like the bench marks of our own Lake Bonneville.

On the Egypt side of the gulf there is much less uniformity in the structure of the mountains. Looking off to the southwest there is a high range with jagged peaks which very much resemble the saw tooth range in Idaho. Directly to the west are lower hills made up of stratified material which is eroded, much like the bad lands of eastern Utah.

This whole region in spite of its extreme aridity is full of interest which is tied up with beginnings of human history. To the west, in Egypt, is the oldest known civilization of the world; to the east Moses led the children of Israel, and it is there that he is supposed to have received the laws which have had such far-reaching effects all down through the ages.

The nineteenth and twentieth chapters of Exodus, tell of the wanderings of the children of Israel in the wilderness of Sinai and of the call of Moses into the mount and of his receiving the Ten Commandments. I should like to incorporate these two chapters into this article, but since I am a great believer in consulting original sources, I suggest that the reader read his own Bible. I hope that this description of the situation where these things took place will give added interest to the narrative, just as the re-reading of them is more interesting to me here in view of Sinai than it has ever been before.

The Beautiful Babe

Ethel Allen Kilgore

O, the beautiful Babe
 In a halo of light,
 The beautiful Babe
 In a manger, that night,
 And the stars in the sky
 Shone over Him, bright.
 The beautiful Babe,
 Our Lord Jesus.

O, the beautiful Babe,
 In the poor stable there,
 Whom the prophetess, Anna,
 Received with great care,
 And witnessed for Him
 With praises and prayer,
 The beautiful Babe,
 Our Lord Jesus.

The shepherds who watching
 Their flocks on the hill,
 Saw a wonderful star,
 And followed until
 It paused o'er the manger,
 Remaining quite still
 O'er the beautiful Babe,
 Our Lord Jesus.

A Gift Shop at Christmas Time

By Minnie J. Hardy

Just when the owner of The Gift Shop, had decided to sell the lease and close out the stock, the manager was suddenly taken ill.

I was very much in need of a little change for "mind, body and estate" and as the position was offered to me, I decided to go down and take charge of the sale.

I opened the shop at 9 a. m. and just as I started to dust off the show cases, a little girl, with a small purse clasped in her tiny hand, entered. Her beautiful little face was radiant with the joy that only the heart of a trusting child can experience. The joy of giving, with no thought of reward except the gratitude and appreciation of the loved one who is to receive the gift.

"I want to buy a present for my mama," she lisped.



CARLYON KHEENE
MY FIRST CUSTOMER

"Yes, dear," I answered. "What do you think your mama would like?"

"Truly, I don't just know. I want something nice but it must

not cost too much for I must buy something for baby brother."

"Oh! that will be darling for him," she spied a small unbreakable mush set, bowl, plate and pitcher, with a picture of a dog following a jolly old Santa Claus, stamped on either side.

"How much does that cost?" she inquired cautiously.

I told her the price was seventy-five cents.

"I'll buy that for brother. I know he will like it," she remarked, "But, I must buy mama's present first. See, I have five dollars."

My small customer, seeing so many pretty things, was getting a little bewildered so I came to her rescue and suggested:

"Here is a beautiful Venetian glass bowl with a dark stand. Mother can use it either for fruit or flowers. It will make an attractive center piece for the table or buffet. It is only one dollar and seventy-five cents. This is a gift any lady would enjoy and appreciate."

My interesting young shopper hesitated for a moment then answered:

"I'll take one please. Mama will like a blue one best. Now let me see—I must find something for my girl friend."

We looked about, she pricing many articles. Finally she decided on a small, unique bottle of perfume. Seventy-five cents more, a total of three dollars and twenty-five cents.

"How much does that cost?" she asked, looking wistfully at a tiny, blue and gold Bohemian glass trinket in the show case.

Before our sale, it had been priced at two dollars, but as it was slightly damaged, just a little nick in the rim, which no one would ever notice in the wide world, it gave me a chance to offer the dear child a real bargain. I examined it carefully, pondered in a thoughtful manner and finally said: "You may have this exquisite crystal heart for twenty-five cents."

Her face was like the spring flowers when they lift their heads to greet the sunshine after an April shower.

"I'll buy it," she exclaimed and handed me her five dollar bill.

I gave her the change, packed the gifts in a strong box and placed them in her tiny, outstretched arms.

"Carry it carefully, won't you, my dear?"

"Oh yes, I'll be very careful. Thank you for helping me. I did not think I could buy so much for the money, good-bye."

The shop was flooded with sunshine. Truly, my work was going to be very pleasant, if it meant dispensing happiness and receiving it two-fold.

MANLY YOUTH AND LOVELY MAIDEN

A handsome, young man with a sweet girl clinging to his coat sleeve, were my next customers.

"I see you have some jewelry in the window," he remarked, "we would like to look at some rings."

The sweet girl blushed as she cast an admiring glance at her hero.

I placed two trays of rings on the show case. Evidently, they were not what they were looking for. Then, these two young people looked at each other with an expression that only love can impart to human eyes and with a silent telepathy that only lovers can understand. Then the young man said courageously, "It is a wedding ring we want. We are going to be married in the Temple tomorrow morning."

Ah! did I not know? Had I not had the great experience? How well I remembered my simple little wedding ring, and oh! the inexplicable joy it brought to me. I found a tray of the very latest in wedding rings, from which the happy pair selected a narrow platinum band, and I saw tears of joy in the sweet girl's eyes as her handsome lover placed the shining circle upon her slender finger.

Manly youth and lovely maiden. Of all God's marvelous creation, the most perfect and beautiful.

As I reached under the counter to find a suitable box for the ring, I found myself recalling some lines written a long time ago by our beloved American poet Henry W. Longfellow:

"Love is sunshine, hate is shadow.
Life is checkered, shade and sunshine,
Rule by love O Hiawatha!
See the moon looks down upon us
Fills our lodge with magic splendor,
O my children, day is restless, night is quiet.
Man imperious, woman feeble.
Rule by patience, Laughing Water."

And somewhere it has been said, "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

I wished them a long life of happiness and prosperity. They thanked me and went their way rejoicing.

BUSINESS PLUS—

Then came Miss C——, the wholesome, practical business, bachelor girl, selecting Christmas presents for her employees.

"Something pretty and useful, yet not too expensive. You see I have so many people to remember." Pondering, smiling, she selected a variety of gifts, then the generous woman heart overcame the practical business head. Miss C. was so completely captivated by the Christmas spirit, that she threw prudence and economy to the wind and bravely chose a beautiful French cut, steel-beaded bag.

"Put this away for sister's Christmas present," she whispered, "it is for a surprise. She must not know about it."

My next customer was the wife of a grandson of the famous

and much beloved pioneer Brigham Young. Her purchases selected, she instructed me to send them to a given address, with the explanation: "I am due at a meeting of the Relief Society right now," and hurried away.

Other shoppers required my attention for quite a while, and when I found time to wrap up Mrs. Young's package, I found I



DALLIN'S "APPEAL TO THE GREAT SPIRIT"

had unfortunately lost her address. I finally obtained her address from the telephone directory.

IN FAR AWAY ITALY

"Please madame, I would like to buy that leetle monument in the window. How much heem cost?"

I raised my head from beneath the counter where I was unpacking some additional stock and was greeted thus, by a sturdy, bronze son of sunny Italy, clad in clean, new overalls, the uniform

of the honest working man, the producer and builder.

"I'd like to buy heem, the leetle monument, because he look up to hees God, so!"

The Italian raised his hands with a quaint gesture so typical of the people of southern Europe and cast his dark eyes heavenward in a reverential manner that was quite picturesque.

"That, I explained is called, 'The Appeal to the Great Spirit.' Designed by Mr. Cyrus Dallin, a native of Springville, Utah. I am told a Ute Indian posed for the artist. They are often used for book ends or ornaments for the desk or mantel."

"I like heem," he repeated. "He look up. How much heem cost?" He reached for his purse.

"You can buy a pair for twelve dollars or a single statue for six dollars. They are cast in bronze and will last forever." I informed him.

With hands that were hard and rough from honest toil, this son of Rome counted his money carefully and hesitated—. Then the soul of the artist, the descendant of a hundred ancestors who had understood and loved the fine arts for which Italy is so famous, decided:

"I'd like to have two, he is so beautiful. I like to send this leetle monument home for my madre in Tuceny. She always say: 'Merricutio, my son, look up. God, he not down, he is up. Look up to heem and pray and he will help you.' And he has helped me madame; in one more year, my madre, she will come to live with me. I worka for de Utah Power and Light Companee. Da maka de light fora de city. I buy a small house and garden. My madre she will have a cow and chickens, she will be verree happee here with me. Wrap heem up, yes! I taka two, one will go to Tuceny. I thank you madame, verree, verree much. These things da maka me verree happee inside my heart."

The Italian laborer closed the door—. The store seemed very quiet and in that tranquil stillness, I kept thinking, "Look up to God, he will help you." Yes! years ago when my eyes were blinded with tears of sorrow and trouble, I found a light amid the darkness and heard a voice which said: "Look to the hills, from whence cometh thy strength," and amid the glory and magnificent beauty of the mountains, I found help from God for every need, courage to weather every storm, peace and harmony sufficient to supply every day with a liberal measure of happiness.

The day wore away. It was during the Latter-day Saints fall conference. The city was full to overflowing with people from all parts of the state, enjoying delightful meetings in the tabernacle and ward meeting houses and between these brotherly and sisterly gatherings, many of them spent pleasant moments purchasing presents to take back to the dear ones at home. A book for Uncle Joshua, a fancy tea pot for grandma. China dishes for Aunt

Catherine and Mary Jane. Rings and bracelets for the dear girls at home. This, that and something else. It was very late when the last of these interesting shoppers left the store. I gladly counted my cash and closed up for the night.

THE CHILD OF A PIONEER

The early autumn morning heralding our hazy Indian summer, dawned bright and beautiful. The mountains and foothills were a blaze in their royal robes of red and gold. The Aspen leaves were shimmering, golden chandeliers reflecting the glory of the sun-flowers and rabbit bush that carpeted the valley and hill-sides. Nature, like a middle-aged society hostess, smiled on all the world.

How I did enjoy that delightful walk through the temple grounds that never-to-be-forgotten morning. For a brief moment, I had lived with the pioneers. It seemed I could see the plodding oxen, patiently hauling those huge blocks of granite from the distant mountains, one at a time, day after day, winter and summer. Cheerfully working, hoping, planning this great perfect, picturesque house of God. Their labor, which was indeed a labor of love has been finished for many years, and all of us that now enjoy the fruits of their hard toil, should daily raise our voices in thanks and praise for the lesson of courage, patient perseverance and unfaltering faith they taught and for the houses of worship they have erected for us to enjoy. But, alas! work "ladies" have no time to loiter in the temple grounds on week-day mornings. The shop must be opened in good time and so farewell for a little while to the Sea Gull monument, the first pioneer home, the great historic Tabernacle and the lovely fragrant flowers around that magnificent temple with its great golden statue of Moroni, forever heralding his message of everlasting life to all the world.

I placed my stock on display and found I was unusually happy. Life seemed to have a much more pleasant outlook, as bread cast upon the waters, I found by helping to make others happy, happiness was returning to me, yea, an hundred fold.

"Good morning, sister," I greeted a little wrinkled old lady, who afterward told me she was the daughter of early pioneers, born in a covered wagon as her parents were crossing the plains. "My! my! but this is a lovely morning." She placed her hand bag and several other packages on the counter. "But, my land's sakes, all of our mornings are lovely here in Utah. Why, I tell my grandson, we don't need to die to go to heaven these days, for heaven is right here on earth; yes ma'am, right here in Utah. Brigham Young surely knew what he was talking about when he said: 'This is the place.'"

"Yes, I'll take one of them Indian baskets. It will be just the thing to keep my stockings and mending in."

There seemed a vacant place in the store when my optimistic

customer closed the door. A woman who had weathered the hardships of the new frontier; who had endured gaunt poverty that grinds the heart and gaping loneliness that starves the soul. This simple child of the grey desert and dismal foothills, with no opportunity for an education of any kind, had learned the greatest lesson life has to offer; how to find Paradise here on earth.

ESTHER HUNT

"Good morning," I instantly recognized the musical voice of my Mrs. Young.

"Oh! Mrs. Young—," I began.

"That is perfectly all right. I'm in no hurry," interrupted the melodious voice. I just came to tell you I have decided to take one of those Esther Hunt heads. They are so sweet and natural, just like a little Chinese child. Every time I look at them I recall these lines of a song I learned in Sunday school years ago."

She sang in a low, rich voice.

"Red and yellow, black and white
All are precious in His sight."

"I love all children, they are a joy to me, and Esther Hunt is surely a great artist. Her faces are so beautiful and tender."

"Yes, Mrs. Young," I went on to explain, "Esther Hunt traveled in China and got the little children of the Orient to pose for her work, so they are copied with the vividness of life."

"I want this head for a Christmas present for my daughter," the lady stated as she paid me and again graciously gave me her address.

Fortunate daughter to have such a mother. All mothers love their children, but there are many who do not understand that we cannot live by bread alone; that there are times in our lives when we must have food to satisfy our famished intellect, and that is why God created Raphael, Esther Hunt, Cyrus Dallin, Rose O'Neil and other great artists, God bless them. I hope years after my Mrs. Young has gone to her reward, her daughter will look lovingly at the face of the little Chinese child and say: "My mother gave me this. Mother was always so thoughtful and so dear; the very best friend I ever had. I would not take all the money in the world for mother's precious gift, it means so much to me."

INCENSE

Then there came the tall, stout, middle-aged woman whose hands told of hard work; a clean, tidy kitchen; well-cooked meals; neatly mended clothes and everything in its place. She was accompanied by a prosperous, old-fashioned man who had passed middle age and who was now enjoying the fruits of honest toil, combined with the good business management of his excellent.

competent companion, who had proved herself a helpmate through all the years.

"What can I do for you today?" I asked cheerily.

"Oh, we are just looking around," promptly replied Prosperous Husband. But to his astonishment, his wife boldly walked forward and inquired if I had any incense.

Prosperous Husband looked at his companion as if he thought she had lost her senses.

"Incense! What is that?" he questioned.

"Oh, it smells like a camp fire at night, and I love the smell of burning boughs. Ever since we have had gas to cook with, I have missed the smell of the tamarac and pines I used to burn when the children were small. Don't you remember when Ephraim was a baby, how he used to sit on the floor, near the old fashioned fire-place, and clap his little hands, when you came 'stomping' in with an armful of pine and cedar?"

"Oh, well, Ma, if you want it, get it, but remember you was the one who wanted a gas stove." His voice sounded like the booming of funeral guns over the grave of some departed soldier.

I could read his thoughts—, "Whatever will the women folks want next?"

"Yes, Pa, I did want gas, it is so much cleaner and easier to cook with. I am not as young as I used to be and since Amos is a bishop and Ephraim president of this stake, I want to have everything nice and up to date when they come home with their stylish wives; and why shouldn't I? We can afford it, and that is just why I want the incense."

"Now, I know why Maude's house smells like a Chinese Joss house." Prosperous Husband smiled grimly as if he had something on the women of the family and continued: "I thought she had burned the jelly she was making, so I didn't say anything. It just smells like burnt nutmeg to me. A waste of money, I call it. But, here you are." Reluctantly he handed her a five dollar bill, saying: "We came to town to enjoy ourselves, so go ahead."

Being in possession of real money, the starved soul of the woman asserted itself; she decided she wanted a bottle of perfume and one of fine French bath salts; a bag of sachet powder, and as the shadows deepened on Prosperous Husband's gloomy countenance, she selected a picture of a robin sitting in the snow and singing as if his tiny throat would burst.

I expected an explosion at any moment, but nothing happened. The faithful woman, who had been a successful wife and mother, with one son president of a Church stake organization; another son in a ward bishopric, paid her bill and departed for further shopping.

I knew full well why she wanted that picture. The Optimist—, her brave heart had sung as she worked through the dark days

and the lean years; through the storms of adversity and trials; through bitter disappointments; sickness, and even when the Grim Reaper, had entered the little home and carried away her loved ones, she had been found "Standing By," the very backbone of the whole family. It was her willing, efficient hands that had helped to guide the family ship through the rough storms of hardship and trouble, and now that prosperity had come to make her home with them she could afford to soar to the blue sky of happiness, which to her meant: a home imparting the odor of pine boughs; bed linen fragrant with the perfume of lavender and wild violets, these for her successful children when they came home to visit.

A GREAT GRANDSON OF BRIGHAM YOUNG

A bright, sturdy little boy with an earnest expression on his handsome face stood near the counter.

"Sonny, what would you like?" was my greeting.

"How much is that statue of Brigham Young in the window?" he questioned.

"That, my boy, was one dollar and fifty cents before our sale, but you may have it for seventy-five cents," I told him.

He counted his money, two quarters, two dimes and five pennies.

"I'll take it," he declared smiling. "I want to give it to mother. Brigham Young is mother's grandfather."

He gazed proudly toward the great bronze statue of the famous pioneer in the middle of the street. "Mother will love to have it. She says, if we are only half as kind and loving, strong and brave as he was, she will always be proud of us." Hugging the gift close to his happy, little heart he hurried away.

ADORABLE

Who ever said work is a hardship? Why, my work was proving to be a fountain of pleasure; a regular storehouse of happiness, just waiting to be distributed and carried into homes here in the city. Besides, every day the mails were taking by parcel post to a far away favored one some substantial remembrance from Utah.

A beautiful little miss about sixteen and her indulgent father, who resembled the old-fashioned pictures of Andrew Jackson, were my next callers. He explained that his daughter was to give a party to some girl friends and she wished to buy six small presents.

"No, Daddy dear, I don't want beads, nor a compact. They are 'blase'." Her dainty, well-poised head was held high. "No, Daddy dear, I really don't care for perfume. Oh no! I could not give combs or handkerchiefs, I really couldn't."

Surely this young girl had a mind of her own which I admired very much. She would know what she wanted when she

found it, but it must be novel and different. Here, thinks I, is where I must be an unbound edition of Moses and Solomon combined. It requires wisdom and tact to handle this parcel of real knowledge and loveliness. I thereby drew her attention to some small French China powder boxes, that resembled young ladies.

"Observe," said I, "these dainty little ladies, who are dressed in the fashion of the French Revolution. See! you just lift one up and there beneath the ruffles and puffs of her full skirt, is the powder box. You will not find anything like them any place else in the city."

"Oh, Daddy, dear, these are quite adorable. Don't you think so? So adorable, very, very new. I will take six of these. Please give me one of each color, blue, pink, green, lavender, yellow and violet. The girls will be delighted, don't you think so, Daddy, dear? I know Imogene and Alice Mary will just love them. I adore these unusual presents, don't you, Daddy?"

Daddy readily agreed they were adorable and remarked: "Sweetheart, you will need some favors. Here are some very pretty ones." He picked up a little Japanese lady made of silk and gold cloth. But "Sweetheart" would have none of them.

"No, Daddy, dear, I cannot use these when I am to have ships."

Ships, it is, thinks I.

Ships were produced and decided upon. Daddy paid the bill, raised his high hat, proudly helped his darling daughter into the waiting Rolls-Royce and drove away.

I hope sometime in the distant years to come, "Sweetheart" will be a Congress woman, but whatever she decides upon, she will be a success. That's a settled fact.

GOD FORBID

As I was replacing my disordered stock, a well-dressed, self-satisfied appearing woman approached me.

"Have you anything in a 'lady's smoker?'" she asked.

"Leapin' lizzards!" my jaws came together like a trap. "A lady's smoker?" Angels and minister of grace defend us. I excused myself and hastened to the back of the store, trying to regain my composure and get control of my old fashioned Welsh temper. I wanted to say, and very emphatically, too: "Ladies don't smoke. Leave this shop immediately." But, I knew my employer would not approve of such a procedure. He would not want me to be uncivil or rude to anyone, although I knew he would disapprove of a woman smoking just as much as I do.

I thought of my darling little daughter, sleeping on the flower-covered slope of Owen's Valley, and I would much rather go to my grave with a lonely heart and empty arms than to have her grown to womanhood and become a victim of that vile, injurious,

degrading habit. I dashed the tears of righteous indignation from my eyes and said mentally: "Hortense, you are slipping. Get a grip on yourself. Remember Lord Byron said: 'My faithful dog, I envy thee thy speechless tongue.'"

Withal, I could not help thinking that grandma was the daughter of a Welsh nobleman. Mother was for two years, a lady in waiting for the Dowager Duchess of Cumberland and father always said his cousin Ann Johnson, was housekeeper for the Earl De Gray at Castle—, Howard Castle for many years; yet, in all the forty-nine years-plus that I have lived on this terrestrial sphere, thirty of them spent with the aforesaid experienced authority on the subject of noblemen and women, I had never heard of a "lady's smoker."

No one to my knowledge ever smoked but poor, ignorant, peasant women, and women whom I would blush to name on these pages. However, when I returned, I mustered up a faint smile and said: "We do not keep anything of that kind. I thank you."

How I wish there was a law to invest some good judicial, motherly, old lady with the authority to take that misguided, erring, spoiled child of God over her knee and give her a sound spanking; right where she deserved it most.

IN MEN WHOM MEN CONDEMN AS ILL

The weather was rapidly becoming colder. The October days were growing shorter. Lights were turned on at five o'clock. My employer, requested me to keep the shop open until nine, as it would only be ten days until the sale was over. My assistant, a young girl who had journeyed alone, all the way from South Africa that she might enjoy the privileges of the Latter-day Saints Church, went home at six p. m. so, I spent the remaining three hours alone. The first part of the evening passed most pleasantly.

A gracious little lady from Kentucky, who had been obliged to come to Utah on business and finding our prices much cheaper than in the east or south, spent some time selecting a cashmere rug; a China breakfast set, designed and painted by the peasant women of Czechoslovakia; two Aztec water bottles; a Japanese lemonade set; several brass candle sticks and two French vases. These beautiful purchases were to be sent to adorn her home in Mount Sterling, Kentucky. "A fortune in a wife is worth a thousand times more than a fortune with a wife." Happy and fortunate indeed is the husband who is blessed with such a charming, frugal and lovely wife as Mrs. Kilpatrick.

I looked at the clock—fifteen minutes to nine. I was tired and eager to close the place of business and go home. A gentleman sauntered in and asked to see some moccasins.

"What size, please?" I placed the desired moccasins in two

different designs upon the counter saying: "These are made of elk hide. They will wear well and give comfort. We also have these beaded ones."

A shabbily dressed man entered and without speaking, walked down to the end of the store and stood looking into a show case very close to the cash register. Some way, I was filled with misgivings. I excused myself and went to the new customer and asked: "What can I do for you tonight?"

He gazed at me with a strange, desperate expression on his unshaven face and replied that he wanted a souvenir of Salt Lake. I felt a little afraid. I didn't like the thought of being left alone in the store with this stranger. I hoped he would leave before the other customer. But the gentleman who wanted the moccasins, came down to my counter with a pair of beaded ones.

"I'll take this pair," he said.

Like lightning, the thought passed through my mind: "Render therefore unto Caesar, the things which are Caesar's." I knew there was about one hundred and seventy-five dollars in the cash register. For a moment I felt bewildered, but pretending to be a trifle annoyed, I remarked: "These moccasins are three twenty five. I hope you have the exact change, my employer—"

"I understand," broke in the gentleman. "It isn't safe to keep any large sum on hand, so I am pleased to pay you the exact amount." He glanced carelessly at the shabby stranger.

I rang it up on C drawer, the money was in D and E drawers, as we had been using these all day.

"Please look around, you may find something else you might like," I hinted pleasantly, hoping in this way to detain him until the other man would leave. But he hurried away. The door closed and I was alone with this suspicious looking character.

"Here are a few inexpensive souvenirs," I commenced.

The man was leaning against the counter in a slouched position facing me. Quick as a flash the hand which he held in the right outside pocket of his coat was jerked upward and pointed at me. A cold chill went down my spine. In a hoarse, hollow voice that trembled, he exclaimed: "Missus, I don't want souvenirs, I reckon what you and that gent said the boss has taken the cash home with him, but you took in some money for them shoes, get it quick and don't holler."

To say I was frightened was putting it mild indeed. My hair stood on end, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." I realized how Hamlet must have felt when he saw his father's ghost. I gave the man the money and believe me I did not hesitate. Anything to get rid of him. It was the first time in my life I had been held up, but instead of leaving the shop, the man's

legs, as well as his voice, trembled, both failed him; he managed to gasp.

"Thank ye, lady," then slumped down on a stool and sobbed bitterly.

I was so astonished I did not know what to do or say, but someway two thousand years of trouble, anguish, sin and sorrow rolled away and I heard a gentle voice saying:

"Render unto God the things that are God's."

"The foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." Then I wondered how much of that money belonged to Caesar anyway. Quick as a flash I was on the other side of the counter.

My brother, hungry, here in this great productive state of Utah? God forbid. I could not doubt him. I lost all sense of fear. The Bible says: "Fear hath torment." Thank God, I was free, for "perfect love casteth out fear."

The man looked up and saw the changed expression on my face.

"Missus," he questioned, "why ain't you afraid of me?"

"Why should I be afraid of my brother? I will help you." I answered calmly.

"Lady, I ain't a criminal, honest. I have no gun, that was only my pipe I had in my pocket. I'm sick and hungry. Don't give me up to the cops. It is the first time in my life I ever tried to rob anyone, and you, you look like my mother."

"Come, come, I said briskly. Of course, you are not a criminal. I would not let you be one. I will lend you that money. Let it be a business deal. When you feel better, I will help you to find employment, then you can return the loan. Brace up! It's a good hot supper you need."

"Lady, do ye mean that ye won't give me up?" he cried brokenly in a dazed, bewildered manner.

"Of course, I mean every word I say. Why shouldn't I help you? You are ill but you will soon feel better. I have a friend who owns a garage and only today, he told me he needs a man to clean cars. You can do that work, I know. He pays union wages and if you make good, I am sure he will keep you."

"Lady," he began—then his voice choked and he could say no more.

"Come," I said, "I will go with you to a restaurant."

As he rose to his feet, he brushed the tears of gratitude from his eyes and a faint smile appeared about the corners of his drooping mouth.

"Missus, you are a true friend."

I left him in a nearby restaurant, sitting before well filled plates and very busily employed.

"Good night, brother, come tomorrow at nine a. m. and I will accompany you to the garage," I said at parting.

I hurried back to the shop, to find the janitor there ready to begin sweeping.

"Oh, Mr. Anderson," I explained, "I haven't put my cash in the safe."

I counted the money with a thankful heart and as I put the cash away and covered the stock that was on display on tables and counters, my mind wandered back to the last night I spent with my dear friend, that great, magnificent, picturesque Californian—, Joaquin Miller, the Poet of the Sierras. We sat on the steps of his small mountain cabin on the Heights and watched the glorious sun go drifting out across the blue Pacific, and later as the twinkling stars lit up the purple canopy above the great, busy city of San Francisco, my friend of the white soul and kind heart, put his arm lightly across my shoulders and said with deep feeling:

"My dear, my work on earth is nearly finished. My soul will soon embark. My ashes will be strewn here among the trees I have planted and love so well. As we sit here and gaze out beyond the Golden Gate, I keep thinking of that poem you wrote for me:"

The air is chill and the night grows late,
 And the moon rides high o'er the Golden Gate.
 Her silver luster, she flashes down
 On the silent fort and the sleeping town.
 In the shimmering distance I see a sail,
 That leaves in its wake a glowing trail.
 On that phantom barque, I will go in state
 To my heavenly home, through the Golden Gate.

I sat on the step just below him and rested my head against his knee. I could not speak. I was lost in a profound reverie.

"Yes, my dear," he continued. "It will only be a little while. I am going to give you my book, I want you to keep it to remember me by when I am gone to Paradise. I have marked one of my favorite poems. It is one I wrote when I placed a wreath of California flowers on the grave of George Gordon Lord Byron, one of England's sweetest singers."

Remember Joaquin Miller! The memory of that wonderful night and that marvelous poem will remain with me while life lasts:

In men whom men condemn as ill,
 I find so much of goodness still;
 In men whom men have called divine,
 I find so much of sin and blot
 I would not dare to draw a line
 Between the two, where God has not.

My employer is a busy man, busy with the affairs of the

L. D. S. Church, so I did not tell him of my cash register experience. I knew him to be a kind, just man who seasoned his justice with a liberal measure of mercy, and would approve of whatever I thought best to do under the circumstances, so I deemed it best to say nothing.

Just as I was ready to go home the night before we closed out, my forlorn friend called upon me. What a change had taken place. He was no longer a forlorn, hungry outcast, but an honest working man, clean shaven, neatly dressed and wearing a smile that did my eyes good to look upon.

"Good evenin', Missus," his voice sounded strong and vibrant.

I greeted him pleasantly. "Well, how are you getting along, my friend?"

"O, just splendid, Missus, thank you, and its all due to your great kindness. Believe me, I'll never forgit you either. Here, I want to pay you that money, principal and interest, too."

He handed me a five dollar bill. "That money was the best investment you ever made. It saved me from becoming a criminal, and as God is my judge I did not want to steal, but I was simply driven desperate with hunger and sickness."

"My friend!" I said, "I'll take the principal, but cannot accept the interest as you have not had the loan thirty days yet, and business is business."

Yes! I realized I had made a good investment. Sometimes I think we are living in a strange world, here in a land of abundance and luxury, yet some of us are so unfortunate we can hardly get the wherewith upon which to exist.

For six weeks I had been selling little expensive trinkets to bring added joy to people who are so well supplied with worldly goods that they do not know what to do with what they have, let alone acquiring any more. Yet, when the opportunity came for me to lend a little timely aid, it enabled me to buy a good, useful citizen for the community; freedom from prison for an unfortunate brother; to restore to him, confidence in himself and the world; honor, health and happiness. Yes, a good, a very good investment, and yet, John Ross, I would still ask a greater reward; I hope my prayers have bought your soul for God. I appreciate your gratitude, but do not want you to feel indebted to me. It was my privilege to help you. We must demonstrate by our daily walk that we believe in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. When you see someone else in need, pass it on.

"For in as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of God's children, ye have done it unto Me."

And yet, my friend, let us always remember that: "Of myself I can do nothing. It is the Father which dwelleth within that doeth the work. And all things are possible with God."

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Room 28, Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah
Magazine entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah

VOL. XIV

DECEMBER, 1927

No. 12

EDITORIAL

Christ and the Book of Mormon

The Book of Mormon is in the truest sense of the word a revelator of Jesus Christ. Each prophet testifies of the divinity of Christ, and with almost scientific exactness tells us that this knowledge comes only through the gift and power of the Holy Ghost. Indeed the testimony of the Book of Mormon is so uniform in this matter that it is as if one would say, If you place your hand upon a stove it will be burned; or, water subjected to a gas flame will, if it remain long enough in contact with the flame, boil. There is no other way to bring water to a boiling point except through subjecting it to heat of some kind or other in some way or other. It is the law on which the result is predicated. So there is no other way by which man may obtain a testimony of the divinity of the Christ, save through the Holy Ghost; it is the law on which the result is predicated. On this matter the Book of Mormon is exceedingly clear and exceedingly direct.

How Canada Received its Name

From Mr. David H. Elton, practicing attorney in Lethbridge, Canada, we have the following interesting item that very likely

has been brought to the fore again through the celebration of the confederation held in Canada during the season. Mr. Elton states that when the fathers of confederation assembled that the matter of a name for the federation of states very naturally had to be decided upon. Someone suggested that the country be known as the Kingdom of Canada, while someone else urged that such a name might prove offensive to the United States of America as it had taken a very definite stand against kings. The person urging this point of view recalled the Biblical phrase: "He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth." This suggested a name for the new family of states. The outcome of this discussion resulted in the name Dominion of Canada, which is the name by which the country is known to all the earth. It also is in harmony with the Book of Mormon prophecy which states: "This land shall be a land of liberty unto the Gentiles, and there shall be no kings upon the land, which shall raise up unto the Gentiles. And I will fortify this land against all other nations."

The Frontispiece

We are using as the frontispiece to this issue a cut of William T. Armitage's painting in the Logan temple entitled "The Glorious Appearing of Jesus to the Nephites." Nothing found within the lids of the Book of Mormon is more inspiring than the account of Christ's appearance to the Nephites, consequently it would be inconceivable that it should not tempt the painter. Indeed, it could well be the ambition of any painter of the first rank to make this engrossing story the subject of his masterpiece.

Armitage is one of the first of our painters to attempt this all absorbing theme. The picture was for many years upon the walls of the Logan temple. Unfortunately, at the fire that took place about ten years ago it was destroyed. The copy we are making use of in the magazine is from the frontispiece of the Reynold's *Story of the Book of Mormon*. We have no knowledge of its preservation in any other place, although private individuals may possess prints of it. The painting marks the beginning of effort to portray one of the chiefest events in the history of mankind as well as one of its most glorious experiences. May the time be near at hand when the gifted artists among the Latter-day Saints shall strive to portray this theme in all its sublimity.



General Conference of Relief Society

The semi-annual conference of the Relief Society was held October 6, 1927. The conference consisted of two sessions, a general officers' meeting, held in the Bishop's Building at 10 a. m., and a general session for the public, held in the Salt Lake Assembly Hall at 2 p. m. The attendance at the general session was 2,300, and at the officers' meeting 444, with the following representation: General Board members 20; mission presidents 4; other mission representatives 4; stake presidents 53; counselors 69; secretary-treasurers 31; stake board members 132; ward presidents 131. President Clarissa S. Williams presided at both sessions of the conference. Mrs. Lizzie Thomas Edward, general chorister, was in charge of the music, and was assisted by Miss Edna Coray at the organ. Special musical features were: a solo by Mrs. Edward and a duet by Messrs. Charles and Earl Martin. Ushers for the conference were provided by Pioneer stake.

OFFICERS' MEETING

President Clarissa S. Williams

We are very happy to meet you again, after six months of spring and summer work, and we are delighted that there are so many here this morning in attendance as there are. The General Board members who have visited your stakes are very much pleased with the conditions which they have found, and with the work you are doing. About one-half of the stakes have been visited this year by the auxiliary heads, including, of course, the representative of the Relief Society. We know that in attendance this morning there are not as large a number of stake officers as attended the regular annual meeting of the organization in April, but we are happy that there are as many as there are. We have asked the ward presidents to come, believing that it is better to have a full assembly, and that they will perhaps get some ideas in regard to their welfare work, or some other work which is being promulgated, and we are happy to greet them as well as the representatives of the stakes of the Church.

I believe I can say to you that we have not been idle. I was just trying now to think whether the members of the General Board have had a summer vacation. We adjourn board meet-

ings for the months of July and August, but these months are among the busiest of the year for us, because our visiting begins in July. We hope that the work which is given to you in your conventions is pleasing to you, and that you will feel that you are going to be able to get out of it some hints and helps which will assist you in your work during the Winter season. It is very difficult to prepare work for so many organizations working under such different conditions, but we are happy to say that the mission presidents are adapting the work to the needs of the people in the missions where they labor, and we have splendid reports of the results not only in the United States, but in the foreign missions. I would like to report that President and Mrs. James E. Talmage have been released now from their labors in the European mission, and that Elder John A. Widtsoe and his wife, Leah Dunford Widtsoe, have been appointed to take the place of President and Mrs. Talmage, and we feel sure that the splendid work which has been accomplished by Mrs. Talmage in her labors among the women of the European mission will be continued by Mrs. Widtsoe.

The General Board is very pleased to announce that two hospital graduate nurses have been recipients of the Relief Society Public Health Nurse Loan Fund. They are Miss Florence West and Miss Irene L. Harris, of Ogden, Utah. They took the course in public health nursing given at the University of Washington, where they graduated. They are now both holding positions in the state where they are doing public health nursing. We are also pleased to announce that Miss Genevieve Thornton, who for a number of years was a social worker at the Relief Society headquarters, was the recipient of our Social Service Loan Fund. She took advanced training in the School of Social Service Administration of the University of Chicago, where she was graduated with her masters' degree for social work, Miss Thornton spent one summer as a resident at Hull House, where she was able to study settlement work at close range. She also spent one year as a field worker in Associated Charities of Chicago. We are very pleased to have Miss Thornton back in the welfare department, where she is case supervisor in charge of the family work. At the present time we have five nurses who are making use of the Zina D. H. Young Relief Society Nurse Loan Fund, which provides that each applicant may receive \$75 to assist her in her course in nursing. From a report from the Brigham Young University we learn that 100 girls have been benefitted by the Emmeline B. Wells Relief Society Memorial Loan Fund.

The L. D. S. Hospital has asked us to announce that with the proposed new addition to the hospital many additional nurses will be needed, and it is the plan of the hospital to enlarge the class. When the call is made for nurse students, it is hoped that

Relief Society women will assist in recruiting women for the work. It is the plan to improve the course by having some of the theoretical courses given at the University of Utah by the regular professors there. Other new features will be added to the course in training.

WHAT DOES THE RELIEF SOCIETY MEAN TO THE
YOUNG WOMAN

Mrs. Claire Stewart Boyer

A few years ago as I sat in the audiences of the different meetings of the organizations of our Church, and heard men and women, older than I, whose parents were pioneers, say, "I know the gospel is true," I wondered at that time how it was possible for them to say, "I know." After investigating among the women of my age—women who were two generations removed from the pioneers, I found a startling number of them were in the same predicament. We hoped the gospel was true, we believed it must be true, but we did not know it was true. A short time ago I was given the privilege of working in the Relief Society. In the literary work I delved into the lives of recognized men and women of vision of the United States, and I found almost without exception that these men and women had some of the same hopes, the same dreams, the same ideals that we, as members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints have inherited. In their quest of truth they have, for moments at least, received the same vision and walked in the same path as our prophet. That was the beginning, for me, of testimony. It later fell to my lot to go into the details of the lives of the founders and builders of our Church. I was especially interested and held spellbound by the memories of the founders of the Relief Society—Eliza R. Snow, Zina D. H. Young, Bathsheba W. Smith and Emmeline B. Wells, and I came away from those throbbing pages with a knowledge that those women of the early days did not sacrifice and suffer except that they knew this was the everlasting gospel. Then, day by day, I came into contact with the present leaders of the Relief Society—women of rare spirituality and of great faith, and although they have not been faced with pioneer problems, they are also sacrificing and working hard for the upbuilding of this Church, and I knew that they would not be carrying on so gloriously if the gospel were not a gospel of truth; and so, for the first time in my life, after a brief period in the Relief Society, I am able to stand with my elders and say, I know the gospel is true.

There are hundreds of other young women of my age, two generations removed from the pioneers, who are waiting and needing the opportunity that has been given me. They need to

work hand in hand with you older women of superior spirituality. They need an opportunity to let their faith grow through their works. It is true that with the four-fold nature of the Relief Society work, there isn't a young woman in the country who could not be interested in the work itself, but aside from the fact that that broadens their lives wonderfully, the thing that they need most is an opportunity to let their faith grow. These young women are to be the Relief Society women of the future, and unless their faith is equal to that of the workers of the past, this great organization cannot progress in the future as it has in the past. In order that we may look forward to a greater Relief Society, I pray that these young women who are waiting and yearning for this opportunity of working in the Relief Society, will be given that chance by you who have that in your hands to give.

HOW "THE EXPONENT" WAS STARTED

Mrs. Lula Greene Richards

(Introducing Mrs. Richards, President Williams said: We have a rock of history. Sister Lula Greene Richards, who was founder of the *Women's Exponent*, and editor for 5 years, and as the *Woman's Exponent* played such a prominent part in the history of the Relief Society in Utah, we have thought you would be interested in hearing from the mouth of the woman who was the first editor something regarding the beginning of this unique paper—a little of the trials and hardships and labor connected with the founding of that magazine.)

Beloved sisters and co-workers in the greatest woman's association in the world—the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints—I am happy to greet you this morning; to appear before you as the real veteran of the first publication owned and printed by the women of the Church to which we belong—or by any women in Utah. I am requested to give you a twenty minute talk on that publication, *The Woman's Exponent*. Naturally I shall have to say something of myself as I was connected with the original thought of that woman's paper although the thought was not originated in my brain. In October, of 1871, fifty-six years ago this month, I was a visitor from Smithfield, Cache Valley, to the general Fall conference in Salt Lake City. I came not only to attend conference, but with the expectation of entering one of the popular schools here as an instructor in one of the lower grades by which means I was to pay my way as a student in some of the higher courses. While completing these arrangements I one day called on Sister Eliza R. Snow and in conversation with her I asked why she did not publish a second volume of her poems for the comfort and good

of the Church. She replied that it cost money to print books, and that she had none for that purpose. A bright thought came to me. I had been secretary of the Smithfield branch of the Relief Society for two or three years, and from what I had learned of the general spirit of the sisters in Zion, I believed they would be glad to give, personally, and make a collection of money sufficient to pay for the printing of a second volume of Eliza R. Snow's poems. This idea I briefly but fervently expressed to Aunt Eliza and asked her permission to write a circular to the sisters and start a movement in line of my suggestion. She rather reluctantly gave her consent and I drafted my circular which she criticised and then approved. Sister Sarah M. Kimball called in and was at once thoroughly interested. She took the matter as far as this part of the community was concerned into her own hands, and the money for the printing of the book was soon collected. The starting of that little affair introduced my name favorably among some of the leading sisters here at headquarters.

Just before I was to enter school I received a very pathetic letter from home. Serious illness there required my presence as soon as possible. I must get home—but how? The Utah Northern Railroad was completed as far as Brigham City, the remainder of the journey must be an all day's drive in a horse team stage. The worst of it all was I had no money, and it would require seven dollars and fifty cents to pay my way home. I must try what I could do to make that amount of money in the quickest way possible. The *Salt Lake Herald* was then a new and brilliant paper edited and published by three of our "Mormon" men, John T. Caine, William C. Dunbar and Edward L. Sloan. I did not know any one of these men, but I was going to try something on them. Prayerfully, hopefully and earnestly I spent nearly an entire night writing off a small collection of original poems which I thought were good and interesting. Then I wrote a letter to the editors of the *Herald* explaining my situation, expressing my admiration of their paper and asking them to pay me seven dollars and fifty cents for the poems I had written for them, which amount would be required to take me home. I put my writing into a large envelope, sealed it, and addressed it to the editor of the *Herald*, and politely requested an immediate reply which would be called for very soon. I did not want to see the editors or either of them, I knew it was too early for that when I knocked at the front door of their printing office. A boy opened the door and I handed him the envelope, then went and attended to some errands, chiefly the unqualified canceling of my engagement with the school. When I returned to the printing establishment an hour or two later, the same boy that met me there at first, handed me another sealed envelope.

Brother Cain had written me an encouraging and appreciative letter. They liked my writings and enclosed with the reply the money I had asked for. I was soon at home.

A few days after I received a letter from Brother Sloan informing me that a paper was going to be established in Salt Lake City to belong to the women, and that I had been chosen as the editor. I answered thanking him for the consideration, and regretting that I was not qualified for such an undertaking, my abilities had been over-estimated, there were others far more suited to such a calling. He wrote again telling me that my work had inspired him with the thought of the woman's paper which the sisters very much needed and it would be of unlimited worth to them; that he would carry the business part of the work, and I should be the editor; that I was an essential portion of the enterprise and it would not be started without me. Then I referred him to Sister Eliza R. Snow, telling him that nothing of the kind could be started without her sanction and cooperation. He visited Sister Snow and talked the matter over with her. She was delighted with Brother Sloan's plan and wrote encouraging me to take hold of the work whole-heartedly. I answered her that if I should enter upon such work I should want President Young to give it to me as a mission. Aunt Eliza read my letter to President Young and then wrote me that he said he would give me that work as a mission and bless me in it. And President Young kept his promise, as he always did.

I have tried to explain how *The Woman's Exponent* was started, and I hope my explanation is satisfactory, as I have conscientiously endeavored to be very exact. I came to the April conference in 1872. We prepared, printed and circulated a prospectus of our paper among the presidents of the different branches of the Relief Society everywhere, and on the first of June that year the first number of the *Exponent* was issued.

My first home here and the first editorial office of the *Exponent* was in the house of my great uncle Bishop Lorenzo D. Young, in the 18th ward. The equipment of the office was a table with writing materials, a few books, magazines, some chairs and a bed. The paper was first printed by the *Herald* Publishing Company. It was issued semi-monthly and the subscription price was two dollars a year.

During the five years that I held the editorship of the paper, I do not think the subscription list ever exceeded one thousand, if it reached that number. Many of our people were not educated up to the understanding of seeing why the sisters of the Relief Society should need anything as expensive as a publication of their own, and they sometimes resented being asked to subscribe for it. Some of the different departments featured were: News and Views, on the front page at first, afterwards

changed to Editorial Notes. The second page was devoted to Relief Society Reports and Home Affairs. Next, Editorials and Household Hints, Correspondence, called Woman's Voice; Poetry, etc.

The first work of publishing the *Exponent* was done by the *Salt Lake Herald* Company, and we had considerable difficulty in getting subscriptions sufficient to carry on our work. As I remember, our publications cost \$50 an issue. I may be mistaken about that, as it was a semi-monthly and it may be that \$50 per month was what we paid. I think our subscription list never exceeded one thousand if it reached that number, during the five years that I was editor of the *Exponent*.

A year after I started the *Exponent*, I married Levi Edgar Richards, whom I found to be the best critic and help that I could have. Two years later my first baby was born. She lived only two years and four months, and then scarlet fever took her. Eight months later my second child was born and I found that physically, and perhaps otherwise, I was not fitted to bearing and rearing a family and editing a paper at the same time. So I wrote to President Young and told him that he had given me that work as a mission, editing *The Woman's Exponent*, and that a year later he sealed upon me a higher mission, that of wifeness and motherhood, and that I could not carry on the two successfully. I therefore asked him for an honorable release, which he gave to me willingly and blessed me the same as he had at the beginning of my work. Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells who had assisted me as Associate Editor from December 1, 1875 to August 1, 1877 succeeded me as editor on August 1, 1877.

I want to tell you, my sisters that I found out while I was young, that when we are called to any work by the proper authority, we need not shirk from it, because the Lord will help us out, and my prayer is that he will bless you all in your calling and prosper the Relief Society which I feel is the greatest organization of women in the world.

PREVIEW OF THE WORK IN CHILD STUDY FOR 1928

Dr. Arthur L. Beeley

You are to be congratulated certainly on the splendid interest which you are showing in the child welfare movement, and that part of the child welfare movement we call the child study movement. The Relief Society, as you have heard, and as you know better than I, has a tradition of pioneering, it has a tradition of being up-to-date, and I have not the slightest doubt but that the body of women represented here, and the greater body that you represent, can do wonderful things and will continue

to do wonderful things in the interest of family life, and particularly in the interest of normal child development. I felt quite honored when your officers asked me to assist a committee which had been assigned the task of deciding upon a book which would be suited to your course of study for the next year or two, and I also felt honored in being asked to assist in the preparation of the lessons.

Just a word about this child study movement of which you are already a part, and we hope, by the end of the year or two of this course, that you will be the larger part of the movement. This interest of ours in the normal child, in every child, comes largely, I think, because of what we think of as the humanitarian movement. People are more interested in one another, and particularly in helpless children, than they have ever been before in the history of the world, and that is called humanitarianism—interest in one another, helpful, constructive brotherly love. Our interest in this country has been large, and our success in this movement has been unusual, partly because we believe in democracy, and that theory is that every child is entitled to consideration. Another reason for the new growth of child study in this country is because of the rather large surplus of wealth that has come from the development of our natural resources, which we have devoted to this very worthy cause. For instance, there is no country in the world in which so much money and time are spent upon education, and that is a very tangible evidence of our love for one another. It partly arises out of a desire to educate ourselves, because we believe that education is the only universal solvent of our ills. Education includes not only secular education, but character education and religious education. Another reason for the development of the movement in this country is the advance made in recent years in what we call behavior science, which is concerned with understanding human nature. While we do not know very much, we find ourselves with an increasing amount of information about human nature, even though as we find this increasing amount we are much in the position of the person who climbs the mountain, which from the bottom of the valley looks as if it has only one peak, but as he climbs that, he finds another and another. However, it looks as if now there has come to be a body of information, very reliable, upon which we can proceed with this very delicate job of guiding and molding the personalities of children.

One or two of the underlying assumptions in this child welfare and child study movement are in the first place, that character and personality are more easily formed than reformed. What I mean is simply this, that it is much easier to take a child in the second or third grade in school and give him such moral and spiritual guidance as he needs, than to take the same child when

he reaches the industrial school and attempt to "unring the bells." You cannot unring the bells. This principle is so simple and so self-evident that we sometimes neglect it. The important things in life are sometimes the simplest. Another principle, another assumption which has come from our studies in various fields of what we call the behavior science, is the conviction, born of evidence, that personality is very pliable. Until recently we have believed implicitly that personality is pretty well fixed at birth and that each child is a chip off the old block, and that like begets like, and that to improve the race you must improve the germ plasm; and some have gone so far as to apply cattle breeding principles to human breeding, saying it is merely a matter of breeding out the bad stock and breeding in the good. There are many fallacies in that view. You as religionists, and some of us as religionists and as students of human behavior, believe there is a fundamental difference between horses and human beings. There is a "missing link" between man and all the other animals, of very profound importance. As one speaker very aptly said yesterday at the Utah Conference of Social Work, intelligence is very much like soil in the field. The soil does not determine itself the crop that is to be raised upon it. All of the forces that operate upon a personality are, so to speak, the seed, the sunshine, and the rain, all working together to produce the crop out of this soil. Personality and character are the things which develop in the soil of our heritage. The soil limits the crop you can grow upon it; it does not determine what it shall be. So it is in personality and character. The nature of the intelligence does not necessarily predict the kind of character and personality that is to grow upon that soil. We have not yet struck the limits of possibilities. A great deal of the training outlined for primary children is based upon the learning of an Italian woman, based upon what she knew of feeble-minded children. It is astounding to see what can be done with children whose mentality is no greater than that of a two-year old with idiots. They can actually teach one another. We are beginning to realize as never before how pliable, how plastic, this human material is, even granted that there are limits set to its physical development, to its strength, and to its potential intelligence.

These are some of the assumptions underlying this child study movement. The movement has taken two forms—the physical care and physical hygiene of children, and the mental care and mental hygiene of children. The physical care you are already well acquainted with. A conference in 1912, of individuals interested in child welfare, resulted in the organization of the United States Children's Bureau. The outstanding piece of work that that organization has done (and it has been a tremendous achievement) has been to reduce the amount of infant

mortality in the United States. They found an undue amount of infant mortality and an unnecessary amount of material mortality. There were too many children dying within the first year of life and too many mothers dying because of childbirth, and this Children's Bureau has devoted itself to the task of reducing sickness and death of mothers at this early period of child life. There has grown up along with that interest a whole network of activity and organization and principles which we call principles of child hygiene, and organization for child welfare. It is a source of pride to some of us to feel that the Relief Society in this Church has cooperated so beautifully with the State Boards of Health in the administration of laws which the government has passed, looking toward the reduction of infant mortality.

There is another phase to this movement of child welfare or child study, and that is mental hygiene. This, however, is a little later in developing than the physical and bodily care of children. We first heard of it when twenty or twenty-five years ago a man by the name of Dr. William Healy organized the first child guidance clinic in connection with the Chicago Juvenile Court, when that court decided it was going to treat delinquent children as sick children, instead of punishing them. They found the thing they needed most was someone to tell them what children were and what they needed. They decided that if you are not going to punish Johnny for stealing the automobile, you must find out why Johnny stole the automobile, whether he has something unusual about his life, about his environment, whether he has vicious habits, etc. You will begin to realize the necessity of the employment of individuals skilled in understanding these things—the physicians, the psychologist, the social worker, and others. That service growing up with the Chicago Juvenile Court has been helpful and has now become so universal that there is not a juvenile court of any significance in the country but what has attached to it a service of that kind. We have been in a State Conference two days, and have convinced ourselves that we need the same service in our own juvenile courts. It is not only a question of financial support, it is a question of vision. I remember sometime ago, a small community in this State asking us what they should do in order to wisely expend \$5,000 for playground equipment, how many slides and teeter totters, etc., should be purchased. We said, employ a person to whom you can justly pay a salary of \$5,000, and let that person rustle the equipment—you may not even need it. It is a question of vision as well as a question of means. Last Saturday the University played the first football game in a new stadium—which is a beautiful thing. There are a lot of other things, however, that the University needs which are equally imperative with the need of

a stadium, but we do not get them, probably because we are not as interested in them as we are in football. That is one reason why it is easier to pry loose money for some things than others. The importance must be felt, then the money will be easier to get. The University did not find much difficulty in getting money for the stadium, but they have found it difficult to get money for a child guidance clinic at the University which would serve the State. This child guidance movement, able to render expert service, has become so widespread as to be almost universal, and along with that movement there has come the necessity of educating parents and teachers and social workers as to what child need is, and how best it can be secured, and that is the reason for the child study movement. It is recognized that the things the psychologist can do in a clinic can be done by parents in the home. So there has been developed the technique of child study. Organizations are now complete over the country, and in foreign countries, which are stimulating systematic study on the part of parents.

The purpose of this volume, *The Child: His Nature and His Needs*, which has been adopted as a text for the next two years by the Relief Society, is to give out reliable information on the needs and care of children. If this book were sold as books are regularly sold in the book market, it would cost from \$6 to \$7, and it is going to be sold at \$1.25 in a special Relief Society edition, with the Relief Society inscription on the cover. The founder of the Children's Foundation, which makes this work possible, has set aside large sums of money for the dissemination of this information in this form, and what you do is to become a subscriber to the foundation—you don't buy the book, although it is your property. The president has said that "The Children's Foundation has for its objects the study of the child and the dissemination of knowledge promotive of the well-being of children." It came into existence at Valparaiso, Indiana, late in 1921, when a charter was granted to it by the State of Indiana as a corporation not for profit, and a gift was made available to its Trustees for effecting its organization and developing its program of work.

"The Foundation has first undertaken the task of appraising present-day knowledge relating to the nature, well-being, and education of children, and through this volume, *The Child: His Nature and His Needs*, it seeks to make this knowledge available for practical use everywhere by those who are in immediate contact with children, fashioning their intellect, moulding their character and influencing their physical development."

"The book is a compilation of the best thought of about twenty or thirty different writers. It is edited, however, by a very able authority on child care, who says that in asking these

twenty or thirty different writers to contribute to this task: "It is expected that you will make a survey of what is known in your special department, and will present this knowledge in such phrases and in such form that it can be readily understood and its importance appreciated by those who are actually in contact with childhood and youth. It is expected further that you will show how the knowledge which you present relates concretely and practically to the every-day problems of dealing with the young. It is not desired that you should attempt to apply this knowledge in every possible way in which it can be applied, but only that you should go far enough to show the parent, the teacher, and the social worker that the knowledge in question has a vital relation to the actual task of rearing the young so that they may gain physical, intellectual, social, and moral stability and efficiency. Neither the trustees of The Children's Foundation nor the Editor of this volume will impose any particular views upon you in the treatment of your theme. You will have a free hand, only so that you conform to the general aims of The Children's Foundation and the objects of this volume."

This volume attempts to bring together in non-technical language, the results of the researches made in these various fields and to indicate what are some of the rules of healthy child life and growth. I think the mechanical features of this book will be very appealing—the large type, and good substantial paper, the photographs and illustrations which are contained in it. There are also marginal notes and topic headings, and it is my understanding that the Relief Society is intending to prepare lessons which will parallel the reading and systematic study of this book.

In conclusion let me say that I am particularly interested in the Relief Society, as I am in all other auxiliaries of this Church. I feel keenly the opportunity which it is to be a member of this Church, and I am thinking now of a conversation which I had with the chief of the United States Children's Bureau, who was here last year, Miss Grace Abbott, when in speaking of the administration of the Sheppard-Towner law, she said, "There is probably no group of people in this country where this Sheppard-Towner law, which is attempting to reduce the rate of mortality of infants and mothers, can be more satisfactorily administered than it is in the 'Mormon' communities." It is a source of pride, it is an evidence of the superhuman ingenuity which is back of this organization and its purposes (and when I say the Church I mean Relief Society, Mutual Improvement, and all other auxiliaries.) The Relief Society has demonstrated in that particular bit of work its tremendous power to do a job. It is an indication of the strength and cohesiveness of its organization; it indicates what can be done when a dynamic purpose is given it. I would

like to suggest that we have many problems in our midst, but we do not need to wait for someone from Washington to tell us they need solving. If you have been attending the State Conference of Social Work here you will realize that we have a tremendous problem of pauperism, even in our own communities, that our skirts are not clean by any manner of means. If they were, our county infirmaries would not be filled, our hospital in Provo would not be overcrowded, we would not have to face the charge that the majority of delinquents at the Industrial School are our boys and girls, and we would not be confronted with the information that too many of the names on the state prison lists are those of our boys and girls, probably of Church affiliation. It seems there are some things which we can all do together, and the hope is that the same kind of enthusiasm and success which you achieved with the Sheppard-Towner law can be achieved in all other projects, which will be the case if you unitedly decide to work together as you usually do. We tried at the last session of the legislature to get a decent, quiet and attractive place where persons whom we call feeble-minded might be placed (and it is no disgrace to be feeble-minded). We could not get it from the legislature. We have been trying for a long time to interest our legislators to make competent provision. There are only three other states in the union which are like Utah in having failed to provide a decent, intelligent place where these children can be housed and educated. If I were to tell you that the only school for feeble-minded in the state is a little private dwelling in the very heart of this city, you would begin to realize the need for an institution for these people. This is only a sample of many things we need, and I do not know of another group which has such power and such influence as the Relief Society in helping to secure these needs; and I feel confident, that our hopes will be achieved, that we shall convert these glorious Christian principles of loving our brothers into goodly living together.

May the Lord bless you in achieving these splendidly worthy purposes. He has blessed you and he will continue to bless you, because you are whole-hearted, sincere and worthy in your purposes.



How Old is a Woman at Forty?

By Ruth Ward Mumford

Is a woman as old as she looks? Among my poor possessions I treasure a faded photograph of my mother, made during her early twenties when she was a blushing bride. Were she to come to life and step out of that picture today any gallant young man would hasten to offer his seat to the "dear old lady" or to assist her across the traffic-ridden street. But block out from that old-fashioned picture the fussy, rouchinged neck-piece, the quaint unyielding bodice, and the tightly drawn, ungraceful coiffure and you will see unmistakably the same co-quettish eyes, the glowing cheeks and the kindly, sparkling smile that greets one today from the billboard girl "whose skin you love to touch." Appearances often deceive. The girl of a generation past seemed bent on making herself look as sedate and old as possible. The girl of today, of whatever age, contrives by ways that are dark and ingenious to look young.

Is a woman as old as she feels? She has schooled herself never to feel older than a cavorting colt or a playful kitten. No modern woman under sixty will permit herself to feel old.

But why not be frank and measure a woman's age, or a man's for that matter, by the almanac? Because, to the woman of forty the years that have flown mean nothing. The past is gone forever. She is living in the blazing present and anticipating a yet-brighter future. Besides, the remorseless stride of time does not determine the age of living tissues. In the children's ward you may see poor little creatures of ten or twelve months, wizened and careworn as an octogenarian. Their tissues actually are, to all intents and purposes, old; burnt out. Premature age in men of forty is sometimes found deeply etched, not only in the sallow wrinkled face, but also in the vital tissues. Such men are not only apparently, but actually aged at forty. On the other hand, there are men and women of eighty whose arteries are still pliable, eyes bright and keen, muscular tissues firm and spirits charmingly nimble and youthful. Thomas A. Edison is such a youth. The calendar is no more reliable in measuring age than is the mirror or the trick of self-deception.

But why should a woman of forty be concerned about her age at all? Because age forty, measured by the family Bible, ushers in that golden period of life called middle age. At age forty most men and women have become stablized, but not static. The flush of youth has been mellowed into a surer judgment. Rosy dreams have been rudely smashed but with the awakening have come beautiful, substantial realities and serene satisfactions.

The babies that once absorbed so much of a woman's emotional and physical life are no longer the ceaseless care they were. They remain just as dear, but now they are beginning to repay something of the love and affection invested in them. Now in these golden forties, fifties and sixties, the young woman has opportunity to relish the creature comforts of life and to enjoy the creations of art and music, to indulge some of her own long-suppressed ambitions. Whatever may be the charms of childhood, youth or old age, the forties represent the meridian of life, and this period may with reasonable care be extended well into the seventies.

Just because the golden forties, fifties and sixties present such an ideal picture is all the more reason why the actual situation, with regard to health, is so tragic. Middle life has, with considerable justice, been called the dangerous age. During the forties certain diseases that handicap the body make their unwelcome appearance most frequently than at other ages. Cancer is one of the enemies of middle life. But while cancer has not yet yielded its secret we do know that most cases are curable if discovered early. Tuberculosis strikes hardest during young adulthood but even at forty or fifty we cannot afford to let down the defenses against this enemy. Diseases of the heart, arteries and kidneys, are often the great despoilers of the golden age. These are mostly disorders of wear and tear; of tissue decay, and they announce themselves usually only after irreparable damage has been done. Fortunately the doctor, with his instruments of precision and his experience, can often detect the onset of these diseases of middle age when they are in the early stages. Generally speaking, the conditions that handicap or destroy life in middle age are curable or at least remediable in proportion as they are discovered early. Neglect is the sand that wears down and prematurely ages most machines in middle age. The woman who expects to be forty for a long time will give her body sensible, intelligent care. The latest fashion—it is not a fad—is to have a physical examination periodically; some say once a year. The purpose of this stock-taking idea is not to find out how sick one is, but what one's capital in terms of health really amounts to. A careful examination of every organ and part will do more to determine the true age of a person than anything else. It will help to conserve those physical assets which make for youthfulness and beauty, for, as everyone knows, damage must be nipped in the bud, if its later serious consequences are to be escaped.

How old is a woman at forty? Perish the idea! Old is not the word. At forty she is gloriously young. She may have been more callow upon a time, but if her cheeks are painted from the inside out, she will never be more youthful and charming than at

middle-age. And the bloom of youth need not fade for many, many years.

Through the general education of the public in the ways of health the National Tuberculosis Association and its affiliated associations in every state have been seeking to prolong life. In this time the death rate from tuberculosis has been reduced more than half. Their campaign is supported by the annual Christmas Seal Sale.

Social Service Text Books for 1928

With the month of December, 1927, the text book *Challenge of Childhood*, which has been used in the social service department for several years, will be completed. The new text book for this department for 1928-1929 will be *The Child: His Nature and His Needs*. This book will be handled by the office of the General Secretary. The price will be \$1.25 postpaid.

Inasmuch as it was necessary for the publishers to print a new edition in order to supply the Relief Society at this time, this edition, at the request of the General Board, will be known as the "L. D. S. Relief Society Edition," and this inscription will be placed on the cover of the book.

It was decided at the general officers' meeting, at the October conference to authorize the secretary's office to send out the books immediately upon their arrival at Relief Society headquarters, in order to save time, and to send one book for each stake board, and one book for each ward.

The General Board is very anxious that this book shall be in the hands of every ward in time to prepare the January lesson. Our past experience has proved that much time has been lost by the wards in securing the text book, and in some instances the course has been half over before the wards thoroughly understood that the book was required. This decision by the general and stake officers will, we trust, greatly expedite matters and avoid delay in the class work.

Because of the nature of the book, and its value to the mothers, and because of the reasonable price, it is anticipated that many of the individual members will desire to secure this book personally. In order to accommodate them, individual orders may be sent to the Relief Society office by anyone who desires the book, and these orders will receive careful attention. It would be very helpful if such orders could be sent in at once. Although many stakes gave their orders during conference, we are asking you to re-order on blanks which will be sent for the purpose.

Guide Lessons for February

LESSON I

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in February)

THE DISPENSATION OF THE FULNESS OF TIMES

The Opening Event

This event has been the object of the scoffer's sneer and the cynic's pen, the subject of the painter's skill, and the theme of the poet's song. Prophets foretold it and philosophers are puzzling over its causes and effects.

One mortal witnessed it and his truth-marked testimony contains a description of it incomparably better than any or all others.

Children have heard the story, and no doubt thought they knew it well. Youths have read it and concluded that their cup of knowledge concerning it was full. Adults have told and retold it and some have studied it.

The simple statement of the seer is the chief source of information, and so is indispensable to the completeness of any lesson on this epoch-making event.

The prophet writes: "After I had retired to the place where I had previously designed to go, having looked around me, and finding myself alone, I kneeled down and began to offer up the desires of my heart to God. I had scarcely done so, when immediately I was seized upon by some power which entirely overcome me, and had such an astonishing influence over me as to bind my tongue so that I could not speak. Thick darkness gathered around me, and it seemed to me for a time as if I were doomed to sudden destruction. But, exerting all my powers to call upon God to deliver me out of the power of this enemy which had seized upon me, and at the very moment when I was ready to sink into despair and abandon myself to destruction—not to an imaginary ruin, but to the power of some actual being from the unseen world, who had such marvelous power as I had never before felt in any being—just at this moment of great alarm, I saw a pillar of light exactly over my head, above the brightness of the sun, which descended gradually until it fell upon me.

"It no sooner appeared than I found myself delivered from the enemy which held me bound. When the light rested upon me I saw two personages, whose brightness and glory defy all description, standing above me in the air. One of them spake

unto me, calling me by name, and said, pointing to the other, "This is my beloved Son, hear him!"

"My object in going to inquire of the Lord was to know which of all the sects was right, that I might know which to join. No sooner, therefore, did I get possession of myself, so as to be able to speak, than I asked the personage who stood above me in the light which of all the sects was right—and which I should join. I was answered that I must join none of them, for they were all wrong; and the personage who addressed me said that all their creeds were an abomination in his sight; that those professors were all corrupt; that they draw near to me with their lips, but their hearts are far from me; they teach for doctrines the commandments of men, having a form of godliness, but they deny the power thereof.

"He again forbade me to join with any of them; and many other things did he say unto me, which I cannot write at this time. When I came to myself again, I found myself lying on my back, looking up into heaven." (Pearl of Great Price, p. 84, paragraphs 15-20.)

The place:

A grove—one of "God's first temples," the pillars which were towering trees and the decorations sweet scented shrubbery—a hallowed spot, an out-of-door sanctuary where man met his Maker and his Redeemer or from which he saw them both and heard the voice of each, selected by a boy for a secret prayer and chosen by Divinities as a central point of interest and action that should shape the destiny of the human race from that time onward and contribute to the happiness of the hosts of heaven forever.

The Persons:

Joseph: The seer of promise, ordained in the spirit world; prophetically named more than thirty three centuries before his mortal birth; the child of divinely chosen parentage; the boy who had felt the pinch of poverty, the distress of bodily pain, and the bitter anguish of bereavement; the youthful lover of learning, seeking knowledge by "*study and by faith*"; an ideal all unconscious of his ideality. His purpose at the place was to find the truth. He was there with a heart-hold on the "iron rod" the word of God written by the Apostle James. He says, "So in accordance with this, my determination, I retired to the woods." Determination is the link between desire and action; it is the heart-hold.

The Evil One: He who coveted the throne of God; the one who in heaven fought against free agency and was cast out as an "accuser of the brethren"; the ill adviser in the garden of Eden; the instigator of the first atheism, the prompter of the

first crime; the inspirer of the murderous Herod who sought to stay a dispensation by slaying the Christ child; the audacious tempter to the Prince of Peace, the betrayer of the Lord. This "evil one" was there at the grove. His purpose was to cut off communication between man and God and thus, perchance, delay the event which would illuminate his iniquity—"Reveal the Man of Sin." His stay upon the scene was short. He fled, as he always will, before "the light."

The Father: The first of the Trinity; the president of the Godhead; the parent of our spirits; the being who on earth begat the "Babe of Bethlehem," the one whose will Jesus came to do, the one of whose business the boy Christ spoke; the one whose voice was heard when John baptized the "Lamb of God;" the one with whom the Savior pleaded in the Garden of Gethsemane; the one to whom the matchless martyr on the cross committed his spirit; that Father to whom the resurrected Redeemer ascended before permitting himself to be touched by any mortal; the Father to whom we pray. He was on the scene to prove once again the individual personality of himself and to introduce his son.

The Son: The First Born of the spirit family of the Father; he the author of the plan for man's eternal life and exaltation; he the evident ideal of Isaac who was willingly bound upon the altar; he the "Son of Man" through his mother, and the Son of God through his Father; he who among men taught the ways of God and walked perfectly in his paths; he who while his body lay lifeless in the tomb unlocked the prison doors of the spirit world and took the gospel of deliverance to the captives there. He, the conqueror of death, "the first fruits of the resurrection;" he whose atonement was and is and ever will be proving the love of God for man and winning man's love for God. He in whose name we pray. He was a participant in this event to be seen with his Father, to be introduced by him and to become the chief source of all knowledge for the youth who there became a seer.

The proceedings:

When the movies of heaven face our planet and the broadcasting waves from above are set in harmony with a receiver on earth, the heavens open, distance is of no consideration for sight or sound; things are as real afar off as near by; voices are as distinct from another sphere as from a close-by rostrum.

The Father's Introduction: Was there ever such a one before? A brief compound sentence, carrying a salutation, a revelation, and a commandment.

Joseph's Questions: It is of record in substance only. It was a double question containing first the inquiry as to which of the sects was right; and, second, which one should he join? In the light of the humility of the questioner and the majesty

of the one of whom it was asked, the absence of a reverential salutation seems improbable at least.

The Son's Answer: The last part of the question was answered first. It was the big part of the inquiry, and it contained the instruction to join none of the existing sects, and then the reasons were given. First, that they were all wrong. Whatever good there may have been in any one of them was not sufficient to make the sect acceptable to Christ. Second, the creeds were an abomination in his sight; and why not, when they provided for non-progression and the worship of a nonentity? He denounced an insincere ministry as corrupt, and then quoted the words of Paul in explanation of who the "professors" were. His denunciation of pretenders was no more aimed at the honest-hearted than was his denunciation of the hypocritical Pharisees aimed at the good Samaritan. *The form of godliness* spoken of in the answer refers to a pretense of power and falsely founded claim to divine authority. "*They deny the power thereof.*" This is a declaration of the fact that by declaring the "cannon of scripture to be full," and "miracles to be things of the past," God was denied the power to communicate with or work for man.

The answer in part was repeated. The greatest dispensator further instructed the latest dispensator, and the opening event of the dispensation of times became a part of history in heaven and on earth. It was no product of mind workings alone, no fabric of the imagination. It was reality in the production of which the glory of God and the mentality of man participated. It was the birth of a new kingdom, one divinely destined to occupy the whole earth and endure forever. It was an occasion for the universe to sing the then unwritten song:

"The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Lo! Zion's standard is unfurled;
The dawning of a brighter day,
Majestic rises on the world."

Note. The first verse of the first hymn in our hymn book is said to be a matchless bit of Latter-day Saint descriptive literature.

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

1. Locate and describe the Sacred Grove.
2. Why may the sacred grove fittingly be called the birth place of modern seership?
3. What special interest had the "Evil One" in the opening event of this dispensation?
4. What reason have we for believing that one of the

specific purposes of the Father's presence in the opening event was once again to prove his individual personality?

5. Show that the Father's introduction of Joseph to the Son contained a salutation, a revelation, and a command.

6. In his answer to Joseph's question, how did the Son show his appreciation of the scriptures?

7. Why were the creeds an abomination to the Son of God?

8. Describe why the ministers were included in the term "Professors" in the answer to Joseph's question.

9. Why, in your opinion, did the Lord answer the second question of Joseph first?

10. How was the power of God denied by the creeds and clergy of the time?

11. Correlate Daniel 2:44 with the lesson statement that the event was the birth of a kingdom, etc.

Work and Business

LESSON II

WORK AND BUSINESS

(Second Week in February)

TEACHERS' TOPIC FOR FEBRUARY—HOME

I. Relationship of Parents and Children.

"The technique of home control rests upon individual responsibility—the attitude of parents to children and children to parents."

II. Home—"The Laboratory of Character."

a. Parents Responsibility. To teach by precept and example ethical and religious ideals. Doc. and Cov. Sec. 68.

b. Proper attitude of children to parents and to each other. "Obedience to law and authority is the corner stone in the edifice of order."

LESSON III

Literature

(Third Week in February)

CARL SANDBURG

When Counselor Jennie B. Knight visits the East she sometimes stops at a city called Galesburg, in Illinois, to visit her cousin. It was in this city, January 6, 1878, that Carl Sandburg was born. There was nothing regular about his attendance at school as a boy. At thirteen years of age he was at work on a milk wagon. Louis Untermeyer has told his story for the next six years in the following language: "During the next six years he was in rapid succession porter in a barber shop, scene shifter in a cheap theatre, truck handler in a brick yard, turner apprentice in a pottery, dish washer in Denver and Omaha hotels, harvest hand in Kansas wheatfields." Such a breadth of experience was fitting him for the very type of poetry to which he afterwards turned.

During the Spanish American War, in 1898, Sandburg was a member of Company C, Sixth Illinois Volunteers. After his return from Porto Rico he entered the college of his native town and for the first time began to give attention to writing. While in college he was Editor-in-chief of the college paper. To this activity he added any work that came to hand in order to remain in school. He was advertising manager for a department store and on the staff of a business magazine. He became a safety first expert, his articles on accident prevention attracting enough attention to bring forth an invitation for him to speak before the manufacturers convention where he talked about machinery safeguards and methods that might be employed to guard against accident in industry.

His first publication was a volume of twenty-two poems appearing in 1904. *Chicago Poems* were published in 1916; *Cornhuskers*, in 1918; *Smoke and Steel*, in 1920; *Slaves of the Sunburnt West*, in 1923.

Sandberg has been on the staff of the *Chicago Daily News* since 1919. He lives at Elmhurst, Illinois, close to Chicago, yet far enough away to enjoy nature in her verdant garb, and the tinkling of waterfalls.

It was our pleasure to hear Carl Sandburg read a number of his poems in the summer of 1922. He has an athletic appearance, consequently it is not surprising to learn that he was a member of the baseball team in his college days at Galesburg. When reading he emphasized the rhythm of many of his lines by accompanying them with the trum-trum of a string instrument. At times it was the banjo and at other times the guitar.

Many people have admired Carl Sandburg's vigor. If you chance to have a copy of Untermeyer's *Modern American Poetry*

you might read to the class his poem "Chicago." In this poem he refers to Chicago as the "Hog Butcher" for the world. Later on he says, "they tell me you are wicked and I believe them, and they tell me you are crooked and I answer, yes, it is true. I have seen the gunmen kill and go free to kill again." This poem has increasing significance from the fact that in October one of the magazines published an article entitled "Hands Up, Chicago!" in which the statement is made that during the past six years practically 1,800 murders have been committed in Cook county, the county in which Chicago is situated, and that 42 policemen have lost their lives. This is mainly the work of the gunmen that Sandburg is talking about. Some people do not call this type of verse poetry; they say that such observations are purely intellectual and wholly lacking the emotional quality. Other people feel that when a writer has the power to condense so much in so few words that he does present to us a picture that makes strong appeal, and that such appeal is a poem.

Another poem similar to "Chicago" is a poem called "Joliet" that suggests the city in Illinois where the state penitentiary is located. This is realistic like the first:

JOLIET

On the one hand the steel works.
On the other hand the penitentiary.
Sante Fe trains and Alton trains
Between smokestacks on the west,
And gray walls on the east,
And Lockport down the river.

Part of the valley is God's,
And part is man's.
The river course laid out
A thousand years ago,
The canals ten years back.

The sun on two canals and one river
Makes three stripes of silver
Or copper and gold
Or shattered sunflower leaves.
Talons of an iceberg
Scraped out this valley.
Claws of an avalanche loosed here.

We have already noted a number of our modern American poets who have written of Abraham Lincoln. The poem "Knucks" is full of a delicate irony relating to the morality of that city:

KNUCKS

In Abraham Lincoln's city,
Where they remember his lawyer's shingle,
The place where they brough him

Wrapped in battle flags,
 Wrapped in the smoke of memories
 From Tallahassee to the Yukon,
 The place where they brought him
 Points white against the blue prairie dome,
 In Abraham Lincoln's city * * * I saw knucks
 In the window of Mister Fischman's second-hand store
 On Second Street.

I went in and asked, "How much?"
 "Thirty cents apiece," answered Mister Fischman.
 And taking a box of new ones off a shelf
 He filled anew the box in the showcase
 And said, incidentally, most casually
 And incidentally:
 "I sell a carload a month of these."

I slipped my fingers into a set of knucks,
 Cast-iron knucks molded in a foundry pattern,
 And there came to me a set of thoughts like these:
 Mister Fischman is for Abe and the "malice to none" stuff,
 And the street car strikers and the strike-breakers,
 And the sluggers, gunmen, detectives, policemen,
 Judges, utility heads, newspapers, priests, lawyers,
 They are all for Abe and the "malice to none" stuff.

I started for the door.
 "Maybe you want a lighter pair,"
 Came Mister Fischman's voice.
 I opened the door * * * and the voice again:
 "You are a funny customer."
 Wrapped in battle flags,
 Wrapped in the smoke of memories,
 This is the place they brought him,
 This is Abraham Lincoln's home town.

One of the tender poems dedicated to men who have made the supreme sacrifice in war is Sandburg's "Grass":

GRASS

Pile the bodies high at Austerlitz and Waterloo.
 Shovel them under and let me work—
 I am the grass; I cover all.
 And pile them high at Gettysburg,
 And pile them high at Ypres and Verdun.
 Shovel them under and let me work.
 Two years, ten years, and passengers ask the conductor;
 What place is this?
 Where are we now?
 I am the grass.
 Let me work.

If there seems to be something of crass realism in such poems as "Chicago" and "Joliet" there is certainly a delicacy of feeling in "Grass" that must appeal to persons of the most refined sensibilities.

"Drumnotes" takes us back to Europe during the great World War. It pictures first Jaures, who was killed in a restaurant in the Montmartre district, just before the war, a man who was regarded, perhaps, as the chief orator among the French. Ten years after his death he was brought from his native province. His casket lay in state for twenty-four hours in the Chamber of Deputies, and the next day, accompanied by a very unusual procession, was taken to the Pantheon there to lie with Victor Hugo in that place where only the greatest of Frenchmen are buried. Then he speaks of Kitchener of Khartoum who most likely was lost on the high seas during those troublesome and tragic days on water. Then he returns to Franz Josef, the veteran ruler of the Austrian Empire, who lies, he says, "in a tomb with the Hapsburg fathers, moths eating the green uniform to tatters, the worms taking all and leaving only the bones, gold buttons and iron crosses."

Yet Carl Sandburg writes other poems that are not so heavy and sombre as "Drumnotes." A "Crimson Rambler" is a good example of this type:

CRIMSON RAMBLER

Now that a crimson rambler
begins to crawl over the house
of our two lives—

Now that a red curve
winds across the shingles—

Now that hands
washed in early sunrises
climb and spill scarlet
on a white lattice weave—

Now that loop of blood
is written on our roof
and reaching around a chimney—

How are the two lives of this house
to keep strong hands and strong hearts?

Carl Sandburg seems to be very fond of roses of all varieties. In his poem "Three Violins" he appeals not only to the sense of sight, but to the sense of sound, by suggesting the beautiful melody of MacDowell's "To a Wild Rose":

THREE VIOLINS

Three violins are trying their hearts.
The piece is MacDowell's Wild Rose.

And the time of the wild rose
 And the leaves of the wild rose
 And the dew-shot eyes of the wild rose
 Sing in the air over three violins.
 Somebody like you was in the heart of MacDowell.
 Somebody like you is in three violins.

And so Carl Sandburg continues: At one time it is the picture of the rush and roar and crime of a modern city that he gives us, at another time he tells us how gently the grass seeks to obliterate the places where many men have been buried because of the ravages of war. In yet another poem he says, how dare you people in the city of Springfield, Illinois, where the great champion of "malice toward none" lies buried, boast of selling knucks, or of strikes and slaves and gunmen.

Questions and Problems

1. Why does Carl Sandburg call Chicago the "Hog Butcher" for the world?

2. Why does he say in his description of Joliet that part of the valley is God's and part of the valley is man's?

3. Compare this poem on Abraham Lincoln with poems found in editorial columns of February, 1927, and tell in what respect it is very different from the other poems.

4. What is the significance of the lines "wrapped in the smoke of memories from Tallahassee to the Yukon?"

5. Franz Josef's life was a life of very many tragedies and disappointments. Have someone tell in brief the outstanding events of his life. This material may be found in an up-to-date encyclopedia or in the world's history.

6. Have somebody play the music of MacDowell's "To a Wild Rose" and then read the poem.

7. Discuss this proposition: There is need in our modern life for a poet who can give us a realistic presentation of the life of our own time.

LESSON IV

Social Service

(Fourth Week in February)

THE CHILD-STUDY COURSE

Lesson II

THE CHILD'S INSTINCTS AND IMPULSES

Based on Chapter 2 of *The Child: His Nature and His Needs*

In Lesson 1 we discussed the ways in which science is bridging the gap between what we know about child training and what we actually put into practice. The reader will recall that we

considered three main points (1) experiments in applying the principles of individual development to school promotion; (2) scientific work in laboratory schools and (3) physical development and school progress.

The main point in the last lesson to keep in mind is that since far-reaching changes in education are now taking place, we must make sure that we—parents and teachers alike—keep pace with this advance.

In this lesson (Lesson 2) we are going to consider certain important behavior-tendencies in childhood; instincts and impulses which call for careful handling, if wholesome personalities are to be the result.

(The author of chapters 2 and 3 in *The Child: His Nature and His Needs* is Dr. Mary T. Whitley, assistant professor of education at Columbia University, an authority on the subject.)

A. HOW INSTINCTS AND IMPULSES ARE CONTROLLED (Pages 31-35)

One big difference between man and the animals is the length of the period of dependency. The young animal is comparatively well developed at birth and soon matures, but the young child is very fragile when born and matures slowly. About one-fourth of the average human being's life is a period of physical and mental immaturity.

This means that the infant is not an adult in miniature, but rather a bundle of impulses and instincts,—the raw materials out of which complicated behavior patterns and the adult personality are later built.

The chief point to remember with regard to instincts and impulses is that they cannot be suppressed; they can, however, be directed and socialized. The wise guidance of the child's original tendencies is the chief task of the parent and teacher. The principles by which these instincts and impulses can be wisely directed, are summarized in chapter 2 of the text.

Questions

1. What are the rules for effectively strengthening the right impulses in childhood? Give several examples illustrating these principles.

2. What is meant by substitution and sublimation as ways of re-directing original tendencies? Give several examples of each.

B. ANGER AND ITS CONTROL (Pages 35-37)

Anger is one of the instinctive emotions. It has played a tremendous part in human survival and the evolution of man. Just how necessary it is to life under civilized conditions is a matter of conjecture. The fact remains, however, that anger is

one of the behavior patterns and tendencies with which all persons are equipped at birth. The tendency to anger cannot be eliminated. It must be wisely directed.

Crying is a common form of anger reaction. The child relies upon it to secure many needed satisfactions. The fact that as children grow older they cry less is proof of the statement attributed to one psychologist, that crying is an "expression of baffled helplessness." Many older children, even many adults, still cry when angry or when facing a crisis. This constitutes something of a handicap and implies that the person's emancipation from childhood has not been effective or complete.

Questions

1. What general principle underlies the effective control of anger? What are some of the practical aids in this control?
2. Can you cite examples of children known to you who become angry upon the slightest provocation? What effect does this have upon a child's personality? On the other hand, do you know children who never get angry? Is this danger equally serious? Why?

C. THE SEXUAL LIFE OF THE CHILD (Pages 37-42)

A faulty sex adjustment is responsible for more warped and twisted personalities than possibly any other single cause. And one of the main reasons for this condition is the wholly inadequate sex guidance which most children get in their formative years.

Infancy and childhood are the golden periods for the effective guidance of the sex impulses, and the responsibility for it rests squarely upon the parent. The normal child becomes sex-conscious at about the age of two years, and all of his future sex attitudes hinge upon the form of control employed at this critical period.

Two extremes are to be avoided in the sex education of children: the danger of silence and taboo, on the one hand and the too frequent and morbid discussion of the subject, on the other. A middle-of-the-road position and an attitude of frankness are the best policies to pursue.

(This topic will be discussed again in chapter 15, along with the problems of adolescence. It is suggested, also, that the clumsy terms, detumescence and contrectation, which appear on pages 37 to 39, be disregarded as unimportant and confusing.)

Questions

1. What is meant by the author's statement that bedroom and bathroom manners need as much attention as do table and parlor manners?
2. Looking back on your own sex life, what do you think

are (a) the essential things to teach children about sex, and (b) the best times to bring these matters to their attention?

3. How may the sex impulses of children be sublimated? Cite examples, from your own observations, of children whose sex energies are (or are not) successfully socialized.

D. FEAR AND ITS GUIDANCE

(Pages 42-45)

Someone has called fear and worry, the "twin demons," because of their disorganizing effect upon personality. One of the commonest conditions which modern psychiatry is called upon to cope with is fear in its various forms. The significant thing is that most of the fears and horrors of the neurotic adult can usually be traced to the experiences of early childhood.

Most fears are learned. Only two of them, as Watson points out, are original,—fear of a sudden, loud noise, and fear of falling. That is to say, most fears are contagious: children become afraid of the dark, of thunder and lightning, etc., largely because they observe these fear reactions in the elders. Bertrand Russell puts the matter thus:

"Rational apprehension of dangers is necessary; fear is not. A child cannot apprehend dangers without some element of fear, but this element is very much diminished when it is not present in the instructor. A grown-up person in charge of a child should never feel fear. That is one reason why courage should be cultivated in women just as much as in men."

This same writer,—in his stimulating book, *Education and the Good Life*, (Boni & Liveright, New York, 1927), makes the suggestion that:

"Whatever either terrifies or interests the child should be explained if it is at all possible; this transforms fear into scientific interest by a process which is entirely along the lines of instinct and repeats the history of the race."

Questions

1. What is the value of fear? Since fear, like the other instinctive emotions cannot be suppressed, what are the effective ways of coping with it?

2. Of what objects or situations, if any, should children be afraid?

3. Take pencil and paper and make a list of the fears which you have observed in children and adults of your acquaintance. Consider now each one of these fears separately in the light of the question: What kind of parental guidance might have prevented these fears from developing?

The Main Point in Lesson 2: Human instincts and impulses, such as anger, love, fear, collecting, etc., cannot be suppressed: they must be allowed expression. Their expression must be guided, however, and not left to chance. The proper guidance of these tendencies in children is the chief responsibility of parents.

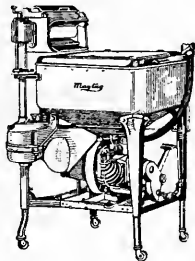
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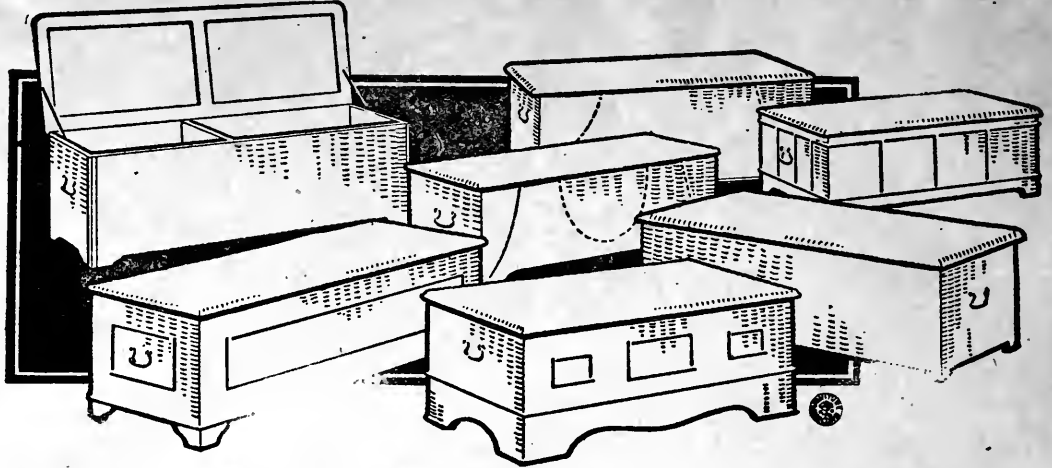
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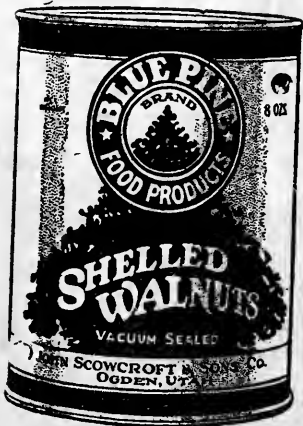
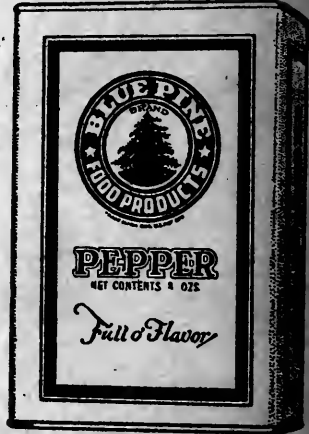




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